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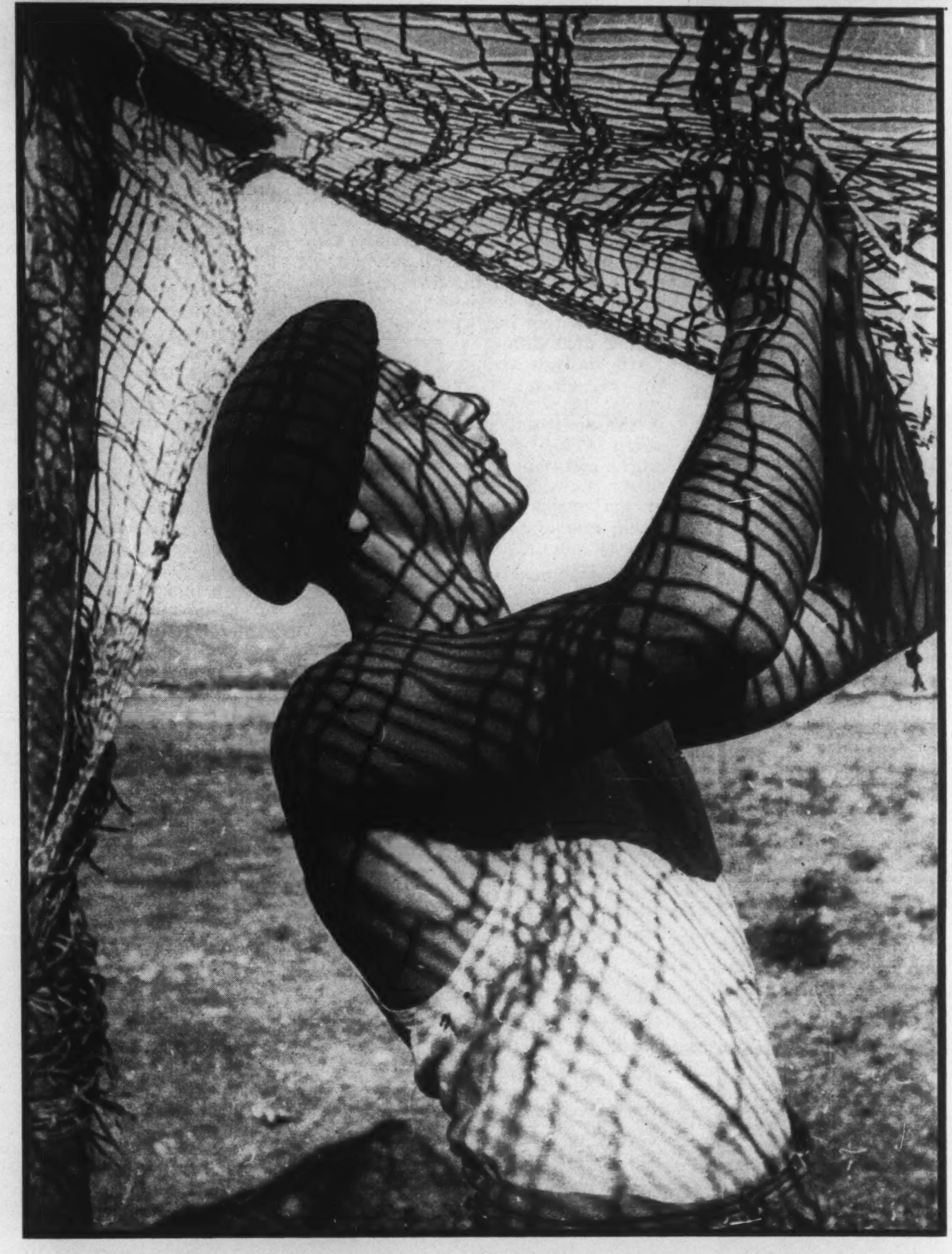

BRIGHT ITALIAN SUNSHINE SHINING THROUGH CAMOUFLAGE NETTING UPON AN AIRMAN AT AN ADVANCED AIRFIELD CREATES THIS STRIKING SHADOW PATTERN.

(For story of Tactical Air Force, see pages 4 and 5.)

The Front Page

THE Canadian policy in regard to control of wages is one which avoided the difficulties of setting up a state-established schedule of payments for different kinds of work, by the device of freezing an existing schedule. That schedule was full of anomalies and discrepancies which would in the normal course of events have been straightened out, whenever they became intolerable, by the beneficent operations of the law of supply and demand. Being frozen, they cannot be straightened out, and as is the natural tendency with anomalies many of them have become more burdensome with each succeeding month.

It was no doubt the belief of the Government when it applied the freezing, that the conditions which necessitated that policy would be temporary, and that the law of supply and demand would return to effective operation in a year or two and thereby relieve it of what must be the most painful task that a democratic government can possibly have to perform—the task of telling each of its citizens just what he shall get in exchange for his labor. That happy expectation has not been fulfilled. We are now faced with the prospect that the frozen schedule, with its various adjustments (themselves full of discrepancies) which have been made under the guise of the cost-of-living bonus or under the pressure of organized labor, will be set up as a new and permanent standard to which industry will have to conform, not only for the rest of the war, but quite possibly for a very considerable time after it.

It therefore becomes necessary to suggest to the Government that it will have to take on a little more responsibility about wage schedules than it has been doing. It will not be enough, throughout the next five years, to say that this or that wage rate must remain because it was in operation in October 1939, or because in 1942 the cost-of-living bonus happened to be applied to it at such-and-such a rate when elsewhere it was applied at another rate. The Government will have to be prepared to say, either that this wage rate is the proper rate for this job in this locality and must therefore stand, or else that it doesn't know what is the proper rate and the employer and employee will have to settle it for themselves. That this is an extremely difficult task we admit; but it is less difficult than the task of enforcing until 1949 a set of wage rates which have no merit except that they more or less existed in 1939.

Divided Canada

IN HIS recent Toronto speech Mr. Gladstone Murray made some observations about the relations between English-speaking and French-speaking Canadians which were unfortunately over-shadowed in the press by his references to the efforts of certain elements to advance the cause of Canadian neutrality at the beginning of the War. He reminded his hearers that "Canada is regarded by the world at large as having done a better job of dealing with language and racial minorities than most other countries have done," and dded that in saying so he spoke from personl knowledge and experience with the League f Nations at Geneva. But well as we have one there is plenty of room, and plenty of eed, for us to do better; and "we shall never et real improvement until there is among nglish-speaking Canadians a more general ppreciation of certain fundamentals."

Mr. Murray points to the often forgotten cts that it is useless and absurd to expect e French-Canadians to show any sentimental tachment for Great Britain as a historical tity. "Their sentiment is for the soil they upy; their appreciation of the British contion is intellectual. . . While they may not psodize about things British, they know full l that the protecting charter of the way of life they cherish is British in origin and in guarantee."

He gives a rather ingenious account of the policy followed by the French-Canadians in dealing with the majority in a country in which they are, at least for the present, a minority. He stresses their Gallic capacity for logic, and remarks that this leads them to recognize that "in our kind of democracy they must bow to the will of the majority." But, he goes on, "they should not be blamed for indulging their strongly-developed political instincts to get their own way before they have to bow to the will of the majority if it goes against them."

It is profoundly important that English-speaking Canadians, and particularly those of British origin, should bear in mind that the policies of French Canada are those which are inevitable in a self-conscious minority. They are perfectly legitimate and natural, and are much like those which an English-speaking minority would pursue in similar circumstances. If they seem at times, to Canadians of British origin, to show an undue disregard of the fact that the whole human race is now closely tied up together in a world whose spaces have become unbelievably shrunken in the last few decades, that is largely because neither they as a minority, nor the people of the country of which they form a part, have hitherto had much contact with the rest of that world either by war, travel, trade or diplomacy. We may look for a considerable modification in this attitude when the numerous French-Canadians who are at present away from the political life of their province, taking part in the military effort of Canada, have been back among their fellow-citizens for a few years.

Modern Hara-Kiri

See article by Kathleen Strange on page 40

Sir Robert Falconer

THE death of Sir Robert Falconer takes away, in the fullness of his powers though in the seventy-sixth year of his age, a man who has been one of the great national figures in the intellectual and moral life of this country since the early years of the century, and at no time more so than since his resignation of the presidency of the University of Toronto eleven years ago. The position of a university president cannot be adequately filled without a combination of both intellectual powers and executive ability of a high order; but it is the executive ability which is most in evidence, and while Sir Robert managed to write a considerable number of important articles during his presidency, his pen and voice have been in much more constant and effective use since he "retired."

The outstanding characteristic of his mind was a profound moral conviction of the obligations imposed by our common humanity, and intensified, in the case of Canadians, by the unique advantages with which Providence has endowed us. He steadfastly refused to regard any kind of right, possession or privilege as anything but a trust to be used for the good of humanity. He was scrupulous in so using all those which were at his own disposal, and eloquent and unwearying in urging others to do the same. His last public act was a broadcast, conceived in the most philosophical spirit and couched in the noblest terms, in favor of the petition for the relaxation of Canada's barriers against refugees. It must have been largely due to his efforts that they were actually relaxed last week in the case of a number of refugees now in Portugal awaiting transportation. These will be only a few among the thousands in Canada and elsewhere who in years to come will have occasion to thank God for the character and ability of Sir Robert Falconer. His death occurs at a moment when men of his type are more sorely needed than ever in our history.

Prophets at Home

CANADIAN books will be brought specially to public notice during the coming week. Speeches and articles may be expected from authors, critics, professors and other bookish persons. Special displays will be on the bookstore counters. The public will be urged to buy, not only for the general encouragement of publishers and authors, but because the work of Canadian writers is worthy and deserves a wider circulation.

If Canada were exactly like the United States there would be no object, other than that of regional patriotism, in recommending Canadian books to the Canadian people. We appreciate the work of American writers and understand how closely it mirrors the quirks and oddities of the Republic. But we have quirks and oddities of our own which can be

(Continued on Page Three)

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Canada's Handicrafts

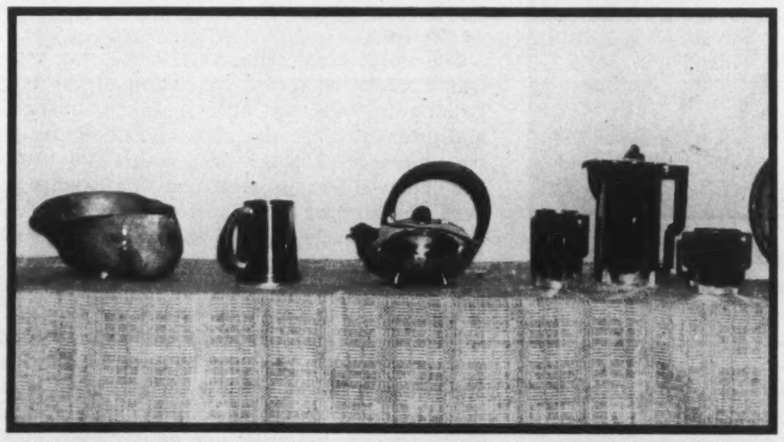
BY COLLIER STEVENSON

ACCORDING to the original charter granted in 1882, one of the purposes of the Royal Canadian Academy was to foster the handicrafts of Canada. This was cited in the address made by His Excellency, the Earl of Athlone, at the opening of the memorable Canadian Handicrafts Guild Exhibition held in Toronto last year. And now that reminder has borne fruit, for the Royal Canadian Academy for the first time has devoted a section to Canadian handicrafts in its Annual Exhibition, currently showing in the Montreal Art Gallery, thus marking a step forward in the recognition and acceptance of our handicrafts as an important contribution to the fine arts of Canada.

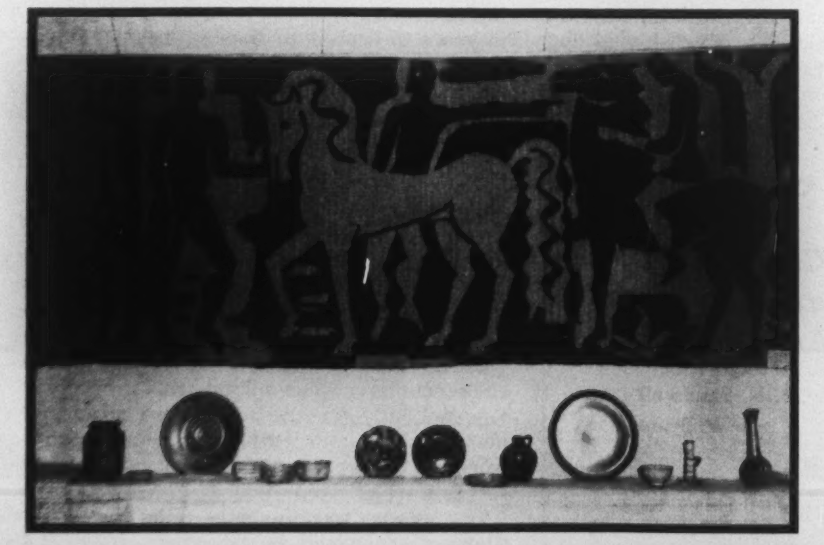
Canadian handicrafts, however, have still another claim to public attention, especially at this time when so many people are daring to envision an early end of the war, the approach of a post-war period that will make demands on all our economic resources, both human and material, to restablish Canada on a sound peacetime basis.

Handicrafts are unique in that they utilize both our material and human resources. For, from Canada's own soil, her forests and her mines come a great wealth of the very materials which craftsmen with skilled hands fashion into things of beauty and utility in pottery, wood and metal, potentially important in the fields of art and industry alike. That the present Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy accords space to the work of craftsmen is, therefore, a tribute to future potentialities, as well as to past accomplishments in Canadian handicrafts . . . and, perhaps, a happy omen of the place which handicrafts eventually will have in the everyday life of Canada.

Kathleen McKim, of Ontario, created this effective punch-bowl, to which an Honorary Mention has been awarded at this year's Exhibition of the Royal Canadian Academy. The bowl, lined with turquoise-blue, is of terra cotta with an incised border and a metallic effect on the rim.



In this group from left to right are a wooden bowl of unusual form done by Zenon Alary, of Quebec, and a collection of hand-wrought silver by Andrew Fussell, of Ontario—a beer-stein, a tea-pot and a coffee-set.



Karen Bulow, of Quebec, wove this interesting tapestry designed by Fritz Brandtner, of Quebec. The varied collection of pottery, which already has won a special award for outstanding quality, strength in design, and for the overcoming of technical difficulties in glazing, is the work of Erica and Kjeld Deichmann, of New Brunswick. The flax tablecloths forming a background are the work of Madame Maurice Blais, Quebec, Madame Adelard Gagné, Quebec, and Madame Phillipe Rouest, of Manitoba.

DEAR MR. EDITOR

Reserve Army Wife Speaks

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

I SPEAK for several Reserve Army wives I know and just want to do a little grumbling. One never knows, it might help straighten out a few matters. I shall use my husband for an example of all those men in the Reserve Army.

My husband has been in the Reserve Army for over three years. He is at present an officer and trains three nights a week and every second Sunday, for part of which time he receives a small amount of pay. He pays for his own uniforms, which cost a considerable amount over the pay he receives for his nights of training.

His daily schedule is as follows: Up at seven to get the furnace going; to work at eight until six; to the drill hall at, or shortly after, seven o'clock until any hour you might mention. This happens three times a week. Usually he works at his office one or two nights a week, and a church office takes up Sunday night, often after Sunday manoeuvers. As well as the foregoing, he is supposed to study countless books and pamphlets concerning army matters *in his spare time.*

I might say that my husband is very faithful to the Reserve Army, and does it make me mad when my neighbor says "Oh, yes, I saw them playing soldiers on the school grounds last night" or something else? "Oh yes, the Reserve Army," with a little amused smile.

Even the government makes no allowances for a man belonging to the Reserve Army for years when he applies for a Civil Service position, yet to my mind, when he is willing and ready to face an unexpected enemy landing on our coast with the comparatively small number of men at his command, and hold them off until the standing army could arrive, I think his offering should have some standing—not that he wants glory, but merely more consideration.

Moncton, N.B. MRS. CARMEN O. SKEAT.

Quebec Opinion

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

LIKE wars, elections, and likewise the threat of elections, come upon us periodically; and both have a habit of passing over us rough shod and leaving many a victim before their course is run. With an election in the offing, the various methods of prodding are resorted to by the interested parties: the barnstorming speeches, the inflammatory articles in the press which attack the old sore spots of the adversary and create new ones wherever possible—these things are all probably accepted routine in the political field. The rub lies in the fact that the electorate, who are the pawns in the game, are in a general way simple, literal-minded people who are apt to forget that elections are a sort of game not to be taken at their face value. Hence these people are often hurt in the scuffle.

Making of Quebec a whipping boy must be an outworn game anywhere and to find SATURDAY NIGHT resorting to it with such abandon is a sad disillusion. There is no need to check over Quebec's contribution to the present war; any informed reader, much less yourself, is well aware of it. Not only Hong Kong and Dieppe, but more recently the offensive in Italy give mournful proofs of where French Canada's young men are just now and what they are doing. The Navy and the Air Force could likewise contribute information along the same lines. And it may be that when these French-Canadian boys, so many of whom have been in active service since the beginning of the war, or their parents here at home, read your statements: "a substantial proportion of the population of Quebec, it now appears, has no use for the participation of Canada in the present war. . ." and sundry indirect but nonetheless obvious slurs upon this Province, they will find them strange return for their own open-hearted generosity. I myself was an American, born and educated in New Orleans, but twenty-five years of residence in long-suffering Quebec has shown me that it has been much sinned against.

If rancor is to be wiped out and a united Canada honestly striven for, why choose this moment to stir up old enmities? "Laurentia" is not so much a geographical area as a state of mind. If you would really have it die completely you must needs be sufficiently generous not to fan the embers.

GRACE SHEEN SOUCISSE.
Montreal, Que.

We are getting rather tired of the claim that the utterances of candidates who get themselves elected by means of those utterances have no significance and should not be taken seriously. That a large number of French-Canadians have played a noble and brilliant part in the present conflict is true; but so have a large number of the citizens of Eire, which is neutral all the same. If the electors of Quebec do not want to be taken as favoring neutrality they should not vote for candidates who profess to favor it. —Ed.

Being Kept Track of

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

THE *Printed Word,* to which I am a contributor, is always pleased when such an erudite publication as yours has cause to mention it.

But aren't you wrong in arguing for national registration in time of peace? A good case could be made for its being unnecessary in time of war if it is not to be used for gathering in the boys for military service. You will recall that several prominent Canadian communists avoided the police for many months in spite of national registration.

The only people necessary to keep track of are criminals—evil-doers. The respectable citizen can always be easily traced. There are about 3,700 people in jail in this country. Assuming that an equal number of evil-doers are at large, we would have a registration of 10,000 people to keep track of six, and three of these six already are in jail.

One fancies that the R.C.M.P. does pretty well keeping track of subversive and criminal elements. Small-town police have a pretty fair idea who are the bad boys and girls in the neighborhood and city police are even more numerous.

So why have a big staff of civil servants keeping track of people who don't need to be kept track of?

Toronto, Ont. J. L. CHARLESWORTH.

Garbling the Scriptures

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

MR. PATRICK KIRWAN in his article, Our One Great Hope for Reeducating Germans (S. N., Oct. 23), has the following paragraph:

"And here it is salutary to recall that Germans were not the only ones who stood spellbound when the fanfares sounded and the searchlights flashed in Nuremberg, and were hushed while the Fuehrer spoke. There were prominent men of other nationalities who shared these raptures, squaring their uneasy consciences by repeating the equivocal Pauline injunction: Let us do evil that good may come."

If Mr. Kirwan would have us know that "prominent men of other nationalities" were about to do evil, why does he not say so, and in so many words? There is nothing of the equivocal in St. Paul's injunction. In mentioning the Pauline injunction the author should be mindful of the precise use that St. Paul makes of the words, Let us do evil that good may come. His text is—"And why should we not (as some calumniously accuse us of teaching) do evil that good may come? The condemnation of such is just." (Romans III, 8.)

Obviously St. Paul is warning the early Christians of the false accusation laid against them, that they do evil that good may come. It is not St. Paul's intention to teach the end justifies the means.

Mr. Kirwan, then, has omitted the most important words of the text of St. Paul. It is inexcusable to garble the Scriptures. That truly would be doing evil, and no good comes from it.

Toronto, Ont. PAUL H. HOPPE.

Prolificacy

Editor, SATURDAY NIGHT:

IT IS possible that the decision to base wage standards upon family sizes will give new realization to the seemingly neglected fact that the first duties of a physical human being are to raise as many children as the progressive economy of the world will allow.

Surely this is an expedient consideration for such a country as our Canada, where population problems are so acute.

It may well be that the judicious act of the government may bring a way out of the controversy on such matters as rights of immigration control. That is, it must be definitely understood that we have no moral right to imagine that we as prior citizens have a monopoly on the resources of this land. All too obviously such wrong thinking brings chaos to those in error. The basic cause of war is the differences, with their complications, imagined and real, between the have and the have-not nations.

To return to our real rights and responsibilities in this regard, if we decide that we have the innate ability to make better use of this land than people such as the Japanese, German, Italian, Russian, Chinese, (yes, even the American Indian), and central European races, and Indian, we must prove the fact, or it is not true in fact.

This will be a direct solution and answer to the *moral* challenges of those countries who preach and practise the doctrine of prolificacy. The French-Canadians, who prove themselves better *Canadians* in many respects than those of British descent, have demonstrated the proper attitude in this regard.

The government, I think, is to be thanked for its courage and clear vision in initiating a program at least in the direction of this end.

Shilo Camp, Man. LESLIE RYALL.

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THE FRONT PAGE

(Continued from Page One)

revealed only by men and women of quick observation and ready pen who live and work among us.

A Southern Democrat or a Vermont Republican couldn't be expected to understand an Orange Tory of Ontario. Indeed, the latter may not fully understand himself. But a Canadian writer, knowing the sources of the man's ideas and the springs of his conduct, could interpret him to admiration. And when one considers French Canada, its charm and its prejudices, or the settled Englishry of British Columbia, or the aliveness of prairie folk, great-grandsons of all lands, from the Hebrides to Cork and Dover, from Iceland to the Ukraine, the possibilities of developing a vivid and self-contained literature expressing this noble Northland to itself and to the world must be obvious.

Writing talent and a reading public are both necessary. As for the talent, it is bestowed by the good Lord on people of all lands in fairly equal proportions. Canada has not been over looked, as a glance at the publishers' lists will show. We can name E. J. Pratt, Stephen Leacock and John Murray Gibbon, and anyone can go on from there.

The reading public in this country has a three-fold interest; in the work of British, American and Canadian writers. But it could turn its eyes more diligently towards the last-named with advantage to itself and to the nation. In the past too many native-born authors were forced to expatriate themselves in order to make a living. Like the King in Milne's verse, poets and prose writers *do* like a little butter to spread upon their bread.

Too Much Lecturing

THE attitude of conscious superiority which lecturers of all sorts assume has always been a little trying.

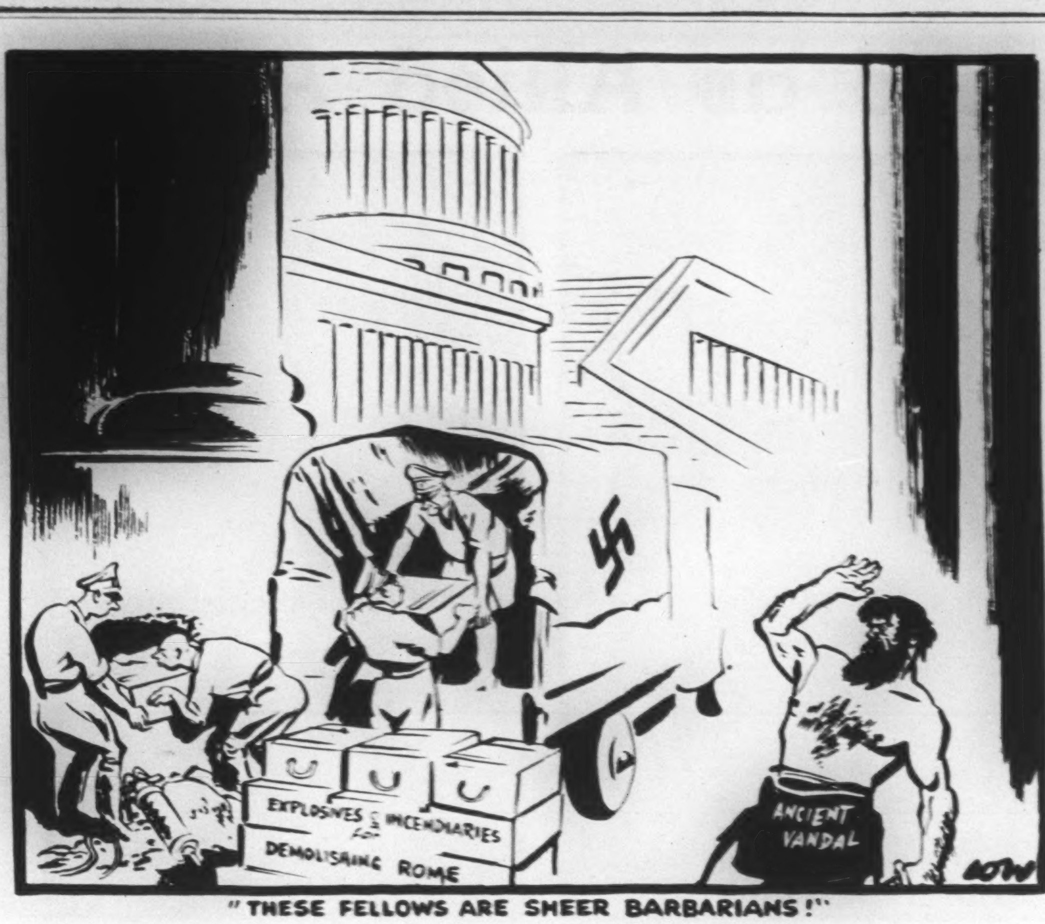
In colleges a sense of authority is to be expected, for undergraduates—especially girls—are there for the express purpose of sitting at the feet of a whole faculty of Gamaliels. In church, where a lecture is called a sermon, the dominance of the preacher may be forgiven, for the congregation knows mighty little about God, and presumably would like to know more; otherwise most of the hearers would have stayed at home and put on the storm windows. But in service clubs and other places where lecturers abound the audience is uninhibited, and often uneasy. Mutterings may develop at various tables. Grouchy individuals may formulate silent, but indignant sentences, such as "Who *is* this guy?" or "Hell! everybody knows that!" In truth the only place where a lecturer has free course to indulge his superiority is a women's club, organized to Improve the Mind in One or More Directions.

Literary figures go lecturing from time to time. If some suffering hearer determines to leave the hall in the middle of things, either to seek liquid refreshment, or to write a letter of protest to some editor, no one need be surprised. For the average man doesn't easily assume that he is average. He doesn't relish being told things that he already knows, especially by some Wandering Willie whose superior knowledge and importance are questionable.

Now it happens that some of the leaders of government and public affairs in Great Britain are in a similar state of mind, and who can wonder at it? Most of them are too polite to stamp out of the meeting when Uncle Sam is giving advice, and look for a convenient bar. Only Lord Vansittart has said, mildly, while concealing a yawn, that the lecturing of Great Britain by eminent Americans grows a little wearisome.

Defence of Gracie

THE editor of the Eighth Army's weekly newspaper in Italy probably thought that he was doing a good job of press agency for Gracie Fields when he wrote a piece (which naturally got into the cables and was spread all over the English-speaking world) accusing her of not doing her bit and of letting the British soldier down. He no doubt assumed that there was nowhere in the English-speaking world anybody so foolish as to take this charge seriously.


EXPLOSIVES & INCENDIARIES for DEMOLISHING ROME
ANCIENT VANDAL
LOW

"THESE FELLOWS ARE SHEER BARBARIANS!"

Unfortunately there are people whose capacity for taking seriously the attempts of press agents, amateur or otherwise, is practically unlimited, and some of these people appear to have thought that the Eighth Army editor really meant what he said about "our Gracie." It therefore becomes necessary to put on record the fact that there is probably no performer in the world who has been more generous with time and effort, under the most difficult circumstances, both in entertaining the troops of the United Nations and in aiding every undertaking for their comfort and enjoyment.

Mr. Hugh A. Green of Norway, N.B., has told the Montreal *Gazette* that to his personal knowledge Gracie Fields for more than the first two years of the war "never earned a penny for herself, and when still a very sick woman, after a most serious operation in England, from which she was never expected to recover, went on a strenuous tour of Canada for the Navy League." Only those who have travelled all over Canada making one-night stands, and giving a performance as taxing to the nervous and physical resources as Gracie's, will fully realize the tremendous strain which these tours imposed upon her; and we fully endorse Mr. Green's conclusion, that when the story of who did this and that in the present great struggle comes to be written "it will not be a true record unless our Gracie is on the front page with the other big people who have done big things."

German Unity

WE ARE not at all indisposed to allow valued contributors such as Mr. Lionel Gelber and Mr. Jack Anders to carry on controversy in these columns, provided that they can find some common starting-point, acceptable to the majority of our discriminating readers, from which to argue their different theses. But we are not sure that Mr. Gelber and Mr. Anders have even a common starting-point; and in any event Mr. Gelber, being now in His Majesty's Canadian service, is now no longer free to argue.

There is, we suspect, some truth in the contention of Mr. Anders that Mr. Gelber pays insufficient attention to the "social background of politics." But the charge comes curiously from a controversialist who can write, as Mr. Anders did in his Letter to the Editor of October 30, that "any people is at the disposal of its rulers," and can then go on to inquire whether the people of Great Britain "might not again be at the disposal of a Chamberlain." A careful student of the "social background of politics" should, it seems to us, be aware that there are very great differences of degree in the extent to which different peoples are "at the disposal of their rulers," and that these differences are largely determined by the social background of their politics.

To us of the democracies it appears that both the German people and the Russian people are far too much "at the disposal of their rulers"—too much, that is, for the comfort and security of their neighbors. In the case of Russia that condition appears to us both excusable and (for the moment) beneficial; for Russia has only just emerged from an extremely backward condition in respect of education and citizen responsibility, and its rulers are at the moment "disposing of" the people for what we consider to be good international purposes. In the case of Germany that condition appears to us both inexcusable and supremely dangerous; for Germany has a high degree of education, and its rulers for ten years past have been "disposing of" the German people for ends which no conceivable moral principle can justify. Indeed on Mr. Anders' own account Germany's rulers have been disposing of Germany for generations for evil ends, for he himself tells us that Bismarck's policy was to achieve a blood-and-iron unification of what is now the German nation "in order to forestall a *democratic* unification."

We do not know what is Mr. Anders' opinion of democracy, but if he is judging it by the behavior of the "representative governments" which in 1939 "handed over the Sudetenland to Hitler" on grounds which were certainly far less plausible than any put forward by Bismarck for his aggressions he is scarcely being fair. The British and French governments did not hand over the Sudetenland to Hitler because they were "representative governments" nor because they had their respective peoples "at their disposal," but because they were terrified of Herr Hitler, who was not a representative government and who did have his people very much at his disposal. Mr. Anders appears shocked that the "representative governments" should have done so terrible a thing, and he is rightly so; but he might well be even more shocked that Herr Hitler should have been able to demand the Sudetenland with the complete confidence that he would have the German people "at his disposal" in a war to grab it if it was refused.

The really important difference between Mr. Anders and Mr. Gelber is that Mr. Gelber wants Germany disunified after this war and Mr. Anders does not. For the determination of this question it does not seem to matter much whether Germany was unified by moral means or by immoral ones. Our own conviction is that it has been unified, and cannot very well be disunified. Unification has made it a very powerful nation. We should not object to that, if it were not so constantly "at the disposal" of immoral rulers, and so little inclined to extricate itself from that condition because of their immorality. We hope to see an international set-up in which even a unified Germany at the disposal of immoral rulers will have very much less scope for the achievement of their immoral purposes. In such a set-up even the Germans may perceive that there is no advantage to be gained by placing themselves at the disposal of immoral rulers.

THE PASSING SHOW

WHAT'S the use of referring to General Tito's troops as "Partisans"? Let's call a spade a spade; they're Labor-Progressives.

•

A woman in Chicago collapsed after trying desperately to walk up a "down" escalator. Like the cost-of-living statistic, those things are a lot easier to handle when they stand still.

•

We are not a bit excited about this British court decision that a wife's savings from the housekeeping money belong to her husband. Whenever we found her saving any we have always cut down the allowance.

•

Canadian women, on being Gallupped as to what they wanted in their postwar house, said in many cases that they wanted it dustproof. Always trying to get out of a little work.

•

Householder

How many tasks that *must* be done
  Afflict a man with sorrow;
Like pulling up the withered beans
Tomato vines and frozen greens,
Like mending little Willie's trains,
Like washing outside window-panes,
Painting the coal-delivery chute—
So many tasks we can't compute!
But he can always say "What fun!
  I'll see to it—to-morrow."

J. E. M.

•

The trouble with the Aluminum strikers is that they were unwilling to take pot luck.

•

Come to think of it, the Swedes and the Swiss are about the only European peoples who are not under the Swastika.

•

According to a young lady who has been wearing a girdle made of a new synthetic material so that government officials could judge its usefulness, "it's very satisfactory, but there are a few bugs to be worked out yet." Laundry is admittedly a slow business these days, but it might help.

•

The latest report on the housing situation comes from Ottawa. Occupancy in the local jail has increased more than 50 per cent. Wonder if the WPTB protects tenants against eviction by the proprietors?

•

The New Order

It won't be like the days of old
When some took orders from the bold.
We'll *all* be free for evermore—
To do just what and as we're told.

•

News stories reported that a mysterious stranger recently visited the Christie Street Hospital giving away hundred-dollar bills. He was obviously in the wrong institution.

•

A wedding story in an Eastern Canada weekly recently ended: "The groom expects to be transferred in a few days. The bird will continue to reside at home with her parents." In a gilded cage?

•

The Nazis claim they "hold the initiative in the defence" on various battlefronts. They certainly show enterprise in retreating.

•

Cheer up! Canada's coal deposits are probably large enough to keep us in strikes for a couple of hundred years more.

•

That Victory Loan Ad

Tell us, now that we've bought the bond,
What do we do to date the blond?

•

Courage is not confined to the battlefield. Ottawa has called another Dominion-Provincial conference.

•

Sad news for little Esmeralda. "Wetums" dolls have fallen victims to the rubber shortage. Her new doll will have to be a perfect little lady.

•

The Fergus News-Record says in an editorial, "This week we are going to depart from our usual habit." Obviously, as our copy shows. The pages of the paper run as follows: 1, 6, 7, 4, 5, 2, 3 and 8. Is the departure advisable?

•

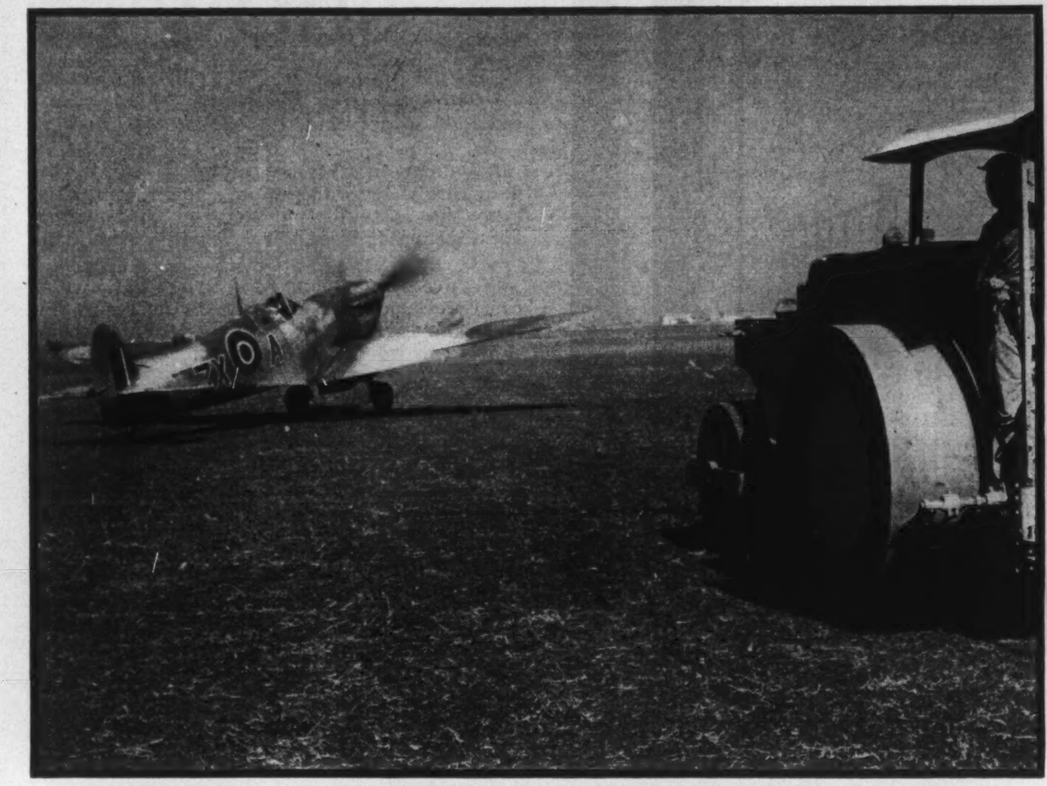
The Sophisticate

Small Robin whose tastes are inferior
    Thinks the world is all right.
Miss Carol is gently superior
    And calmly polite.

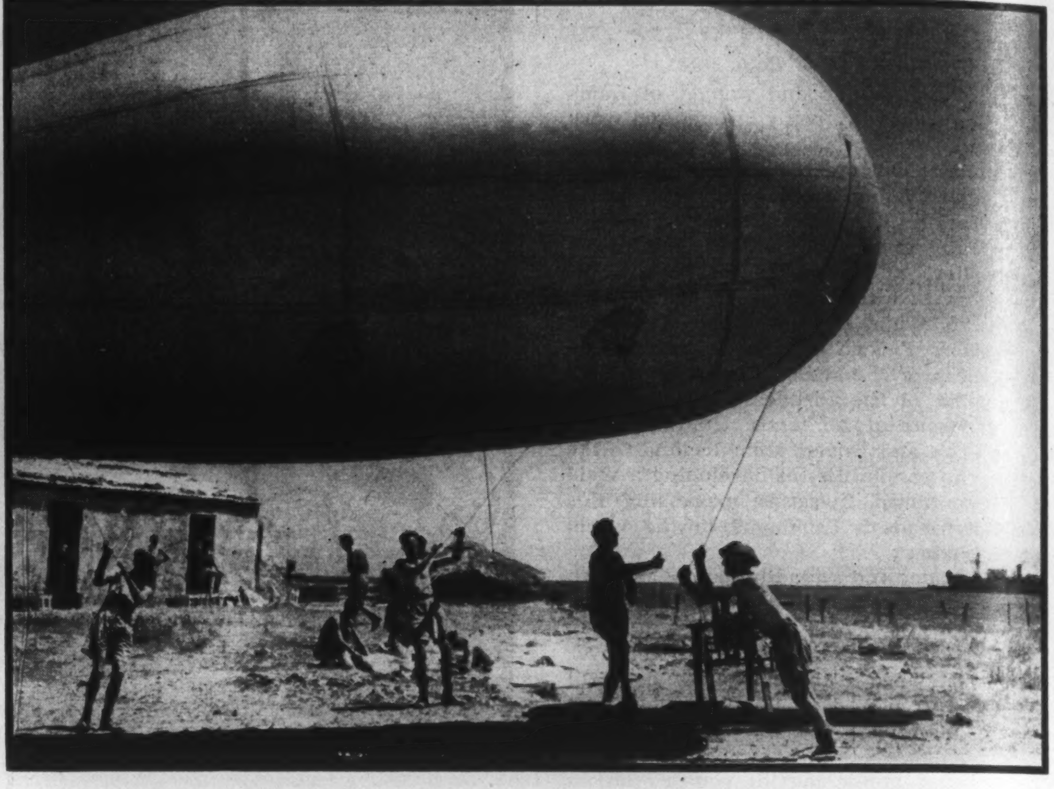
Small Robin is lately from Heaven
    And laughs quite a lot.
But Carol, dear lady, is seven
    And aware of what's what.

J. E. M.

Moving Forward as Allied Armies Advance . . .



As the army moves forward, T.A.F.'s landing grounds move up behind them. Here a Spitfire takes off from an airfield in Italy while a steam roller is still at work.



To protect landing fields and personnel from dive attacks, balloon defences are speedily organized. Using a hand winch, R.A.F. ground crews raise a balloon.

Air Vice-Marshal J. H. D'Albiac, C.B., D.S.O., Commander Tactical Air Force, has been soldier, airman, marine.

By Peter O'Neill

MOST secret branch of the Royal Air Force, child of the experience of nearly four years of war, the Tactical Air Force, is waiting at its British bases to emulate the performances of its prototype under Air Marshal Tedder, so outstandingly successful in the Mediterranean.

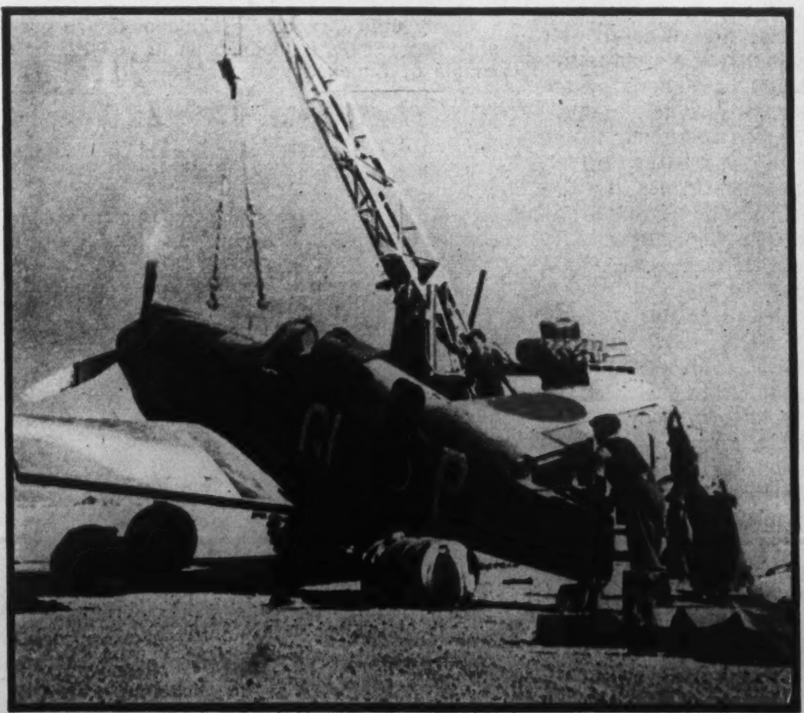
Its commander, 49-year-old Air Vice-Marshal John Henry D'Albiac, has been soldier, airman, and marine, and upon its deeds in battle, in the liberation of Europe, many important developments for Britain's air force after the war will depend. And a Tactical Air Force will also emerge in the Pacific theatre.

The T.A.F., as it is known in the Service, was built up by drafting some of the finest airmen from Fighter, Bomber and Coastal Commands, as well as absorbing the men in the old Army Co-operation Command formed after the Battle of France had driven home hard the lesson that while Britain had the world's best air force she had not yet learned to apply it properly. That lesson has been so well learned that what was once regarded as the hallmark of army-air co-operation, the work of the Luftwaffe and German ground Forces, can now be looked back upon as out of date as the technique of last war infantry.

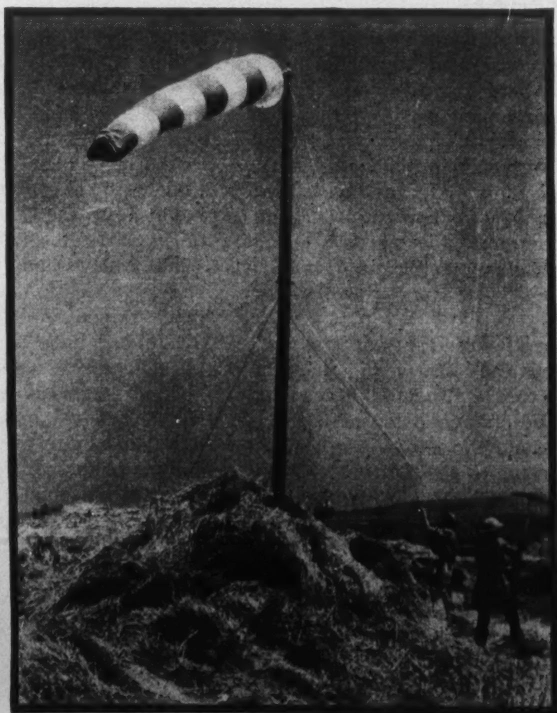
The early conception of Army Co-operation was that a certain number of squadrons of the ordinary air force should be detached for reconnaissance duties over and a little behind the enemy front-lines, and, of course, for artillery spotting. That this was not nearly adequate became glaringly plain in France, when the panzers, covered by a cloud of aeroplanes, swept through to the Channel Ports, in Yugoslavia and in Greece, and again in the initial stages of the ding-dong battle of Africa.

By December 1940, the R.A.F. Army Co-operation Command had been formed to carry things a bit further, and one of its duties included development, with other R.A.F. Commands, of airborne divisions—the ferrying of paratroops, glider-troops, piloted by soldier-airmen who had their first battle try-out in Sicily, and air-borne infantry. To give them practice they were employed in using the American Mustang fighter, one of Army Co-operation Command's early 'planes, to shoot up trains in France.

But it was in the Middle East that Air Marshal Tedder and his Lieutenant, Coningham, worked out a system which was not so much a method of *supporting* the ground troops as fighting *with* them in every sense of the term. As the army moved forward, whether in spurts, long brilliant dashes, or with slow steady pressure, the air force's landing grounds moved up behind them. Marvels of organization were called into being, the R.A.F. Regiment came along to guard the advanced bases, special units of super-trained mechanics and technicians, and laborers marched or flew with the combined forces to make airfields where none existed, to repair those blasted by Allied bombs; over all fighters and fighter-bombers hovered incessantly, ahead various aircraft carefully picked for the role bombed and shelled tanks and lorries, troops and defence positions, merging their



On-the-spot repairs are essential to a mobile force like T.A.F. A mobile crane mounted on a truck supports this damaged plane.

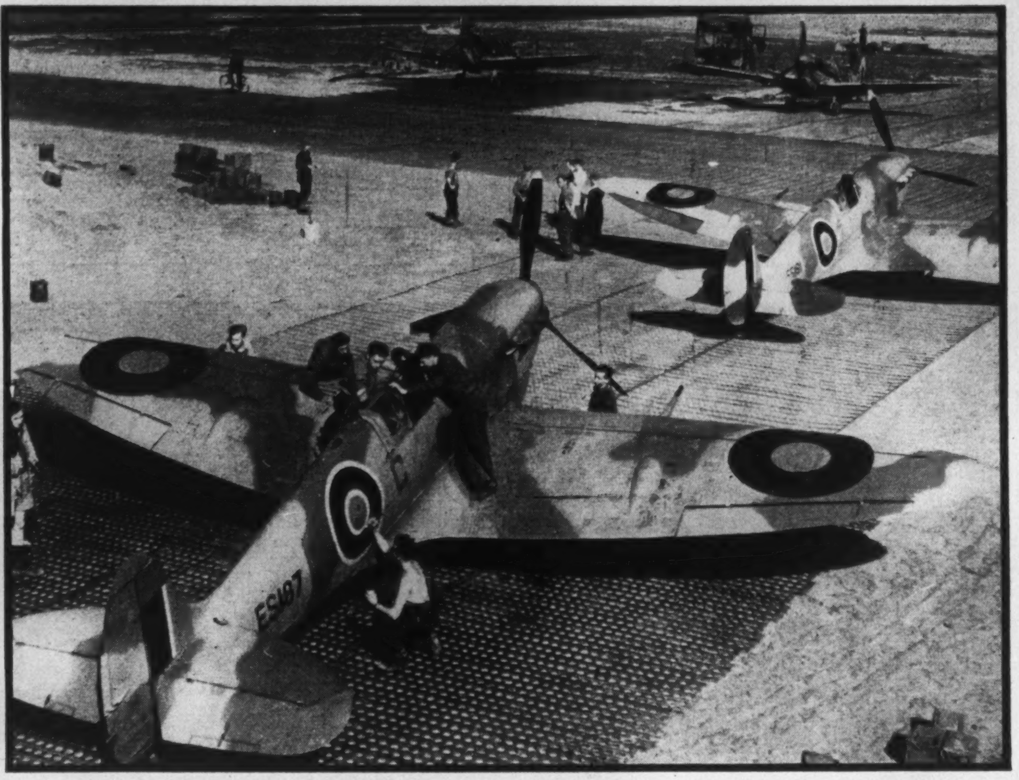


Harvesters had just moved out of this Italian wheat field when the Air Force moved in.

Technicians repair radio equipment on edge of runways as a Spitfire taxies out to "strafe" enemy transport.

...New Air Arm Blasts Path for Ground Forces

Waiting for word to "scramble." The "ops" room in a barn on the edge of an advanced airfield in Italy. Here pilots are briefed for attacks on Nazi transport and supplies.



T.A.F. carries its own runways, which can be rolled up and transported overnight. Headquarters consists of a trailer. Hooked to a truck, it can move off on short notice.

hitting power with that of the artillery into a pattern of death and destruction that stretched from Alamein to Tunis.

Still further ahead twin-engined medium bombers and long-range fighters sought out enemy transport, reinforcements and supplies and battered them till but a trickle reached the enemy troops facing the Eighth Army; and far ahead the heavy bombers hit the big supply bases, ports and debarkation centres. Though these really belonged to the strategic air force.

British and American air forces in the United Kingdom were rapidly altered to conform to this successful model, Army Co-operation Command was abolished in the R.A.F., and the T.A.F. placed under Fighter Command.

Though the organization and resources of T.A.F. are a close secret, it is obvious from the duties they will be called upon to perform that it will absorb most of the fighter-bombers and medium bombers as well as many fighters—for fewer fighters will now be needed for the defence of Britain. They will march with the troops. The Mosquito fighter and light-bomber, the Whirlwind bomber, the Spitfire, Hurricane and Typhoon (when used as fighters or fighter-bombers) as well as the American Marauders, Bostons, Mitchells and Baltimores—to name only a few—are likely to be seen with T.A.F.

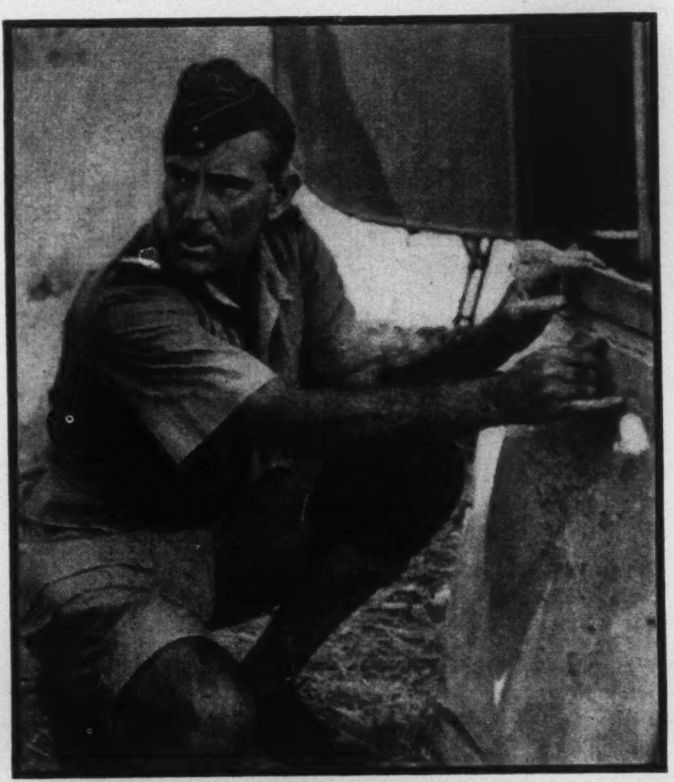
One of the most ticklish jobs of this war fell to Air Vice-Marshal John Henry D'Albiac, C.B., D.S.O., man who expected to become a fruit farmer, who got instead the job of sowing the seeds of final victory throughout Europe.

He was busy on his farm in 1914 when war began, and he became a private in the Middlesex Regiment, transferred to the Royal Naval Air Service, finally to the Royal Air Force. His D.S.O., was won at Dunkirk — in the last war, with the R.N.A.S. His first big task in this war was to command the R.A.F. in the ill-fated Greek expedition. With a weak force destined to be pitted against the best that Germany and Italy could jointly throw in, D'Albiac started his job when Greece was at war with Italy but not Germany. With headquarters at the Grand Bretagne Hotel, Athens, he came into frequent contact with the German Minister and members of his staff. He had to attend official functions at which the Germans were guests, and it strained his tact and diplomacy to the utmost.

D'Albiac commanded the air side of the British operations in Iraq, though this was a comparatively easy task since aerial opposition was small. But his next assignment more than compensated, for he was sent to Ceylon just as the black shadow of Jap aggression began to creep alarmingly quickly over the Indian Ocean.

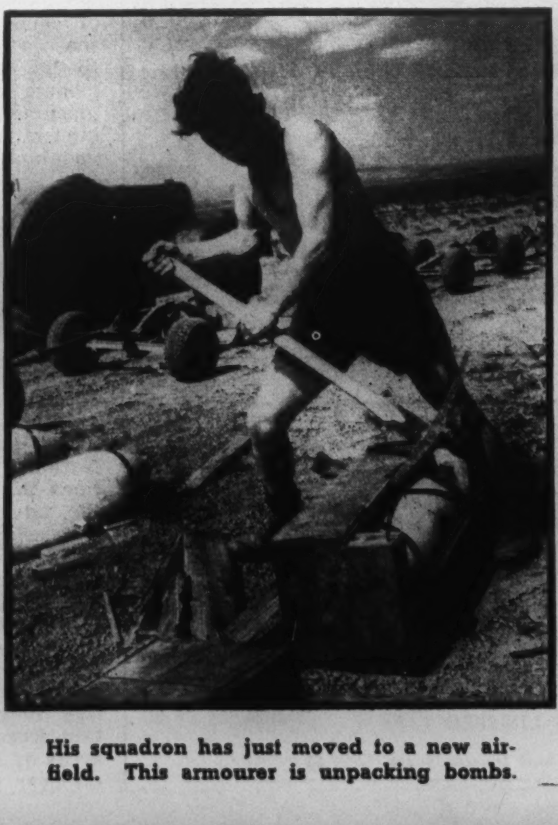
He knew perfectly well that if the Japs could they would repeat Pearl Harbor on this bastion of South India, but swiftly, decisively, he organized his forces, threw them into battle, and hit the Japs first. Attempts to attack Ceylon from the air were soundly thrashed—Tokyo's first set-back in a bid for world conquest.

Now he has the greatest task of all, that of welding a striking force that will plough routes into Europe for the Allied armies, that will beat the Luftwaffe on its home ground, and avenge Dunkirk and Calais, Greece and Crete.



Brain child of A. M. Sir Arthur Coningham, T.A.F. played a large part in Allied victory in N. Africa.

Keeping sharp look-out for enemy planes, men of the R.A.F. Regiment man the ground defences of forward air fields.



His squadron has just moved to a new airfield. This armourer is unpacking bombs.

On advanced landing fields used by the T.A.F. transport planes deliver troops and supplies to forward areas and return with wounded.

A former head of the Department of Political Science of Toronto University, Professor MacIver, now of Columbia, has a blueprint for the establishment and maintenance of peace after the present war. But appeasers, isolationists, and passive resisters can have no share in its establishment.

The first condition is the enlargement of the community to which man owes his loyalties, and the abandonment of complete national sovereignty. He proposes a new Assembly of the Nations, with a Council of eleven members in which the British Commonwealth and Latin America each contribute one member.

Towards an Abiding Peace

BY J. A. STEVENSON

THE numerous alumni of Toronto University who profited by the teachings of Robert MacIver when he was head of its Department of Political Science, and other Canadians who are familiar with his excellent books upon sociological and political subjects, would be rightly disappointed if his new book, "Towards An Abiding Peace" (MacMillan, $2.75), were of anything less than high quality and noble inspiration.

A native of the wind-swept Hebridian island of Lewis, Professor MacIver has a full endowment of the generous and often passionate enthusiasm of the educated Celt for lofty causes, and he reinforces his idealism with a vast store of political and economic erudition, garnered during his educational sojourns at Edinburgh and Oxford, his association for nearly thirty years with two great universities on this continent, and frequent excursions of studious observation to the continent of Europe. If some of his old Canadian friends feel a pang that he now writes as a citizen of the United States, they may find consolation in the fact that his changed allegiance, coupled with the increase in his prestige since he migrated to Columbia University in 1927, have enlarged his power for the political enlightenment of the American people.

A Will to Peace

Regarding an abiding peace as entirely feasible, he dismisses, as valueless for its realization, three classes—the appeasers, the isolationists, and the passive resisters. For the crucial battle which will begin at the end of the war he summons only those who will devote their will, their heart and their strength to the establishment of a dynamic reign of peace and the reorientation of human attitudes.

His main postulate is that without "separateness" war loses its rationale, and that separateness belongs to the primitive world and is virtually impossible in the present world. He proposes a fresh enlargement of the community to which man owes his loyalties. He eliminates the idea of separate sovereignty for nations.

In his view the principle of self-determination, popularized with the great authority of Woodrow Wilson after the last war, produced too large a crop of small weak nations, which lacked adequate resources for a separate existence, and he argues that in many cases self-determination, if permitted, should be relative and not absolute, limited to local or regional control over local or regional affairs.

International economics are his paramount concern, and he holds that countries with quite diverse economic systems can participate harmoniously in an international economic order. To make it workable and beneficial to the whole world he outlines four specifications as fundamental and supports them with compelling logic.

Firstly there must be provision for the removal of the major barriers to international trade; secondly there must be for all countries assurance of equal access to the natural resources of the world; thirdly relatively stable parities between the monetary units of different countries must be maintained; and fourthly the international flow of capital must be undammed.

Twilight of Imperialism?

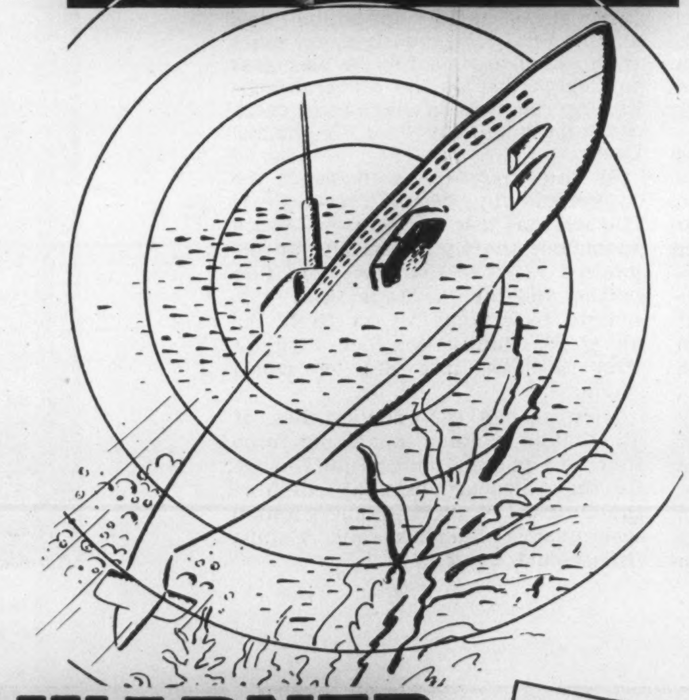
The most controversial chapter in the book is captioned "The Twilight of Imperialism", and it will rouse to protesting fury those Imperialists who believe in the doctrine of the White Man's Burden. Professor MacIver is no friend of Imperialism of any brand, and he cites with approval the evidence of a League of Nations study on "Colonial Questions and Peace", which holds that the advantages accruing from the possession of colonies inhabited by backward races are very much overrated and comparatively insignificant. Apart from his belief that large bodies of the dark and yellow races are no longer prepared to acquiesce in the domination of white peoples over their affairs, he thinks that the present system whereby certain European nations keep special areas of Africa and Asia and islands all over the world under their control, and confer upon them few benefits except improvements in their technical equipment, is outmoded and has become a barrier to human harmony and progress. So as a start he would transfer all the colonies which will be stripped from Italy and Japan, and all the territories held by the League of Nations under the mandate system, to an International Commission, which would undertake their administration.

In two chapters styled "The Greater Law" and "The Greater Charter", written in high philosophic vein, Professor MacIver outlines his plans for clearing the ground for the building of a new international structure, and in Chapter 10 he sketches the framework for it. He proposes to improve upon the League of Nations, which in his view was "unwieldy, lacking in initiative and inefficacious," by building a new Assembly of the Nations upon an entirely different plan. It would be based upon a settlement in which the fierce desire of all peoples for an abiding peace had been genuinely met, and it would be invested with a real authority, as an integral part of an established order for the control of international relations. It would be so organized that all the peoples of the component states would be in direct and active relation to it, no country could afford to remain outside it, and the range of its competence would be determined by a constitutional charter incorporated in the terms of peace.

International Executive

As its main administrative organ there would be established an International Executive, and Professor MacIver suggests a Cabinet or Council of eleven members, one drawn from each of the following states or state-groups—the United States, the British Commonwealth, Latin America, Russia, Eastern Europe, Central Europe, Western Europe, the Islamic States, China and Korea, Japan, India. We can foresee that the representation of the British Commonwealth by a single member might arouse objections, but they might be met if it was arranged that Britain should provide the representative one year and one of the Dominions in the next. Anyhow Professor MacIver wants his international executive to begin functioning immediately after the conclusion of hostilities. It would assume responsibility for the over-all administration of the affairs of the Confederation of Nations, for the administration of all internationalized areas or possessions of any kind, for the supervision of the production of all warlike instruments, for the control of an international police force (which would be established as the culmination of a policy of a graduated reduction of armaments), and for undertaking whatever actions might be necessary or desirable to carry into effect laws or regulations approved by the Assembly of Nations. A revival of the Permanent Court of International Justice would provide the international judiciary, but side by side with it Professor MacIver would create an International Equity Commission, which he regards as "the crowning institution of our new international order". Its task would be to explore situations and conditions which threaten to breed disputes and strife between states or state-groups, and to submit proposals for their peaceful adjustment, which, if not accepted by the disputants, would go before a regular or special session of the Assembly of the Nations.

Altogether Professor MacIver has written a book admirably attuned to his purpose of enlisting earnest workers in the cause of abiding peace. His earlier books were written mainly for students and specialists in his own fields, but in his latest volume he employs simple and lucid language to win the interest of the ordinary reader. He proves in explicit and clear-cut fashion that there is an attainable abiding peace, which alone can offer compensation for the most terrible of all wars.



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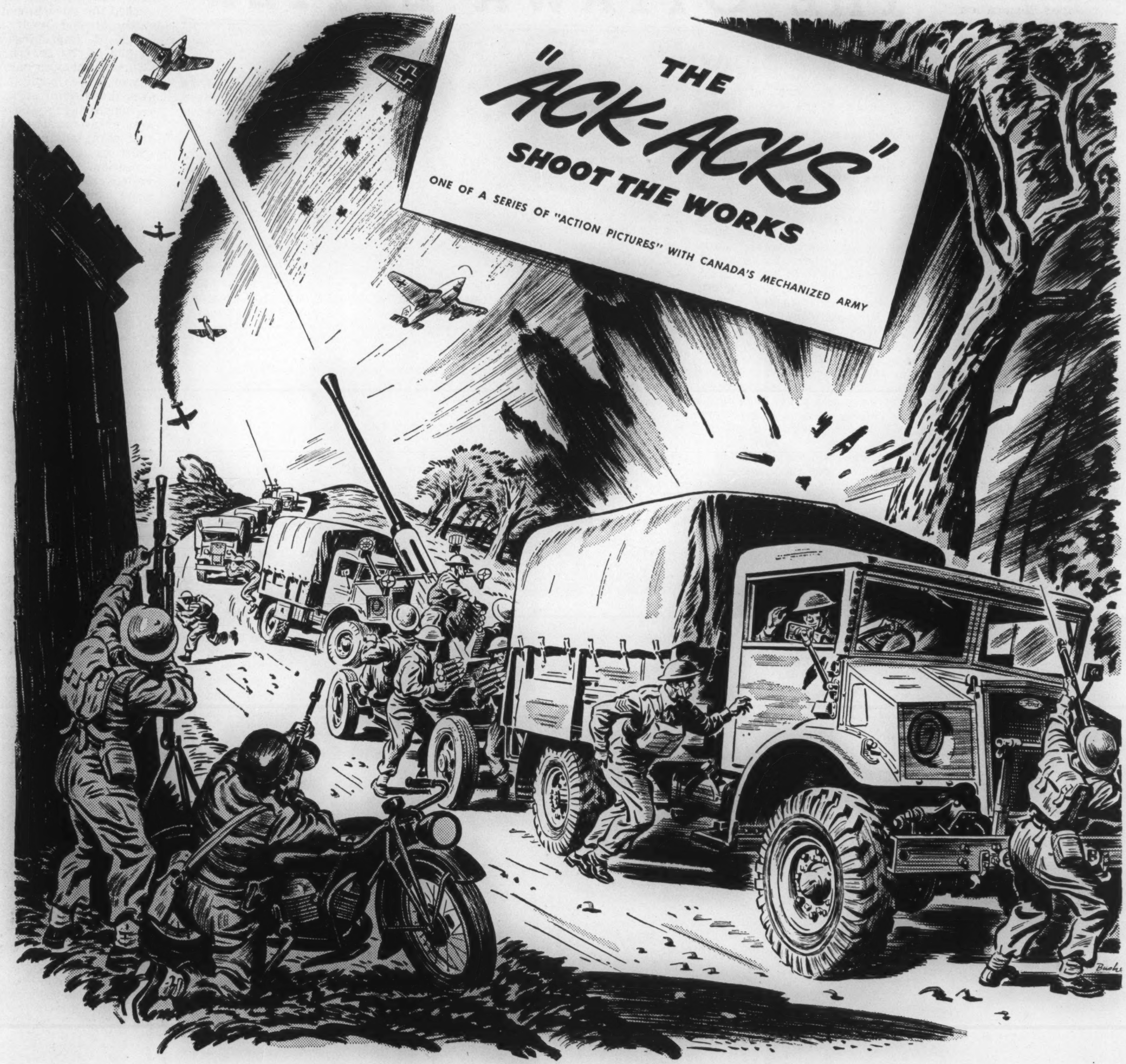
THE "ACK-ACKS" SHOOT THE WORKS
ONE OF A SERIES OF "ACTION PICTURES" WITH CANADA'S MECHANIZED ARMY

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W R Campbell
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WHEN AN ARMY COLUMN ADVANCES into enemy territory, mobile anti-aircraft units move with it. When enemy dive bombers or strafing planes appear, these Bofors guns go into action on the spot. While the infantry scatter and take cover, and blaze away at the enemy planes with rifles and machine guns, the Ack-Acks "shoot the works".

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• • •

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THE OTTAWA LETTER

Signs of An Early Election?

BY G. C. WHITTAKER

THE lights are starting to come on again, and among the first to benefit by the restored illumination are Canadians. The lamps which by the Prime Minister's ruling last week are burning once more in the central part of the country because the enemy has been pretty well shorn of his power to strike at us here do more than light their immediate neighborhood. They make a glow at the end of the long, black tunnel, symbolizing our approach to deliverance from the great darkness through which we have been stumbling and the greater darkness that threatened to engulf us.

Mr. Churchill still seems reluctant to admit that we are further along than the end of the beginning, but our own home front leaders reveal in more ways than by allowing the lights to be switched on and abandoning air raid precautions that they are persuaded we are at least at the beginning of the end.

Thus, they are starting to treat the civilian consumer as something other than a necessary evil. They are going to allow things to be made for him and his wife that they haven't allowed to be made for two years or more. And they are ready to allow his suppliers to go down into the United States and buy things for him the buying of which has been banned for three years.

The bureaucrats have not admitted it publicly yet, but we are letting you into the secret that our factories are getting permission to resume the making of some of the things that have been branded as non-essentials —things for the home, for the office, and for the factory itself.

Basically, the explanation of this agreeable development is that we have progressed so far in the business of killing Germans and Japs and producing equipment with which to make possible the killing of more of them that we can afford to use materials and machines and men to a limited extent for normal purposes. For a good part of this year we have been producing war equipment at the peak of our capacity, and in some lines have passed the peak and started to curtail production, having done all that is required of us. This suggests a satisfactory situation, as far as it goes, in respect of the war effort.

But to assume that this is the only explanation or that the bureaucrats are jumping at the first chance of relieving the deprivation of civilians would be to delude ourselves. Partly it is because the demands of the war effort are still pressing that we are going to get some new consumer goods. For, the things that are to be allowed to be made now are mainly things that will help to ease the strain on our manpower resources.

Labor-Saving Devices

Thus, among the first items on which production is to be resumed are labor-saving devices such as washing machines which will relieve workers in homes and lessen the demand for them in commercial laundries and cleaning plants. The bureaucrats are going to give us some household appliances so that they can entice away more of our housemaids and shift more workers from the commercial institutions that serve us.

And they are going too, provided Washington has no objection, to allow consumer goods to come in from the United States, the importation of which has been forbidden since the War Exchange Conservation Act was passed in December, 1940. Here again restrictions against consumers are to be eased because war business is over the hump. But consumers would do well to avoid the notion that Ottawa has any intention of pampering them.

Ottawa is ready to remove the ban from the importation of a lot of consumer goods of U.S. origin because it no longer has any excuse for maintaining it, and because Canada's surplus of U.S. exchange has become so big under our favorable trade balance as to be actually embarrassing. If it gets any bigger Ottawa will have a hard time justifying control of exchange for a differential of ten per cent between U.S. and Canadian funds—and it doesn't want to abandon that profitable piece of regimentation until it has to.

Also, the bureaucrats are paying now in worry for their past neglect of consumers, and they would like to get out from under. There are some things, such as clothing, that consumers just have to have however unimportant they may be in the eyes of the home front war lords, and there isn't enough Canadian clothing to go around this winter. So Ottawa hopes by lifting the import ban to get some from below the border.

If it were really moved by tender feeling for consumers it would let them have a few luxuries in their lives, but it is going to leave the ban on imported luxury goods and on articles which are being produced in the U.S. but, for war reasons, not in Canada.

Anyway, don't look for a lot of American goods on the store counters after the War Exchange Conservation Act is revised. There are short supplies in the United States too, and prices down there are at such levels that most goods which could be bought would have to be handled at a loss by the Canadian trade to be sold under our ceilings.

No Cynicism, But . . .

We have no wish to indulge in any cynicism about the motives of our rulers, but in these developments we find it difficult to avoid seeing more than the sprouting of the conviction that we are at the beginning of the end of the war in Europe. Considering them in connection with a lot of other things, they have the appearance of being manifestations of concern for approaching party war at home. They come, for instance, at a time when the government is engaged in some rather peculiar manoeuvres regarding a labor relations plan.

It was back in March that the government authorized the then newly-reconstructed National War Labor Board to conduct a public inquiry into disturbed wartime labor relations. And it was in August (and in case you have forgotten) that Chairman McTague of NWLB submitted to the government his famous but still unpublished report on this inquiry, with its design for a new labor relations plan. Not only has the government not opened this report to the public, but it has refrained from telling the public what, if anything, it proposes to do about it, although labor relations are not getting any better, as the western coal strike gives evidence.

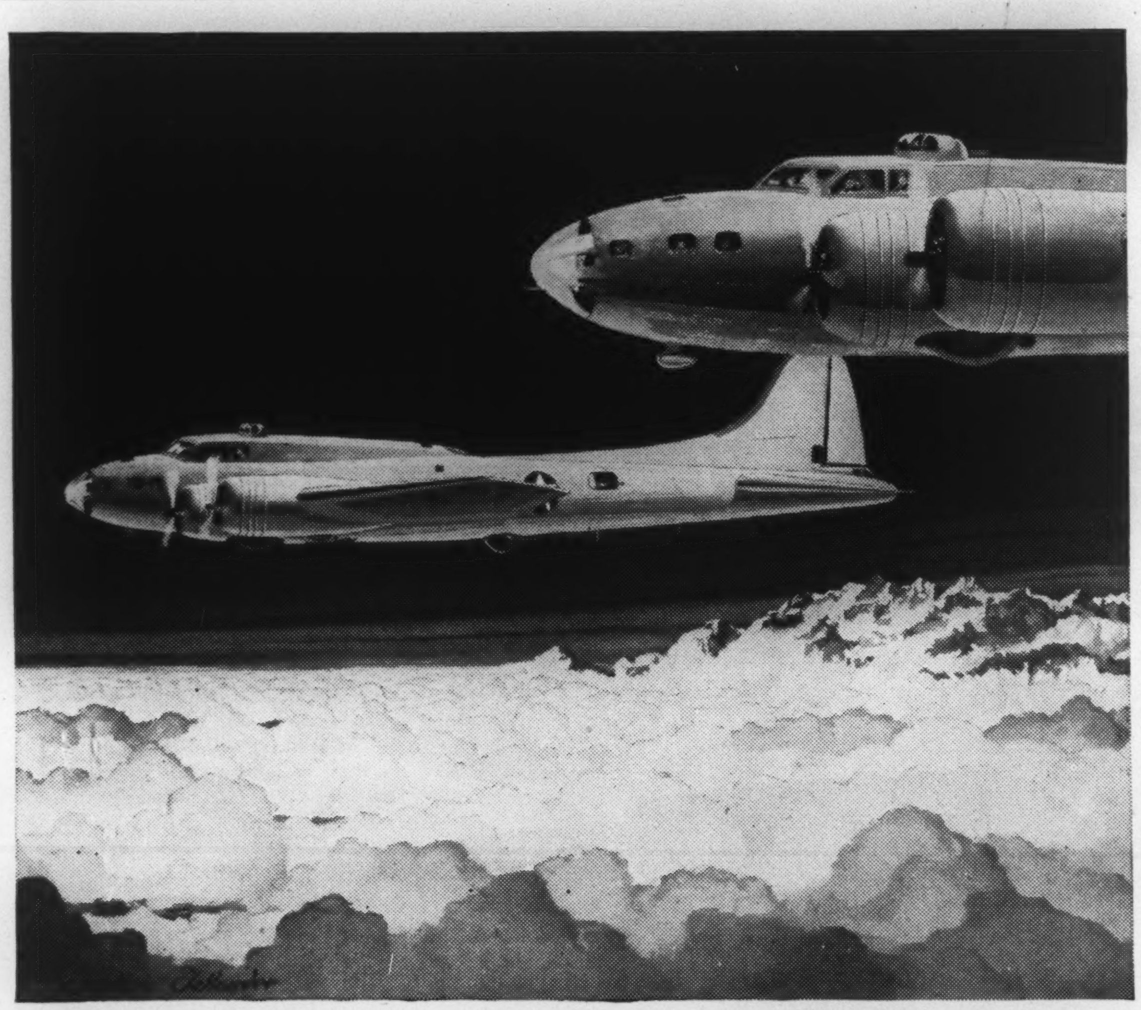
But mark what the government is doing. It is holding a conference on labor relations with representatives of the provinces, and, if the reports of the Ottawa correspondents of the daily papers are correct, the credit for proposals on labor relations which it is laying before this conference is being given, not to Justice McTague of National War Labor Board who investigated the state of labor relations, but to the National Liberal Federation which met in Ottawa at the summons of the government soon after the McTague report reached the government's hands and which devoted itself to ways and means of improving the political position of the government!

Thus it comes to pass that in what appear to be inspired items in the press the official McTague report is no longer being spoken of as the basis of an anticipated government labor plan, but instead an unofficial report by a government party organization. And, in case it should be overlooked, the party organization report bears a striking resemblance to what are understood to be principal recommendations of the suppressed McTague report. Also, the McTague report, as we understand it, was concerned with the setting up of an improved system of labor relations in order that the country could get on with the war to better advantage and was so designed that the government at Ottawa could set up such a system without any delaying reference to the provinces.

The calling in of the provinces now would seem to imply that the government has other fish to fry than the mere stabilization of wartime labor relations. The labor organizations of course want to get a post-war labor policy from Ottawa now when labor is at the peak of its power. To give them that Ottawa has to consult the provinces, because it can't use its wartime authority to override provincial jurisdiction permanently.

So, out of all the otherwise unaccountable delay over a wartime labor plan is to emerge, apparently a more politically potent peacetime labor plan impressively sponsored by the Liberal Party but safely deriving from the non-partisan McTague report!

If this isn't another sign of an early election we don't know how to read signs.



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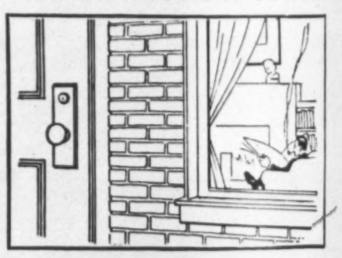

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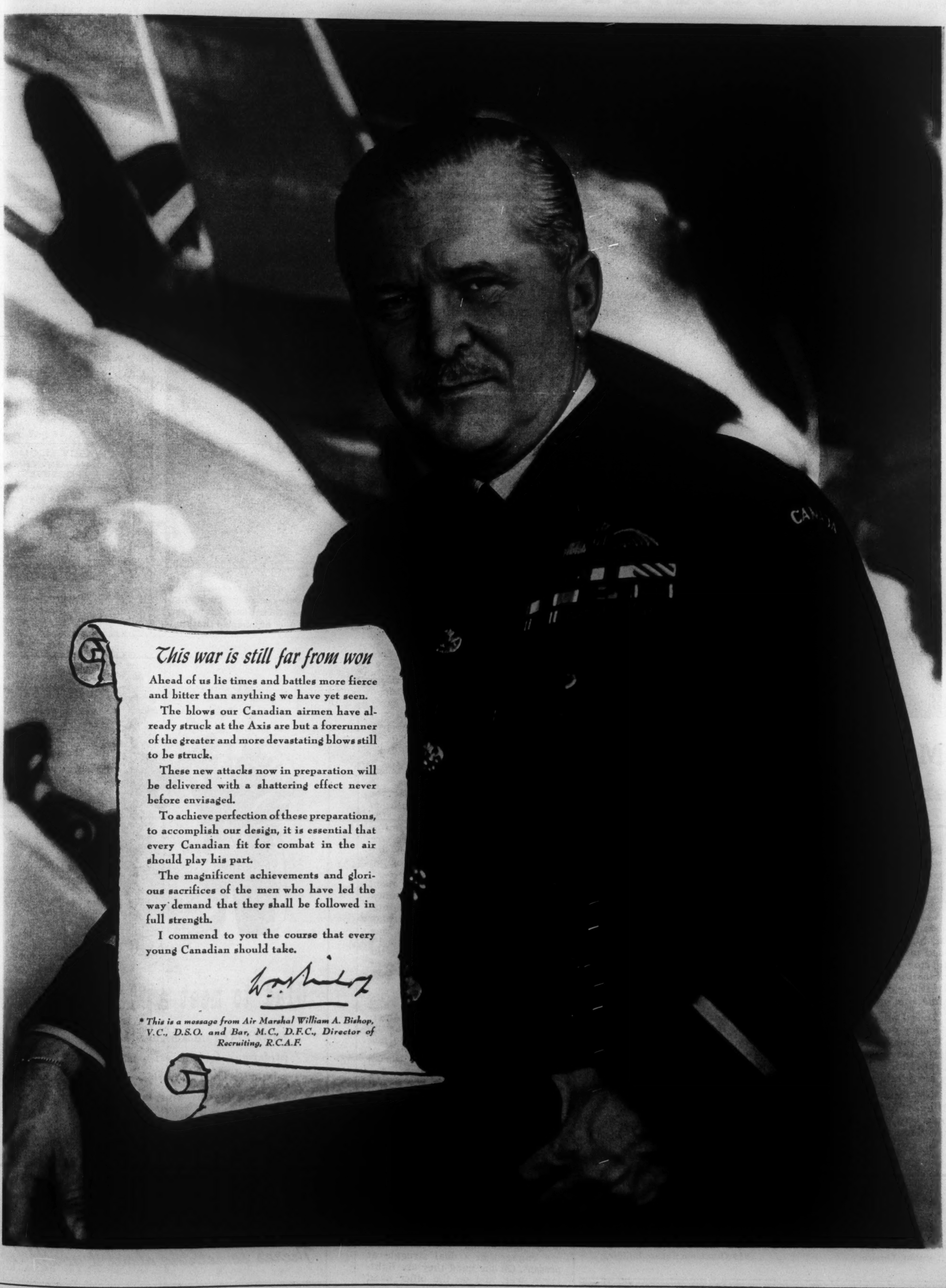

This war is still far from won

Ahead of us lie times and battles more fierce and bitter than anything we have yet seen.

The blows our Canadian airmen have already struck at the Axis are but a forerunner of the greater and more devastating blows still to be struck.

These new attacks now in preparation will be delivered with a shattering effect never before envisaged.

To achieve perfection of these preparations, to accomplish our design, it is essential that every Canadian fit for combat in the air should play his part.

The magnificent achievements and glorious sacrifices of the men who have led the way demand that they shall be followed in full strength.

I commend to you the course that every young Canadian should take.

W. A. Bishop

** This is a message from Air Marshal William A. Bishop, V.C., D.S.O. and Bar, M.C., D.F.C., Director of Recruiting, R.C.A.F.*

BRITISH LETTER

Don't Get Angry About the Senators

BY COMMANDER STEPHEN KING-HALL, M.P.

(Cabled from England as part of the London News-Letter, and published by special arrangement. Copyright.)

I WAS in Washington when the five senators were doing their stuff and must say that a good deal of needless excitement has been created by this incident. Long-faced journalists and officials in the American capital were fond of taking one into a corner and declaring that the anti-British feeling in Washington was worse than it had been for five years. This is nonsense. This so-called anti-British feeling simply means that the two national states (Great Britain and the U.S.A.) have reached a stage in their relationship, in which a good deal of the humbug and meaningless politeness which normally govern what public opinion in country X says about the policies of country Y has disappeared. This is good news.

It is usually only considered good form to speak one's mind about another nation when it is one's enemy. With the United States, we are at last reaching a stage when we feel so sure we cannot become enemies that we know it is safe to express our real feelings. The senators talked a lot of nonsense because they were off the rails as regards most of their facts. But instead of being upset by the senators, we should encourage more and bigger and better senators to travel about the world.

The fact to hold on to with both hands is that no one with any sense in the United States now imagines that when this war is over the United States can or will retreat into a splendid and unreal isolation. That the United States will play a large part in world affairs is a ninety-nine percent certainty. The questions to which the Americans are struggling to find answers are how, when and where this collaboration with others shall be expressed.

Monastical Attitude

This the Americans are finding a teaser for two reasons. First, they have never done anything like it before. Up to now their foreign policy has been simple, the negative activity of anchoring themselves to the Monroe Doctrine, a foreign policy whose purpose it was to avoid having a world foreign policy. Put it this way: The Americans went into a monastery to avoid the trials of matrimony. During 1917-18 they were obliged to come out of their monastery and live in open sin with the so-called Imperialist powers like Britain and France. They returned to the monastery, not quite so chaste as they had been, and between 1919 and 1939 kept on having to slip out into the wicked world to help to keep order in the European night club. After all, one cannot tell one's beads in comfort and live a prosperous American life if there is an uproar going on outside your gates and if the life of the monastery is becoming more and more dependent upon trade with the town. When the Japanese dropped a bomb down the chimney of the monastery, Abbot Franklin Roosevelt closed the establishment. The Americans changed into battle-dress and set forth on a crusade from which they will never return to the cloisters of isolation.

But as I have said, they all dressed up, not sure where to go nor how to get there. The symptom indicative of this frame of mind is the inaccurate maps of the world which decorate many shop windows in Washington. These show that the air age is upon us and that Washington is closer to anywhere than anywhere else. This may sound confusing, but Washington is in some confusion. They have exhausted the letters of the alphabet in designating government agencies, and even experienced journalists carry about a lexicon of their places and names. The most experienced don't bother, as they know that in the case of many of the organizations it is a question of here today and gone tomorrow, so quick-moving is the Washington equivalent of the Battle of Whitehall.

The Second Reason

The second reason why the Americans find it difficult to make up their minds about their foreign policy arises from the present state of the development of the American nation. It is obvious that if a foreign policy is to be fully effective, it should, in a democracy, be the policy which meets with the approval of a substantial majority of the electorate. At the beginning of this century, at the latest, the British began to take foreign affairs out of party politics. It cannot be too often said that any attempts to draw a parallel between the tightly co-ordinated, yet flexible, system of Government in Britain and the loose, yet inflexible, federal system of the United States of America is fallacious and dangerously misleading. The Americans are engaged in a dual struggle at present. On one hand they are fighting a war, and on the other hand they are struggling to overcome various features in their system of government, features enshrined in their Constitution, which make it difficult for them to mobilize effectively all their resources for total war. It is plain commonsense that in total war what is needed is an executive with complete and far-reaching powers which can be simply employed. The only concession one can make to democratic principles, whilst fighting total war, is to arrange that the all-powerful executive (in Britain's case, Churchill and his War Cabinet) is not immune from criticism and can be replaced immediately if their promises do not live up to the expectations of Parliament.

To the Fathers of the American Constitution it seemed plain commonsense to so arrange matters that an executive should be prevented, through a system of checks and balances, from ever attaining a position of great and comprehensive power. One of the results of this state of affairs is that in the U.S.A. the domestic and political issues are in the picture to an extent which seems extraordinary to any traveller who has lived in the atmosphere of the National Government of Britain.

Some of the garden produce which home gardeners in England have donated from their bountiful harvests this year to a number of hospitals.

"My dad is so a soldier—even if he isn't in uniform!"

"MY MOM told me so! He was in the last war, but he's too old for this one. But gee, *that doesn't stop him from fighting!* No siree! My Mom says that Dad and all the fellows out at Anaconda are doing a great big job. They're working like 'sons-o-guns' to turn out all the copper for tanks, 'n ships, 'n planes, 'n everything."

Yes, Johnny, turning out the copper and copper alloys necessary for the production of modern war equipment *is* a great, big important job. Today, copper is one of our most needed metals. It is rustless . . . non-magnetic, durable, a high conductor of electricity and very workable. Because of this combination of important qualities, copper is indispensable in the making of shells, guns, tanks, ships and planes, as well as innumerable other articles of war equipment.

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Yes, Johnny, even though your Dad isn't in uniform, he's fighting. Fighting as hard as he knows how, to make this world a finer place for you and Mom to live in.

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Rokossovsky, Who Saved Stalingrad

BY WILSON POPHAM

Konstantin Rokossovsky, the Soviet General who destroyed a great German Army and saved Stalingrad, learned initiative and resourcefulness in the bitter school of revolution and civil strife. He learned the academics of war in the Frunze School of Tactics and had ample opportunity to make practical use of what he had learned.

By the time the great day of testing arrived in the eastward march of the Nazis his talent had brought him to the fore and he had responsibilities to match it.

He declares that the fathers of the fighting Germans of today were better soldiers than their sons are. He has had experience of the two generations.

HE IS six foot four in height. His eyes are blue. He likes strong liquor in rather larger quantities than we would think necessary, but, which in Russia, is not considered out of the way. He is a self taught soldier of fortune who has made himself one of the greatest leaders of our time.

To him largely, the world owes the deliverance of Stalingrad. More recently he brought Orel within his orbit. And now the Dnieper is his river in which to drown the German invaders he despises so much.

And his name. It is Konstantin Rokossovsky. He is one of the recently appointed Army Generals of the Red Forces, and he has already been the recipient of several personal orders of the day from Marshal Stalin, and the guns of the Kremlin—fired by the Moscow Home Guard after they have finished work, by the way—have echoed in honour of his army's achievements.

As the tide of battle sweeps to the west, and the German frontier itself becomes more and more endangered, so the name of Rokossovsky will become as well known as were those of Voroshilov and Timoshenko in the early days of the great Russian campaign. For it would seem that an aura of success surrounds this remarkable man, and that what he asked to be fulfilled of his men is fulfilled with almost that meticulous accuracy and efficiency we have come to expect of the Eighth Army when General Montgomery makes his latest address in the field.

From a Hard School

Of all the Generals no man better expresses the spirit of the Red Army of the Revolution than Konstantin Rokossovsky. He fought in a minor capacity, but he really learned his trade in the prolonged civil strife which followed the October Revolution. He was almost continuously in the field on one front or another. He was one of the few contemporary officers who distinguished themselves in the unfortunate war between the Soviet Union and Poland in 1920, when General Weygand, by a few deft moves, turned the scale against the Red Army.

He was present at the original great attack of the Germans on Smolensk in 1941, which he turned into a Pyrrhic victory for the Nazis. He said at the time, "I learned the essence of German tactics in a hard way—the way of war—and I learned how to parry their attacks. By studying German methods we learned a new method of attack and counter attack, and we inflicted enormous losses on the Fascists."

About the same time he said significantly that he thought that, although the Germans had developed armour far more than anybody else, the new Hitler army was no improvement on the old in spite of incessant propaganda on invincibility lines. He added, "I fought against their fathers and now I fight against their sons. Their fathers were better soldiers."

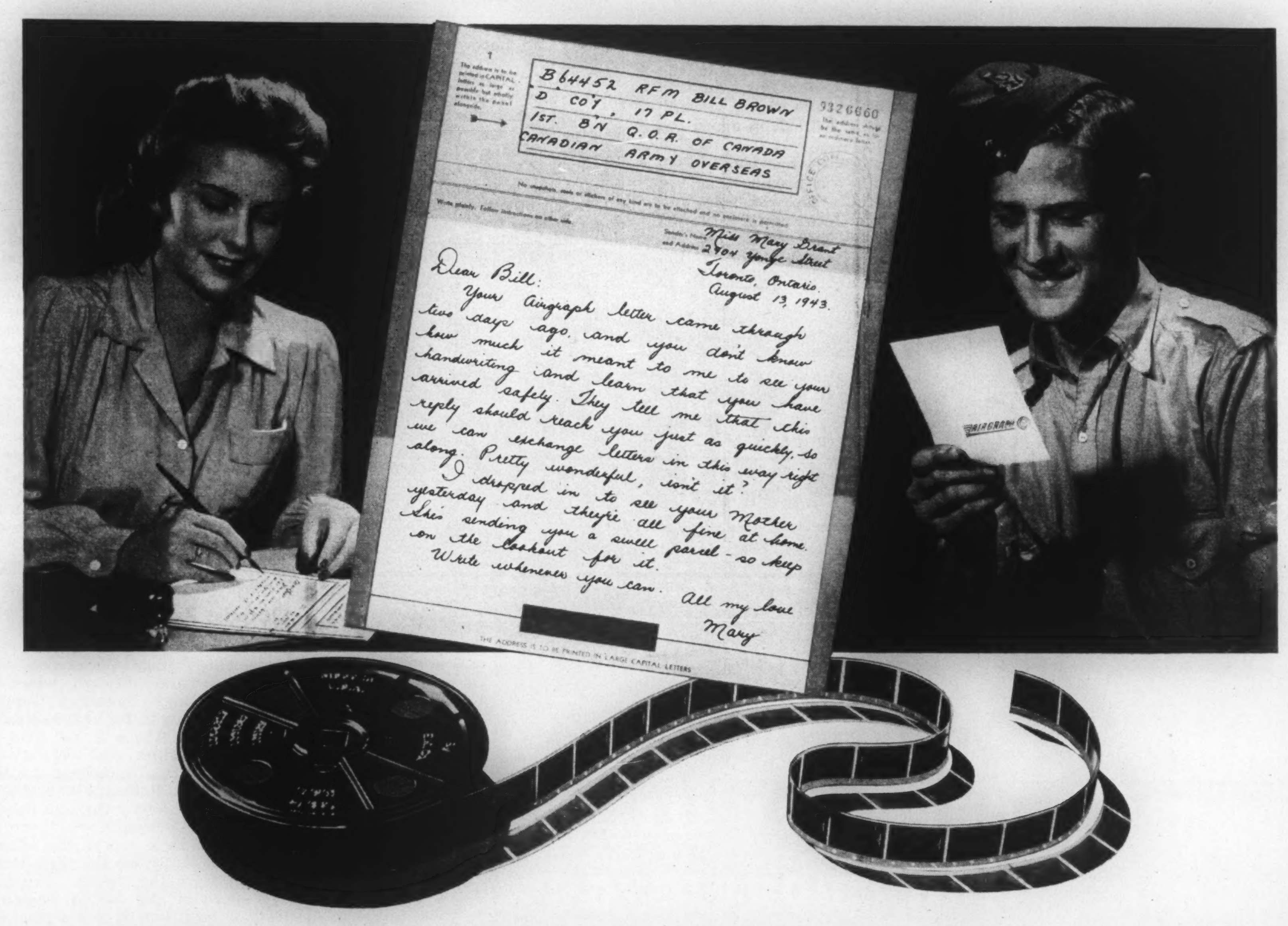
As the war developed so his contempt for Hitler as a general increased. He put it on record, "The Germans lost Stalingrad because they had their so-called Fuehrer as a strategist. It might have been very different if Hitler had left the job to men who knew the military game."

Rokossovsky is no headquarters general. He likes to be in the field with his men and at the vital battle of Mojaisk in front of Moscow, when the capital was originally threatened, he was to be seen in the front line, his great figure dominating the rest of the infantry, throwing Molotov cocktails and firing anti-tank guns against the advancing panzers.

He was selected by Stalin to lead the big tank relief column against Stalingrad which finally accounted for Field Marshal von Paulus. It was this same hearty Muscovite who signed the capitulation terms along with the ill-fated German chief, who, it will be remembered, was caught in his cellar headquarters in the great Volga city.

He is now only fifty years of age. But he will go down with Suvarov, and all the rest as one of the greatest of all Russia's fighting generals.

Putting the finishing touches to the two-handed sword of Honour, the King's gift to the citizens of Stalingrad.



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Miss Mary Grant
2904 Yonge Street
Toronto, Ontario.
August 13, 1943.

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I dropped in to see your Mother yesterday and they're all fine at home. She's sending you a swell parcel - so keep on the lookout for it.

Write whenever you can.

All my love
Mary

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Toronto Better Business Bureau Inc.

Waterways: Inland Port of the North

BY RAYMOND A. DAVIES

One of the fabulous boom cities of the north is Waterways, end of steel in Northern Alberta, and gateway to the river route to the north.

The Canol Project has made Waterways a freight depot and ship-building centre. Masses of soldiers and civilian workers have turned the town into a hive of activity, moving the great volume of freight to the interior and assembling the barges which carry the freight along the rivers.

Connected with the work centering on the town are world-famous experts who are beating problems peculiar to the north to establish Waterways as one of Canada's permanent ports.

This is the fifth of the series of articles by Mr. Davies on the northwest territory.

WHEN the main northern offensive against Japan is finally unleashed and full scale military traffic of war materials and men begins to pass over the Alaska Military Highway, the name of one town will figure prominently in the achievement of success—Waterways.

For it is Waterways, a semi-forgotten community at the end of steel in Northern Alberta, that has become the ship-building and freighting depot for the Canol Project, the Canadian Oil Project, which will soon bring Mackenzie River oil from the Norman Oil Wells to Whitehorse and the Pacific for the offensive against the enemy.

Two years ago Waterways was just another dreamy Canadian town. It only awakened long enough in the summertime to send a few shiploads of freight down the river, "down" north. Then it fell asleep again for the balance of the year.

Today Waterways has come alive. It throbs with war work. Gone are its old lassitude, backwardness and vegetation. It looks with astonishment at the activity which has engulfed it and the neighboring McMurray, and hopes that as it is so shall it be.

In reality Canol has served as midwife for Waterways. From the very first, when the idea of building the pipeline across 600 miles of silt, muskeg, mountain and forest was broached, the essential problem was that of transportation. The nearest railheads linked with sources of supply were in Northern Alberta more than 1,000 miles away. There were no roads. The rivers were the sole hope, plus whatever freight might be transported by cargo planes, and, later, by winter road.

But, despite many impressions to the contrary, substantial transportation by water is easier spoken of than done in the Mackenzie basin to which Waterways is the gateway and link with railways. The Mackenzie river and its tributaries are often shallow. Big steamers are useless. Barges offer the only solution. Pulled and pushed by shallow draught tugs and shallow draught, wheezing, wood-burning paddle-wheelers which amble along at the top speed of ten miles an hour down stream and three to five miles up stream, these barges can only carry 100 to 300 tons. The "giant" of the river is a Hudson's Bay Company barge carrying only 500 tons. Nevertheless it is these barges that this year are setting new records for the river. Since the beginning of the summer they have taken more freight to the Canol project than had been carried to the whole north during the past five years.

This success has not been easily achieved.

Outpost Railway Line

The troubles began with the railway which links Waterways with Edmonton and through which all American and Canadian supplies must be brought for trans-shipment down river. There is no road between Edmonton and Waterways. The railway is a branch of the Northern Alberta Railways and extends for 300 miles mostly through muskeg and forest. Often there is no fill and if you look out of the window you can actually see the train weave up and down the tracks. The average speed of the weekly passenger train is less than 10 miles per hour. Freight trains average much less.

Many stories are told about the Edmonton-Waterways line. The best, guaranteed as gospel truth, is that until a few years ago there was one spot where engineer and passengers stepped out. The locomotive was then throttled down and allowed to proceed on its own and then if it succeeded in negotiating the dangerous stretch engineer and passengers got on again.

Apparently the worst spots have been since fixed but the general feeling among the passengers even now is that they would like to repeat the performance in more than one place. And yet, despite a poor single track, lack of engines and shortage of other rolling stock, the railway has done a yeoman job in bringing not only ordinary freight but sections of barges and pieces of machinery, some of which required more than one car and had to be guarded and babied all the way.

Inland Shipyards

When the rush began in Waterways a year ago in June, everyone was caught napping. The Americans came with grandiose plans and many demands. But not even a small fraction of the barges and tugs required were obtainable. Everything in sight was requisitioned: barges, tugs, paddle wheelers. The Canadian companies operating along the river were most helpful but they could not accomplish the impossible. The United States Army jumped into the breach: soldiers came, pontoons were brought by railway; small barges were carted from the Mississippi, the Missouri and other rivers. That was not enough. Shipyards had to be built.

By the beginning of winter the shipyards were beginning to operate. When the river broke in spring scores of barges were ready. Thousands of tons of freight were on hand. Movement to the Wells began when the ice went out of the Great Slave and Athabaska lakes in June.

The Waterways shipyards are hives of activity. Where two years ago there was nothing but forest, bush and meadow, now are piles of lumber, warehouses, machinery, barges and more barges. The steel has stretched from Waterways to the yards, and busy locomotives can be seen bringing up freight and sections of barges miles beyond the former end of the railway.

As you walk along miles of "streets" you inevitably marvel at human ingenuity. All of this is hundreds of miles from the nearest centres of civilization, centres of supply, manufacturing industries, skilled labor.

But then the work is supervised by experts of world renown. For example, a part of the shipping end of the job is in charge of the well-known Tennessee and Mississippi river authority on inland water transportation, C. C. Cobb. He has spent years battling the erratic American rivers, organizing flood control measures, deepening the channels, improving buoying and marking. In Waterways nothing escapes his keen eye; there is nothing about river transportation that is strange to him and which he can not explain.

Matt Barry, famed Canadian bush flier, supervises the movement of freight. In his small pontoon plane he flies up and down the river checking supplies. I met him at least three times in places hundreds of miles apart, during my visit to Waterways and the Canol Project.

The Waterways shipyards are really two separate enterprises. One puts together barges brought in sections from the United States; the other receives freight brought by railway and trans-ships it by the completed barges.

Two kinds of barges are built: wooden and steel.

The steel barges, also useful for the shipment of oil, are pre-fabricated in American steel mills and sent to Waterways in six sections, two sections occupying three flat cars. At the yards they are taken off by giant cranes, set on ways, pulled together by great clamps and welded. Then they are launched, loaded and sent down river. Most of the barges are of 300-ton capacity but only draw three to three and a half feet of water.

Race Against Time

The wooden barges are mostly made of Oregon and California timber, mainly redwood, and are so solid that even the worst shocks seem unable to wreck them.

During my visit to the Waterways shipyards activity was feverish. In the main offices of the construction companies and the marine operators in charge of moving freight, charts recorded the amount of freight transferred thus far this year. The figure was very high but most of the charts ended in August.

I inquired as to the reason.

"Our work is a race against time, river and climate," Mr. Cobb explained. "We are doing our best to complete the job because the emergency demands it. But our main problem is to move the greatest possible tonnage of freight before low water sets in on the upper reaches of the river and the freeze-up on the lower. Our last trip must not leave after August 15 lest it be held up by sand or ice. We must do a year's work in two and a half months at the utmost."

"What will you do with the freight left over?" I asked.

"We shall have to revert to the use of winter roads again," Mr. Cobb replied. "Last year we carried thousands of tons in cat trains. We can do it again. But the cost is extremely high."

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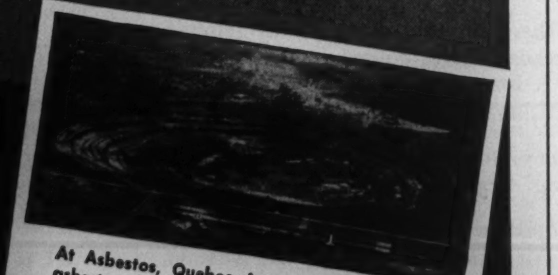

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Winnipeg, Toronto or Montreal, the problems of northern transportation are confusing. In our part of the country rivers freeze first in the upper and then in the lower reaches. In the North it is the opposite. Here, where the rivers flow "down" to the north, the lower reaches freeze first and then the upper. All this must be taken into consideration in moving freight.

Nor is the river channel as simple and easy as, say, that of the deep and broad St. Lawrence. The channel winds and twists. The Indians alone know it well, and must be used as guides. But they are often disgusted with the white man's ways, with his rush, with his "unseemly" eagerness to get things done. The war is far away, and can not be seen, nor felt, nor even sensed directly by these sons of northern nature. So, often, they are not as reliable as they might be.

One day four barges were being pushed down stream. Suddenly the Indian guide said: "We stop here." The boat stopped. "Me go now," the guide said and went. To this day, the captain says, he doesn't know what was "eating" the man.

But the Indians probably think that the friendly invaders are very peculiar, too.

Speed Against Tradition

A bulldozer operator wanted to get to a place in a hurry. He charted a straight line on a map and started out. An Indian warned: "Not that way." The driver shrugged his shoulders and kept on going. In a few minutes the bulldozer went down in muskeg. The Indian looked on stolidly, then said: "No go there," and went along.

Nowhere is the clash of natures as evident as here.

Hurry, hurry, hurry, is the slogan of the Americans. This is new and strange for the old Mackenzie. New and strange for the Indians, new and strange even for the older white residents of the North. The modern age has finally arrived with urgency, noise and clatter.

Unheard of things are being accomplished. The dollar value of transportation built by the Americans in one year is fivefold that of all transportation on the river. The new tugs are faster and more powerful; speed boats churn the waves; hammering and welding go on through the whole "nightless" night; new high wages set minds awondering.

The transportation job is nearly done. But Waterways and McMurray stand reborn for continuing the job for Canada. Canol will awaken the North permanently. New people will come, and more of them, and Waterways will become a port of even greater importance.

But new industry and the new spirit will also boost Waterways' own industries, particularly the tar sands and salt.

Potentially the locality is among the richest in the Dominion. Here, in the Athabaska tar sands, occupying some 200 square miles, more than 100,000,000,000 tons of oil are estimated to lie mixed with sand. There is more petroleum here than in all of the proven deposits of the world.

For many years Canada's best scientists have tried to develop a method for separating the oil from sand by a commercially profitable process. The trouble was that the oil refused to flow freely. It could not be pumped out; it would not form gushers. Finally a few years ago McClave, a petroleum engineer, developed a process which seems to work. Using this process the Abasand Oils Ltd., a small concern, achieved a temporary production of nearly 400 barrels a day. In 1941 its plant burned down. Another one is being built now with the assistance of a $500,000 Dominion Government grant.

Future of the Tar Sands

It will be some time before the new plant is in operation. But already new plans are being mooted to expand production to thousands of barrels per day. Obviously this can not be expected soon, but there are enough indications to suggest that high production is not far off. New sites will have to be discovered, for from the present location only 5,000,000 to 7,000,000 barrels of oil can be taken, and that, I was told, is not profitable enough for commercial operations.

The folks living in Waterways and McMurray are enthusiastic about the new developments in their localities. They are impressed by the shipyards and movement of freight. But their real love is the tar sands. The manager of the McMurray branch of the Royal Bank of Canada will show you bottles and bottles of products obtained from the sands and at the drop of a hat will talk to you about the possibilities. Store keepers, hotel men, postmaster, Canadian Pacific Airlines staff, are all enthusiastic. The oil is there. They believe that with the use of modern advancements of science it can be made available.

The project in which the government has taken a lead, is extremely visionary. Production is sought equal to that of all of the wells of Turner Valley, which is beginning to stagnate. Should the present effort prove successful Northern Alberta might develop into a place as busy as southern Alberta is now.

The meaning of the whole development is significant from other points of view as well. Proven oil resources at the present rates of consumption are becoming rapidly exhausted. More oil is consumed in the United States than is replaced by new wells. The same is true of many other countries. Mexican reserves, to take another example, have been decreasing steadily year by year.

The time may come, and that soon, when the world will have acute need for Waterways' tar sand oil.

Equally important is another consideration. The tar sands are already being used for the production of asphalt for highways and airports. Not so long ago there was no market for this in Northern Alberta. Roads were few and traffic insignificant.

Today the Alaska Military Highway and other roads offer thousands of miles of markets for surfacing. Waterways' tar sands are the nearest and cheapest source of asphalt.

So Waterways looks ahead. The shipyards have put it on the map. Developments farther down the river will require more shipping and more freight. Development of the tar sands and of a chemical industry based on local salt deposits will further enhance Waterways' importance. And the growth of port and industries will lead to the awakening of a vast area, now unused and virgin all the way from Waterways to Peace River and Prince Albert. There will be room for workers, settlers, immigrants, space for returned men, opportunity for the employment of science and technique. All in all—a contribution to a growing Canada of tomorrow.

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GOOD YEAR

THE HITLER WAR

Soviet Strategy Is Splitting the German Armies

BY WILLSON WOODSIDE

FOR the past two months this commentary has suggested that the Red Army's main blow in the south would be struck from Kiev *down* against the Dnieper salient, a similar strategy to that used against the curiously similar German salients on the Don and Donetz. Last week-end that blow was struck, with lightning suddenness and immense force.

It has produced a break-through of over 40 miles in the first two days, and the first signs of real rout in the German Army. It displays the continuing mastery of Soviet strategy, which first drew the available enemy reserves into the salient to hold Krivoi Rog and attempt to save the extreme southern wing from Dniepropetrovs down to the Crimea; as well as the same misguided German obstinacy which sent an army to relieve Stalingrad instead of pulling back to hold Rostov last winter, and which launched the fruitless offensive at Kursk instead of carrying out a timely retreat early this summer. It holds immense possibilities.

Shoved Into Roumania

If the Soviets can make a fairly quick advance to Zmerinka (see map in last week's issue), now less than 100 miles ahead of them, they can cut all four lateral railways leading down into the Dnieper bend, and for all practical purposes sever the German southern army from those of the centre and north. This southern army, which was one of the Germans' best, but has already been badly cut up, would then be forced back into Roumania.

The German central army the Soviets are attempting to split by driving it back against the Pripet Marshes. And at the same time they are driving west of Nevel, towards Polotsk and Dvinsk, to sever the northern army from the central, at least for all purposes of effective maneuver. Dvinsk bears about the same relationship to the northern sector of the front as Zmerinka does to the southern.

While the Soviets drive on and on, fired by the spirit of victory and by hatred at what they uncover as they advance, and covered by a now fully established air superiority, the German front, reaching far up to Leningrad, appears frozen to its fortifications, lacking the transport and the reserves with which to carry out a successful retreat.

There can hardly be any doubt but that the German Command knows it *must* retreat in the north, and that it is already very late in doing so. Yet in delaying the move all these weeks and months it seems as though hypnotized, and unable to take the decision. It seems to fear to let go of its two-year-old defence system, lest when it gets out into the open it should experience the sort of thing that happened on the Nogaisk steppe when the southern army had to let go of its Melitopol line. And now winter is here, with all the additional advantage which that gives the better-acclimatized and better-equipped Russians, and still the retreat must be attempted. Surely a great disaster portends here.

It has seemed more and more lately that the final breakdown of Germany could best be counted on as coming from some such disaster on the military front—it could be a rout in Russia, or our blow on the Channel front early next spring—rather than from a breakdown or revolution at home.

The home front must be in a terrible condition, as numerous reports emphasize, from the results of our bombing. The figure of 7 millions bombed-out, attributed to the Reich statistical service, does not seem implausible when one considers that some 40 of Germany's largest cities, averaging say 300,000 population apiece, have been severely damaged or almost completely destroyed, while others have been hit.

But the figure of 1,200,000 killed in air raids has been questioned by many. Our best gauge is what happened in Britain. There some 16,000 tons of bombs killed 50,000 people. We have dropped nearly 12 times this tonnage on Germany. That alone ought to account for some 600,000 killed. But actually the far larger bombs used, the intensity of attack, which in the case of Hamburg reached about 150 times that of the worst blitz on London (six times the weight of bombs, dropped in one-eighth of the time on a city about one-third the area), and the stupendous conflagrations caused, could easily account for double the casualty rate.

"Twilight of the Gods"

It is yet to be proven that the German home front can be held in line through another and worse winter's bombing. Yet the grip of the Gestapo is ruthless; these men and their leaders know that their very lives are at stake. They have long said that if they failed they would bring the whole of Europe down in flames with them, in a Twilight of the Gods greater than Wagner imagined.

One can see the policy in operation in Naples and Kiev; and we may see an even more terrible example in Rome if the war does not end before we get to its gates. Indeed, it has often seemed lately that the only way in which the remainder of European civilization could be saved would be by some sudden break in the German machine, Hitler's death or a falling-out between the Army and SS.

The heedlessness with which the retreating Germans continue to burn and dynamite the cities they leave behind, when they must know that retribution will be visited upon their own country in due time, is a horrible indication of the prevailing Nazi mentality. To what extent this feeling has permeated the army leadership, or at what point that leadership will revolt against the Hitlerian plunge to self-destruction and make a supreme effort to save what is left of Germany, we can only guess. Certain it is that Hitler and Himmler have taken every possible precaution against an army coup.

If we reject all easy hopes of an ending such as that of November 11, 1918, by a revolution at home while the army still had considerable possibilities of defence (Churchill fully expected to see Ludendorff stand on the Rhine in 1919), then we are left with two possibilities for a purely military defeat of the Reich.

The Soviets could so cut up the German armies in the east, and our bombing so effectively starve them of weapons and transport, that collapse could come this winter. Or the final blow could be administered by the mighty smash across the Channel which there can be no doubt we are preparing for the earliest possible date next spring. If we had not given such an undertaking, with date, we would not have secured the Moscow Agreement.

Mr. Churchill, in his speech on Tuesday, did not exclude the former. But he insisted that the only sound plans of the Anglo-American combination must be based on the latter, and that he himself was proceeding on the assumption that the campaign of 1944 would be the most severe and the most costly in life of any we had yet fought. The actual outcome may be somewhere between the two extremes, with Germany so weakened by the winter's fighting in the east and bombing at home as to fall under a hard blow next spring or early summer.

Factual Report on Reich

It is a recurring lesson of history that the most elaborate fortifications are no stronger than the spirit of the troops which hold them. And our air support by that time ought to be overwhelming. Politically it may seem desirable that the war be ended by this blow of ours. But one cannot help hoping that the crack will nevertheless come sooner, and the population of Europe be saved from this final, terrible winter.

So one continues to watch closely reports from inside Germany on the results of our bombing, and signs of the defection of the Axis satellites. One of the most impressive accounts yet to come out of Germany was given by the *New York Times* last Saturday, from an evidently prominent Swedish engineer, who had worked for years in a vital German war industry and had just returned home. In the big west German city where he worked there were 150 factories a year ago, all working round the clock. Now only two are working at full capacity, and another ten at about quarter capacity.

In consequence, the Germans have been copying the Russian evacuation of industry to the Urals in 1941, by "a gigantic removal of industries to Austria, which is straining communications to a point where time schedules are impossible to maintain, and normal traffic left to chance." But already our raids from the south against Wiener Nesutadt have caused doubt as to this policy.

The mass evacuation of the western cities has further disturbed industry's retreat to the eastward. It is quite impossible to transplant great bodies of bombed-out workers, and thousands of foreign workers who have become jobless have been sent home.

Dam Blasts Still Felt

Having travelled extensively in the Reich in the last few months, this engineer sums up as follows: "Hamburg, Dortmund, Cologne, Nuremberg and Kassel must be regarded as destroyed for all time and completely out as production centres. The Ruhr is punctured, but continues to work on a diminished scale, with the effect of the Moehne and Eder dam blasting still very much felt. Berlin is more or less intact, and probably less damaged than London was in 1940. Berliners still find time to joke about Hamburg as 'a work by Churchill after a design by Adolf Hitler'."

Madame Tabouis gives in *Pour la Victoire* some further details of the Gestapo terror which is keeping the people in line under this punishment, infinitely greater than their suffering in 1918, when hunger was the main factor in the collapse. (Incidentally, it is to be noticed that none of the letters or reports coming out of Germany today speak of a serious food shortage). The average German paper now carries three or four accounts of executions per day, Madame Tabouis says, in heavy type on the front page. Himmler sees that the executions are spaced evenly over the various provinces, to give the maximum effect.

"Ratting" from the Party has become so common that Himmler has stipulated that any member wishing to stop wearing his Party badge may do so, but must take the badge, with his explanation, to the local Gauleiter! Also, weakening Party members are sent postcards warning them that they have been denounced, and that in consequence their correspondence and telephone calls will be watched "until the rumor can be checked."

Hitler himself made further revelations of his own and German morale in his speech on Monday, celebrating in a fashion which he certainly never contemplated the 20th Anniversary of the famous Beer Hall Putsch. As is common among Germans, he denied the things which were in his mind. Thus he said that it was absolutely impossible that he would ever lose his nerve. (So he's worried about that?) He said he wasn't at all afraid of a second front, that we would then discover what reserves he had. (So he is out of reserves, as seems clear from events on the Russian front?) Finally he said that if Germany broke under the strain, he would not be sorry, as she would have been proven unworthy of a better fate.

As the German armies reel back, as German prestige dissolves, and the Red Army thunders ever closer, the Axis satellites, so Stalin affirms, are busy trying to find a way out of the war. Finland is believed to be ready to make a separate peace any day, but her press and political parties still assert that she will not surrender unconditionally and allow occupation by a foreign army. Finland has not engaged in any large-scale fighting since May 1942. Probably she would accept the terms of the peace imposed on her after the first winter war with Russia, if she could get them.

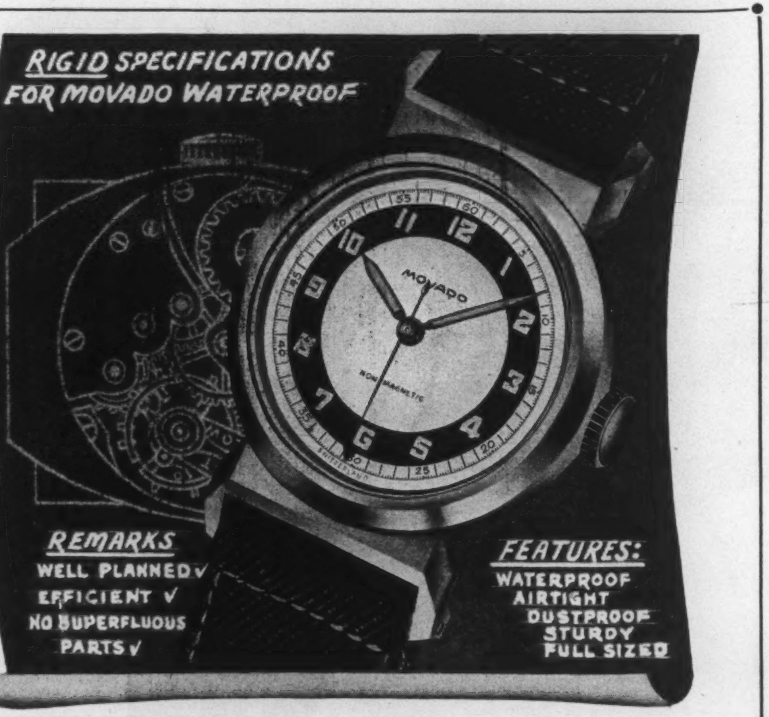
Hungary and Roumania have set aside their traditional quarrel over Transylvania in recent weeks, and appear to be working together on some scheme to get safely out of the war. Russia does not seem to be at all interested in their approaches, but intends that they shall receive their punishment in full.

Turks Late Getting In

Bulgaria, for her part, is believed to have turned down Hitler's recent appeal to provide more troops for pacification of Yugoslavia and Greece, and meeting our expected assault on the Balkans. She has never sent any troops to the Russian front, and will probably avoid at this late date getting directly involved with us, though we already have a score to settle with her for her brutality towards the Greeks and Serbs.

The Turks are the only people whom the Bulgars might be ready to fight, and the Russians seem anxious to avoid this. That is why we will probably ask no more of Turkey, in fulfilment of her treaty of alliance, than the use of air and naval bases with which to clean up the Dodecanese, to support an invasion of the Balkans, destroy the Ploesti refineries, and pound the rear of the German armies being driven back into Roumania by the Soviets. The Turks, who are very late with their aid, can hardly expect to have any voice at all at the peace table unless they concede this much.

We come finally to our own front in Italy. It has been moving forward at a more gratifying pace during the past week. Yet there is every indication that the Germans, having used the Volturno line to gain a solid month, will now stand a few miles back on the Sangro. And behind the Sangro lies the most formidable mountain chain south of the Alps, with peaks extending up to 9170 feet. Such terrain, and probably the use of wooden or porcelain land mines similar to those reported from the Russian front as defying Soviet detection methods, promise a continuing slow advance. We have, however, already gained from our Italian operations valuable air bases at Foggia Bari and Brindisi, and in Corsica, which will greatly aid our bombing of Southern Germany and the Balkans.



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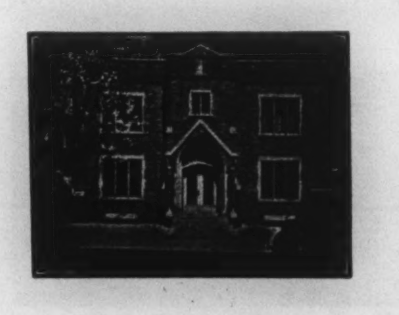

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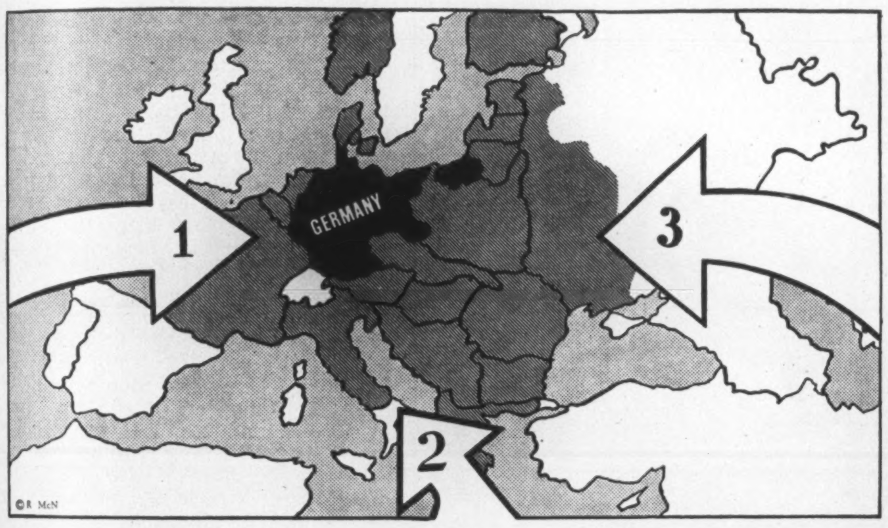
..Now, for fighter and worker alike..

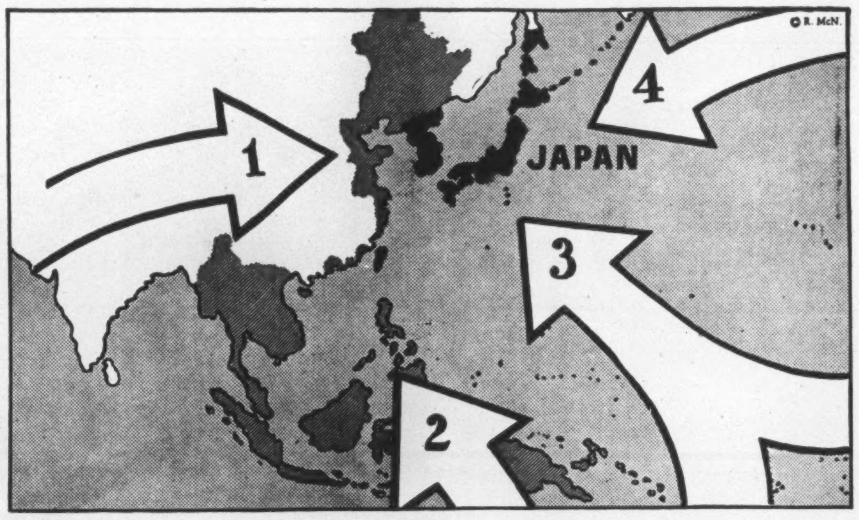
the "BIG PUSH" *is on!*

On the battlefronts and on the production fronts the drive for Victory sets an even greater pace



Even as this message is released, the fleets and armies and air power of the United Nations press in upon our enemies from all directions. In Europe, the attack comprises (1) mighty air blows from Britain; (2) assault by sea, air and land from Africa and through Italy; (3) the irresistible power of the great Russian war machine rolling on and on.

Against Japan there are (1) attacks by air and land through China and from India; (2) a relentless push up through New Guinea from Australia; (3) successful attacks by Allied fleets on enemy outposts; (4) recovery of the Aleutians as a base for possible future offensive operations.



WITH the walls of Hitler's Europe breached—with Allied might pushing forward in the Pacific—with the Great Attack now under way on every battlefront—the production front, too, is gearing itself to the bitter, decisive effort.

And with ever-increasing demands on manpower for the fighting forces, war goods manufacture, food production and other necessary civilian activities, General Motors is keenly aware that the demands of the crucial months ahead call for utmost devotion to the job—for even greater efficiency and productivity from those of us left to work when so many have gone to fight.*

Keeping Pace With Change

Successful production for war means change—change to match or surpass the improved weapons of our enemies—change to fit our weapons to new and constantly changing theatres of war—change to build our own improvements and new designs into our war production, to make it always better.

General Motors is meeting this demand for change, with all the difficult problems it presents, and at the same time continuing to push production higher and higher—now 40% above a year ago—each quarter higher than the last. Through improved methods and more effective organization of production we are giving our fighting forces more and more vehicles, guns, planes, tanks and other war supplies.

We know our job is to give our armed forces "what they want when they want it."

The ultimate in production will depend on the country's decision on the balance between war production and manpower requirements for other purposes.

Every Canadian can well be thankful for the demonstrated ability of our military leaders to cope with the changing requirements of this mechanized and global war.

And it should be equally gratifying to know that industry has also been able to adapt itself to these changing conditions. Cooperating with the military, industry in Canada and the United States is performing the greatest production feat in all history.

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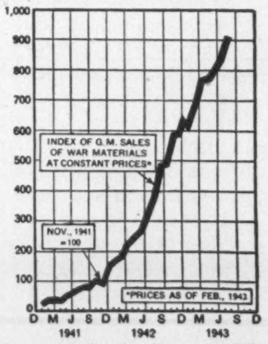
THIS CHART SHOWS THE INCREASING PHYSICAL VOLUME OF GM WAR PRODUCTION, MONTH BY MONTH.



The Job Ahead

The crucial months ahead will doubtless bring equal if not greater problems, as new strategies call for new equipment.

There must be no let-up in war production. There must be the utmost devotion to the job on the part of every man and woman in industry. We are acutely conscious of the need for *increased* effort, *improved* methods, *greater* efficiency and, above all, *more effectiveness from available manpower.*

In full realization of this challenge, we nevertheless are confident that, in cooperation with our military leaders, General Motors will meet its responsibilities. As long as the "Big Push" is on along the battlefronts, the production push for more and better weapons will continue in General Motors plants—so that we may deliver, as we are now delivering, our allotted share of the overwhelming air power, fire power, armored power, mobile power and sea power which, on battlefronts the world around, already foretell the Axis' doom.

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World Federation as Basis for Enduring Peace

Enduring peace cannot be assured by maintenance of a "balance of power", by policing the world, or by the making of treaties. The only real assurance lies in the extension of the principle of federation, as exemplified over many years in the United States and Canada.

Member of the Board of Control of the city of Toronto, to which authority he has repeatedly been elected against the unanimous opposition of the daily press, Mr. Duncan is an eminent lawyer and constitutional expert. A distinguished officer in the last war, winning the Military Cross, he saw much of the attempts to establish peace in Europe in 1918-20.

BY LEWIS DUNCAN

THE universal wish of mankind is for security; security from aggression from without; security from decay and destruction from within. The problem of internal security is being approached by way of social security programs. The time and money spent on such programs will be jeopardized unless external security be firmly and permanently established.

Can Peace be established on an enduring basis? Those who answer this question in the negative call to their aid the fact that from one aspect history is a schedule of wars between nations. They say that each of the three methods by which nations have sought to maintain Peace has given no permanent solution. These are:

(a) Peace maintained by balance of power. This is the method of the three balanced billiard balls. There is no security, they say, along this road;

(b) Peace by policing the world. At one period of history Rome possessed the world's greatest army and navy. She policed the world; but only for a time, for no power or group of powers can establish permanent peace by force of arms. A Pax Anglo-Americana, they say, will be as transitory as was the Pax Romana;

(c) Peace by treaty. There is nothing permanent in a treaty. Every treaty can be broken. The League of Nations was based on a treaty. All the world knows on how feeble a foundation that conception rested.

The pessimists are correct so far as their criticism exposes the impossibility of establishing an enduring Peace by these approaches. That is not to say that they are justified in saying that a permanent Peace can not be established. There is a fourth approach. Along that way lies the hope of Peace.

In 1783 thirteen states on this continent formed a union based on the Federal system of government. Two types of legislature were set up; local legislatures to deal with local matters and a central legislature to deal with matters of common concern. In establishing this system the fathers of the American Union made it possible for Peace to march westward from the Atlantic to the Pacific while the Union grew from thirteen to forty-eight states.

Eighty-four years later the Fathers of Confederation designed a similar union for four Provinces. That constitutional framework made it possible for Peace to spread from the Great Lakes to the Pacific north of the 49th parallel, while that union grew to embrace nine Provinces.

By the extension of this principle to the British Empire, the United States and the Allied Nations, and by making provision for its extension to other areas, Peace can be made to spread until it embraces mankind.

Changes Necessary

Some changes in design will be necessary. The Federations of the United States and of Canada are two-storey structures; that is to say, there are two types of legislature, one local, one central. A World Federation would probably be a four-storey structure with (a) local legislatures dealing with matters of local concern, (b) national legislatures having jurisdiction over matters of national concern, (c) continental legislatures dealing with matters of continental concern, and (d) a world parliament with exclusive jurisdiction over matters of intercontinental concern, such for example as the Armed Forces, manufacture of armaments, international trade, international aviation.

This conception would permit of a peaceful solution of many problems. As all nations within the Federation would be on an equal basis, the strife-breeding distinction between victors and vanquished would be avoided.

In a federated Europe there might be provincial legislatures for Alsace-Lorraine and Prussia, national legislatures for France, Czechoslovakia and Germany, and a Continental legislature with jurisdiction over matters of European concern, e.g. development of European rivers, railways, etc. Neither the provincial, national nor continental legislature would have power to raise or maintain an army, navy or air force. That power would rest exclusively with the central or world parliament, which would not consist of appointees of governments as was the case in the League of Nations, but of persons elected by the peoples of the federated nations.

Under the suggested form of organization it would be impossible for Germany to raise a secret army as she did from 1932 on. The reason is simple and fundamental. There would be no legal way in which this could be done. Taxes could not be legally levied or spent for this purpose. Any citizen could refuse to pay. It would be as impossible for Germany to arm against Europe as it would be today for Pennsylvania to

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In 1940 the Nazis were arrogantly boasting that Freedom's last foothold in Europe was a mass of killed and wounded people and industrial destruction. But Britain fought back resolutely knowing that help was coming from all parts of the Empire. In 1943 the picture has changed. Shattering air-raids have laid waste the Nazi war industries and four square miles of Berlin have become a desolate monument to Nazi idealogy.

Ponder that, Herr Goebbels, amid the mockery of your boasting. You'll see these stinging mosquitos over Berlin again and again. They are Democracy's wings of vengeance, fashioned, in considerable measure, in Canadian factories and flown by youths trained on the flying fields of Canada.

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arm against the United States of America, or for Ontario to arm against Canada.

"Till the war drums throb no longer
And the battle flags are furled
In the Parliament of man,
The Federation of the World".

Today the peoples of the world have this vision. Recently, two significant developments have occurred. The Churches are concerning themselves with the matter. In the first week of October 144 Protestant, Roman Catholic, Eastern Orthodox and Jewish leaders of the United States issued a Declaration on World Peace. This marked a long step forward.

Municipal Resolution

Even municipal councils are looking up from pavements and taking an interest in this most fundamental matter. On October 14 the Toronto City Council unanimously passed the following resolution:

"Whereas it is the predominant wish of mankind that after the conclusion of this war Peace shall be established among the peoples of the world on an enduring basis,

"And whereas permanent Peace cannot be established by (a) any system of balance of power, (b) understandings, pacts or treaties among nations, (c) the policing of the world by one or more nations,

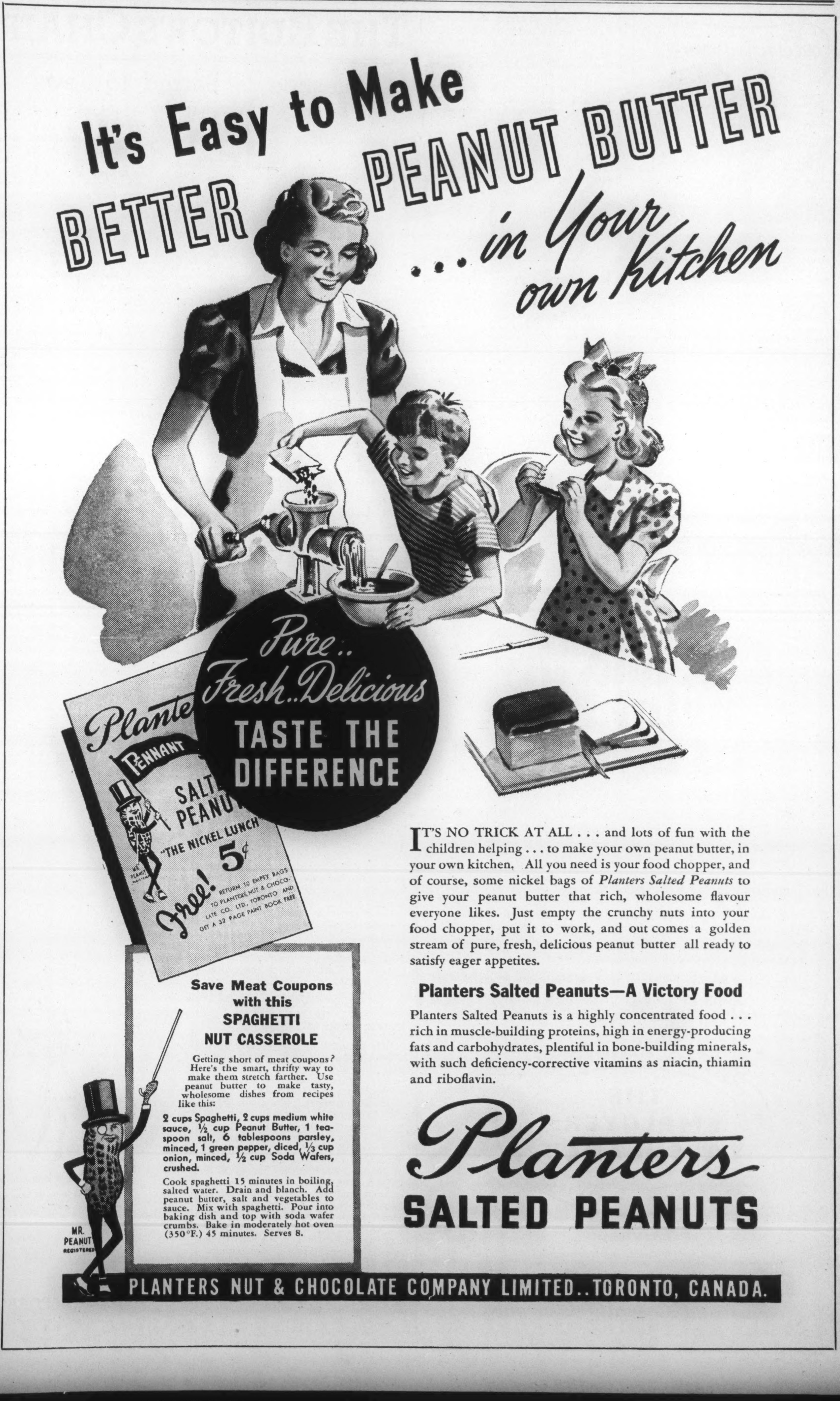
"And whereas by the extension of the Federal principle to matters of common concern, Peace can be permanently and securely established over widening areas of the earth's surface while at the same time national and provincial autonomy can be secured,

"Now therefore be it resolved that the Government of Canada be requested to invite the Governments of the Allied Nations to a conference to consider the establishment of Peace on a secure and enduring basis by the delegation to a Parliament to be elected by the peoples who are willing to enter the Federation of jurisdiction over the following: (a) Peace and War; (b) Armed Forces; (c) Manufacture of Arms; (d) Trade between nations of the Federation and with nations not yet members of the Federation; (e) Trade balance; (f) Exchange; (g) A monetary system; (h) Such like subjects of common concern."

Canada, traditional interpreter between two great political systems, can take the lead in establishing security among the peoples of the world by the creation of a nobler document and a wider democracy than has been.

Now is the time for statesmen to turn the people's vision into a reality; but equally urgent is the task of the people to create a vigorous, widespread public opinion which will make it possible for the statesmen to turn the world from that somber path which leads to World War III.

In Italy, field guns have cleared the way for Canadian infantrymen, seen here advancing in single file.



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Cook spaghetti 15 minutes in boiling, salted water. Drain and blanch. Add peanut butter, salt and vegetables to sauce. Mix with spaghetti. Pour into baking dish and top with soda wafer crumbs. Bake in moderately hot oven (350°F.) 45 minutes. Serves 8.

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THE EDITOR'S CHAIR

Palestine Is Barred to Jews

BY B. K. SANDWELL

LAST week occurred the twenty-sixth anniversary of the Balfour Declaration, a statement by the Government of the United Kingdom which read: "His Majesty's government view with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country."

Although issued by Great Britain alone, this Declaration was supported by the concurrence of the Allied Powers. France and Italy associated themselves with the Declaration early in 1918. President Wilson promptly expressed his satisfaction, but the attitude of the United States was more formally recorded by resolutions of both Houses of Congress in 1922. In April 1920 the Supreme Council of the Allies formally agreed that Palestine should be placed under a British Mandate and Great Britain should put the Declaration into effect.

The Mandate for Palestine, confirmed by the Council of the League of Nations in 1922, embodied the Balfour Declaration and imposed four main obligations. One of these relates to the protection of and access to the holy places of the territory, and is not the cause of any difference of opinion. The others may be summarized as follows:

(1) To place the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, to facilitate Jewish immigration under suitable conditions and to encourage, in cooperation with the Jewish Agency, a close settlement by Jews on land.

(2) To safeguard the civil and religious rights of all inhabitants of Palestine, irrespective of race and religion, and, while facilitating Jewish immigration and settlement, to insure that the rights and position of other sections of the population are not prejudiced.

(3) To place the country under such political, administrative and economic conditions as will secure development of self-governing institutions.

Jewish Progressiveness

Palestine is a small portion of the very large territory at the east end of the Mediterranean occupied by Arab peoples, and economically exploited up to now by a somewhat primitive patriarchal system which certainly does not utilize the entire possibilities of the region. Under Jewish settlement a large amount of capital has been introduced, great industries have been established, the most modern irrigation methods have been applied to the soil, and the total productivity enormously increased; the Jewish part of Palestine is in fact one of the model economic communities of the world. Unfortunately "the way of life" involved in this economy is not altogether pleasing to the more conservative among the Arabs, just as the introduction of a modern economy by a British mining population was not altogether pleasing to the Boers at the end of the Nineteenth century.

Arab objections to Jewish settlement were unquestionably stimulated before the war broke out by agents of Germany and Italy who were anxious to make trouble for the British Empire. There were numerous endeavors by British authorities to conciliate the interests of the Arab and Jewish populations, and at one time a Royal Commission proposed the partition of the territory and the establishment of two states, one Arab and one Jewish. The British Government however declared this to be impracticable, and finally issued in May 1939 a White Paper, which is now the governing document for the administration of the Mandate. This White Paper was accepted by the British House of Commons only because the Government insisted on making it a vote of confidence, and because the period was one of grave international complications. It was subjected to the formal disapproval of the Permanent Mandates Commission, and was never submitted to the Council of the League of Nations. It is the object of vehement condemnation by almost all leaders of Jewish thought throughout the world.

Immigration to Cease

It is provided by this White Paper that all Jewish immigration into Palestine shall cease in March next unless Arab consent is secured—of which there is of course not the slightest prospect. Moreover Jewish immigration during the five years between the adoption of the White Paper and the final stoppage is limited to 75,000, or 15,000 per annum. The transfer of land from Arab to Jewish owners is prohibited in a large part of the territory and severely restricted in other parts, and is free from restriction only in a small area. The limits thus imposed on immigration are such that the Jews can hardly expect ever to constitute more than one-third of the population.

The White Paper was a product of the Chamberlain Government, and may be described as a portion of the Appeasement policy which that Government was pursuing in 1939. It was strongly opposed by Mr. Amery, now Secretary of State for India, by the entire British Labor Party, and above all by the present Prime Minister, Mr. Winston Churchill, who declared that the provision for the stoppage of Jewish immigration was "a plain breach of a solemn obligation." "What sort of national home is offered to the Jews of the world," said Mr. Churchill in May 1939, "when we are asked to declare that in five years' time the door of that home is to be shut and barred in their faces? The idea of home to wanderers is, surely, a place to which they can resort." The then Archbishop of Canterbury, the Most Rev. Cosmo Gordon Lang, speaking in the House of Lords, said that the stoppage of immigration meant that the minority status of the Jews in Palestine "will be permanent, and whatever a national home may have meant . . . . it surely cannot have meant that."

Appalling Situation

Opposition to the regime of the White Paper, while vigorous enough, has been relatively quiet during most of the past four years because the circumstances of the war made it improbable that Jewish immigration to Palestine could at this time greatly exceed the permitted rate. But the prospect of the war coming to an end and the total stoppage of immigration going into effect next spring creates an appalling situation for the Jews of devastated Europe. Almost the whole continent has been under Nazi domination, and wherever that domination has extended, practically all Jews have been deprived of their property and livelihood. The idea that they can re-establish themselves in their old homes is quite illusory; their property has by this time passed into the hands of "innocent" owners, probably at second or third remove; the Nazis who were the first beneficiaries of the seizure will have managed to exchange the property for cash or less easily traceable assets. A very large part of the surviving Jewish population of Europe will therefore be compelled to seek new homes; and the closure of Palestine against them at such a juncture is the most cruel blow that could possibly be struck at a group which has already suffered more than any other in the world.

Canadians have a certain responsibility in this matter. The authority by which the Parliament of the United Kingdom legislates for Palestine is not that of direct sovereignty; it is that of a mandatory under the League of Nations. Canada is a member, and an important member, of the League of Nations. In that capacity it would seem that Canada could quite properly express to the British Government the view that the White Paper policy is not a defensible way of carrying out the terms of the Mandate. But even if the Canadian Government does not see its way to express an official criticism of a policy adopted by the great nation which stands at the head of our Commonwealth, it is still open to individual Canadians and the Canadian press to voice their agreement with the former Archbishop of Canterbury, the present Prime Minister of Great Britain, and all the other eminent British statesmen who are already on record in condemnation of the White Paper of 1939.

This bayonet drill is part of the tough Commando training which men of the R.A.F. Regiment are given.

"... and thy neighbour as thyself"

We use "democracy" too glibly. It is indeed a "way of life," but a "way" towards an ideal as yet unrealized. For the ultimate goal of democracy is the organization of a society in which every man shall love his neighbour as himself.

Democracy is not philanthropy.

Insurance is, if you will, an example of progress in *practical democracy.* For insurance is an organized sharing of our neighbours' misfortunes. It germinated naturally in the soil of mutual self-help and private initiative.

To achieve democracy we shall need not less but more, much more, such enterprise from every individual of good-will seeking a better way of life for himself and his neighbours.

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School for Stokers

BY EVERETT LAWSON

An engineer was disturbed early in the war by the number of lives lost by exploding ships' boilers. Knowing that many of these disasters could have been avoided by swift intelligent action in the stoke-holds he called aloud in influential quarters for a stokers' school. After long argument he got it.

TO-MORROW morning a handful of tough-looking gentlemen, who have a roll in their gait and yet look different from the ordinary sailor, will continue their lessons in stoking furnaces. Their 'school' is a basement. It has two specially built furnaces. They use stones instead of coal, they have particularly heavy rakes, and everything in the set-up is just that much more difficult than it will be aboard ship.

The days when you merely stoked a furnace are done. Science has stepped in here, as everywhere else. To-day, many lives and thousands of tons of cargo may depend upon the skill of the men below decks.

They are taught how to keep the smoke of their furnaces down. Prowling U-boats smell out their prey from smoke. They are taught just what to do if a torpedo hits the ship. In the early days of the war, too many lives were lost from exploding boilers.

It gave one man an idea. He was an engineer. Every time he read in the newspapers about boiler casualties he knew that they could have been avoided. Just the simple addition of a little engineering instruction and the boilers need never have exploded.

Some weeks later he determined to bring pressure to bear in the appropriate quarters. In the beginning it wasn't easy. Tradition dies hard in the Merchant Navy, and the stoker was looked upon as just a fire-eating he-man who had no time to go into fancy notions about engineering.

But Mr. X wasn't a man easily put off his stroke. He persisted. He explained the few simple principles involved. Anyone could master them in a very short time. And at last he got his way.

No Compulsion

This school for stokers was one result. There was no compulsion. The danger and the remedy were explained to the men, and they were simply called upon to volunteer if they thought the scheme worthwhile. They volunteered in dozens.

To-day, however, the school is in full swing with a few ingenious substitutes. Men come to this school who have been at sea all their lives, men who have stoked innumerable furnaces in a dozen different oceans, without knowing what happened to the heat they were helping to generate.

To-day, the instructors go into these mysteries. They work on the principle that a man who knows what happens to the energy for which he is responsible, will carry out his job more efficiently.

At one point in the course they assume that a torpedo has struck the ship and demonstrate just how the stoker can adjust his boilers to prevent them exploding.

Already, on several occasions, the men who bring the food to Britain and the men who supply our troops in Italy, have seen the practical result of this theoretical training. In one instance, a ship was torpedoed twice, at four in the morning. When the crew left her she was a blazing mass, sinking rapidly. They expected the boilers to burst at any moment and prepared to protect themselves against flying splinters and scalding steam. The boilers never burst. They had been carefully adjusted by the stokers before they left the ship.

SUN'S NEWEST AVIATION FUEL PLANT
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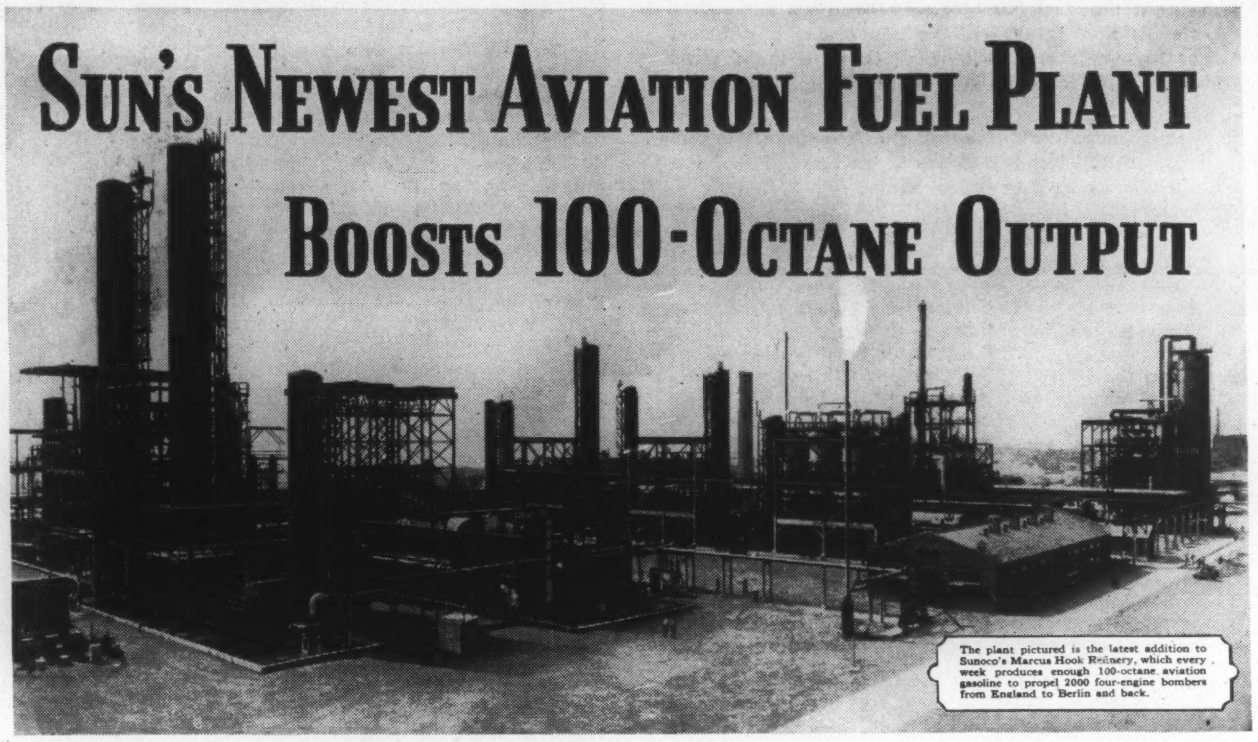

The plant pictured is the latest addition to Sunoco's Marcus Hook Refinery, which every week produces enough 100-octane aviation gasoline to propel 2000 four-engine bombers from England to Berlin and back.

Adds to Sunoco's position as one of the world's largest producers of aviation fuel !

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Sun First to Make Catalytic Cracking Commercially Practical

Sunoco's leadership really began long before Pearl Harbor, when the company first made commercially practical a now-famous process of catalytic cracking. No greater contribution has been made to the war effort. For, without the principle of catalytic cracking, Allied aviation fuel requirements could not have been met.

A Triumph of Private Initiative

Sunoco's entire aviation fuel program has been accomplished without government aid or subsidy. Facilities costing more than 36 million dollars are now devoted to war production in the company's Marcus Hook refinery alone. It is only through such free play of private initiative that progress on this continent has been achieved.

SUNOCO

EVERYTHING SUNOCO DOES HAS VICTORY AS ITS PURPOSE

Sore Point of the Highway

BY GOLDWIN GREGORY

Mr. Gregory, who has spent the past Summer travelling up and down the Alaska Highway, thinks that there will be considerable political back-wash from the dissatisfaction of Canadian workers in those parts at the comparison between their incomes and those of their American fellow-workers.

Even in the matter of Income Tax deduction the American workers have been free from the withholding tax imposed on residents of the United States. The American camp diet is luxurious.

The Canadian workers come from all parts of Canada, and their political influence is likely to be widespread.

IF, AMONGST the Canadians who have been working for contractors on the Alaska Military Road, the Liberals are expecting the ordinarily high percentage of votes which customarily accrue to their party from contractors' workmen, they will find their hopes and expectations to be vain dreams.

Why is this? Whence come these Canadians? How, if they are stationed in one special part of Canada, is it likely that their particular gripes would influence votes in other parts? And for what reason are those who are paid by the hour more antagonistic (as they are) to the Government than those who are paid on a monthly basis?

These are questions worth examining and answering, but first some description of the background and circumstances in which these Canadians work seems requisite.

The Alaska Highway (or the Alaska Military Road, as it is now officially designated) is an undertaking financed by the United States, and the ultimate authority on that road is the Army of the United States. That Army, acting in an emergency and under an agreement made with Canada, shortly after Pearl Harbor, put through a pioneer trail, as a result of almost superhuman endeavor, from Dawson Creek in Northern British Columbia to Fairbanks in Alaska—in all, a distance of over fourteen hundred miles. By the time the freeze-up came, toward the end of 1942, that pioneer trail was passable in dry weather and over temporary bridges wherever water was encountered. When the frost set in with the severity customary to the district and terrain, it was possible for Greyhound busses, one marked Fairbanks and the other Edmonton, to be photographed meeting and passing. But with the earliest thaw the authentic taking of such a picture became an impossibility. And if, for a while, and from time to time, afterward, the road during a dry spell became passable throughout its length, that was an act of special Providence.

After the trail had been made by the Army, civilian contractors were brought in to maintain the Army trail and to construct a new road in those parts where the Army trail was inadequate. The tale of the inadequacy of the Army trail and of those new parts constructed more recently is a story which must be separately told; suffice it for present purposes to relate that among the civilian contractor brought in to implement the work of the Army were a number of Canadian companies, and that with the latter there either came in to them or were subsequently brought in a number of workmen skilled in the various trades necessary to the proper accomplishment of the work these companies had undertaken. Almost invariably these workmen were of Canadian domicile, and were subject to the wartime laws of Canada relating to the employment and payment of wage-earners.

77 Hour Week

To each of the Canadian contractors there was made an allotment of personnel according to their needs, and the R. Melville Smith Co. Limited, under the presidency of R. M. Smith, then Deputy Minister of Highways for Ontario, was formed, to be the management company and, the go-between, to make arrangements for the liaison which was essential for the effective carrying-out of the job.

In those sections of the Road which were allotted to Canadian contractors,—and, wisely, it was originally arranged that Canadian companies and their Canadian employees should be segregated—all went well for a time. A seventy-seven-hour week was established, seven days of eleven hours each, and the Canadians who were paid by the hour, with time and a half for overtime in excess of forty-eight hours, felt that they were doing not so badly.

Gradually, though, it became apparent that the employees of Canadian companies weren't doing so well, in the matter of pay, as were those of U.S. companies. It was inevitable that, for instance, the truck drivers of Canadian companies should come in contact with those who drove trucks for United States companies, and the experience of interchange of casual conversation could hardly avoid the topic of pay. Let, then, the reaction of the Canadian truck driver stand as an example. He is paid seventy-five cents an hour, in Canadian funds, for the first forty-eight hours that he works, and for his time in excess of those hours, time and a half. He meets a truck driver working for a U.S. company and finds that his counterpart is paid one dollar forty cents an hour for the first forty hours and thereafter two dollars ten, all in U.S. money.

The Canadian truck driver receives, for the ordinary seventy-seven hour work week, $68.63, Canadian funds; the U.S. driver, similarly

This R.A.F. convoy en route to a new airfield in Italy passes engineers working with mine detectors and bulldozer at the side of a mountain road.

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employed for the same time, receives $123.70 in U.S. funds, or a Canadian dollar equivalent of $136.07—more than twice as much if, as is more customary than exceptional, the work week extends beyond the established time of seventy-seven hours.

The case of the truck driver is not exceptional. In almost all categories the higher rates paid to U.S. workers are proportionate. Not only this: The Canadian worker finds that in the matter of quality of food, and of living accommodations, he fares less well than his counterpart who comes from the United States.

Contrast in Food

All workmen who are employed on the road are charged $1.25 a day for their board and lodging. From Canadians this is collected in Canadian funds and from U.S. workers in the currency in which their wages are calculated, so for purposes of comparison the latter may be regarded as paying $1.38 per diem. But the olives and other luxurious accessories, the frequent chicken dinners, the various little accessories to a monotonous camp diet, that are constantly in evidence at U.S. contractors' camps are conspicuous in the Canadian camps only by the rarity of their appearance. The paucity of fresh vegetables in mess halls catering to Canadians is in decided contrast to the plenitude of greens in the halls of the Canadians' fellow North Americans.

Not all of the Canadian workmen have an opportunity to test the diet of their co-workers, for there was a time when, by the orders of camp managers, U.S. cook-houses refused to feed the Canadian workers who might, on their way to or from their own camps, find themselves in the vicinity of U.S. camps at meal times. Similarly, and perhaps in retaliation, Canadian camps refused to serve U.S. personnel. Those days have fortunately passed. Canadians, however, have still other causes of grouching, and that grouching is likely to react on the present Government when the workers become dispersed elsewhere in Canada, as they are bound to become by election time.

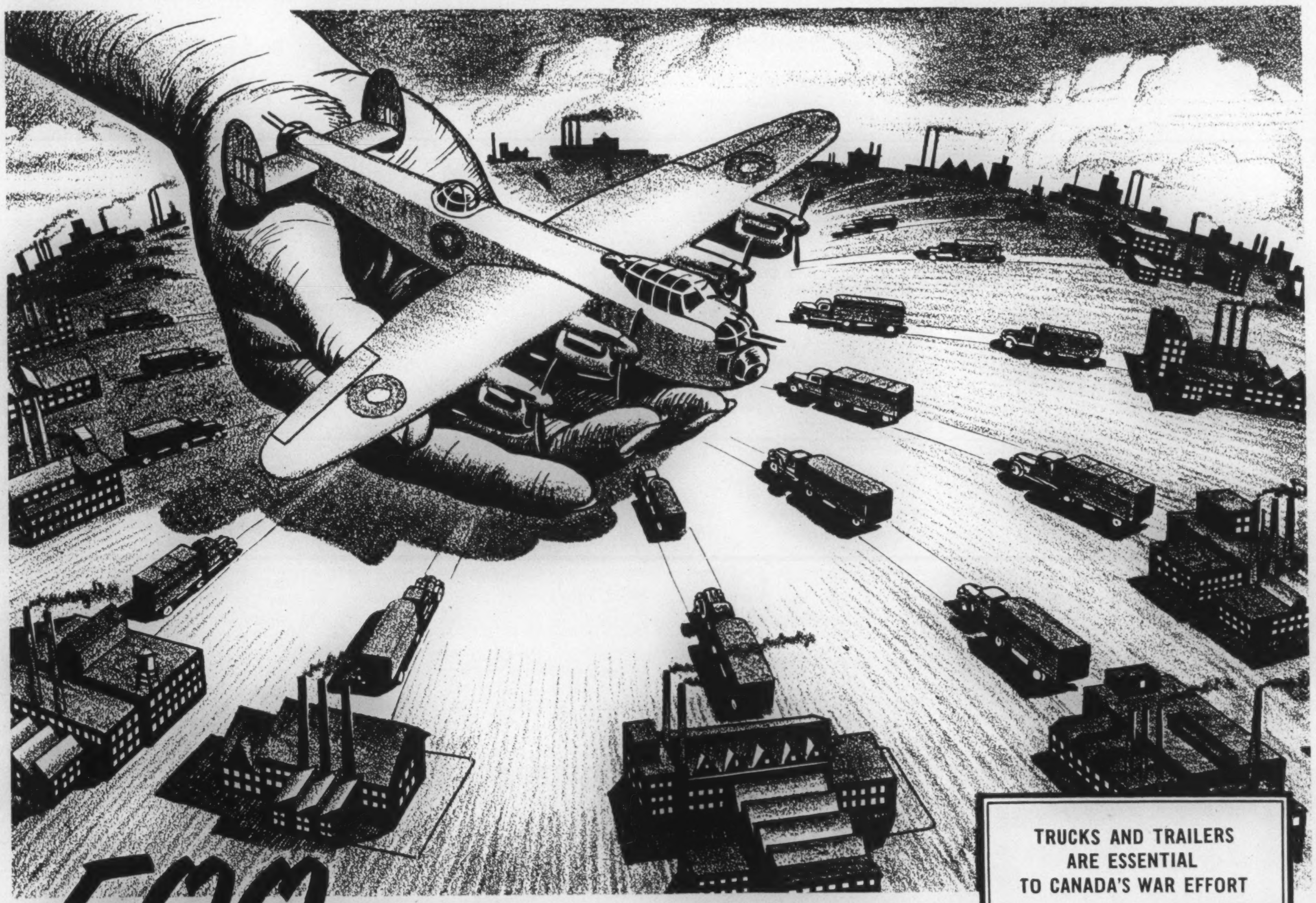
One of these grouches concerns income tax deductions. The U.S. worker on the Road is not subjected to the recent withholding tax imposed on residents of the United States, and hence his pay-check doesn't reflect the exigencies of war as does that of the Canadian. For this grievance, real or fancied, the worker holds his government responsible, and in his talk he will say that if the CCF were in power such things wouldn't happen.

As in most construction undertakings, rather a stringent line is drawn between the administrative staff and the foremen and workmen engaged on maintenance and construction. There are a dozen odd Canadian companies who have stretches of the road under their care; they went in originally with the idea that they were to construct a road based on the original pioneer trail that the U.S. Army spectacularly shoved through the wilderness from Dawson Creek in northern British Columbia to Fairbanks in Alaska. The original specifications for the Road were constantly changed, and up until the beginning of June of this year the work of the contractors consisted largely in maintaining, and keeping passable, the original trail. This they did under the jurisdiction of the Public Roads Administration, which is an agency of the United States Government. The P.R.A., as it is generally known, worked in co-operation with the United States Engineering Department, a branch of the War Department of the United States. Like other Government agencies, the P.R.A. is addicted to the copious use of red tape, and therefore the staffs necessarily set up in the job offices of the Canadian contractors were on a scale far beyond those otherwise contemplated as needful for the effective carrying out of an undertaking.

It may be noted in passing that these staffs were largely recruited from the areas in which were located the head offices of the contracting Canadian companies. Of twelve such companies, the majority came from the neighborhood of Toronto, and the rest from northern and western Ontario; their staffs of administrative and clerical personnel they largely brought with them. Hence the white-collar group, by a not too indirect reflection of the political tendencies of their home offices, reflected a political and economic philosophy not quite in consonance with that which prevailed among the workmen. It was a revealing experience to observe the extent to which the office staffs, male and female alike, adapted themselves gradually, to the prevailing moods of the workmen. They had no personal axe to grind, so far as rates of pay were concerned, for generally speaking the Canadian office worker, in contradistinction to his or her U.S. opposite, is comparatively well-off. But it is absolutely not true that the condition so commonly alleged that the office staff is reactionary and the working-man leftist, prevails on the Alaska Military Road.

And here, in conclusion, it is just as well to scotch the rumor that they are only the abandoned among women who are to be found working in camps on the Road. So far as the waitresses are concerned, and other female camp help, they are a singularly efficient group of women, just as fine as can be found in comparable places in the cities of Canada; the girls in the offices, reluctantly accepted as substitutes for men now unobtainable, and in spite of being occasionally the inevitable cause of emotional entanglements, are doing a grand job. This article could not properly close without the payment of a left-handed, at least, tribute to them.

Bananas, almost an unknown fruit to the younger generation in Britain, are seen here in abundance on their way to market in South Africa.



500 Factories NEEDED TO BUILD THIS PLANE!

Trucks, Trailers are the Conveyors of the National Assembly Line

A SINGLE AIRCRAFT may contain parts from 500 companies, according to the Dept. of Munitions and Supply; 350 contribute to the production of the 25 pounder field gun. At least 600 firms participate in the motor vehicle program. In fact, Canada's amazing war production is largely due to the use of "feeder" plants all over the country.

And this, in turn, has been possible largely because of motor transport. "Feeder" plants are the start of the assembly lines. And motor transport—Trucks and Trailers—are the conveyors. Operating on time-table schedules, reaching many communities otherwise inaccessible, they unite a network of widely-spread manufacturers into a single production unit. Thanks to our great network of roads, it makes little difference whether these co-operating companies are across town or across the country . . . Trucks and Trailers link them up with speedy service.

To keep this essential service going, the Industry must have prompt relief on a pressing problem — manpower. The industry is carrying on with only 30% of its skilled pre-war personnel. Now that married men are being drafted, it is estimated that 40% of this skeleton force is subject to call-up. If they are taken it will cripple highway transportation because it takes years to train good drivers.

The industry should be spared its remaining personnel. Or, at the very least, deferment should be made until spring, as skilled, experienced drivers are essential to keep the Trucks and Trailers rolling over dangerous wintery roads.

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FRUEHAUF TRAILERS
"Engineered Transportation"

Canada's Plans Ready for Post-War

BY ANNE FROMER

Canada's post-war program, undertaken almost at war's outbreak, is ready to go into action.

The combined reports of the Dominion's subcommittees on reconstruction are before the Prime Minister, in whose opinion "the time for their implementation has arrived".

CANADA'S national post-war program, which has been incubating since the early weeks of the war, is ready to emerge in official form. A short time ago Prime Minister King received from Dr. Cyril James, Principal of McGill University and chairman of the Advisory Committee on Reconstruction, a huge volume containing the combined reports of its subcommittees, the raw material for legislation which if it is to be in smooth working order by the end of the war, must be enacted well before the end of the war. The Prime Minister announced the event with the comment that he believed the time had come to implement this monumental series of studies.

What do these proposals promise for the Canada of tomorrow? Their scope is wide, touching the life and work of virtually every Canadian. They range from a new conception of agriculture, conservation and development of natural resources, post-war construction and public works projects, post-war employment, to the problem of what to do about the new generation of "working women" born of the war.

When peace returns to Canada, probably more individuals will be interested in agriculture than in any other single occupation. The line taken by the agricultural subcommittee, as expressed by Dr. James, is that the future of farming should not depend on the uncontrollable law of supply and demand, but should be incorporated in a new appraisal of the nutritional needs of the country as a whole and on her international role as a major food-producing nation.

The fact is that even in a country of "abundant food" like Canada, six out of 10 of the population do not get enough food of the right kind, and thus, given "optimum distribution and purchasing power" which other phases of the program are planning for, Canada has yet to reach the point where agricultural expansion should cease.

Other Food Factors

Two other factors will help maintain the demand for agricultural products at a high level: (1) The necessity, for months or even years after the war, of feeding disrupted peoples. (2) A domestic plan for government-sponsored distribution of food to that proportion of the population which will likely still need assistance, no matter how high the general level of employment and prosperity.

Not that the committee is advocating a haphazard "back to the land" stampede. It has taken care in its report to indicate the efficient number which can expect to achieve a reasonably good living on farms. It has obtained this information by means of a survey conducted by Professor W. B. Hurd on "contemporary demographic trends in relation to the agricultural development of Canada". This outlines the ration of urban and rural population, the number of farmers and acres required to feed that population, and the most suitable size for a farm in various localities.

Yet another investigation, by Hon. Donald McKenzie, goes even deeper into farm-factory relationship. He reports on the procedure of setting up industries in rural areas, to supplement the income and raise the living standard of the farm population unable to live adequately off the land alone, and to experiment with the possibilities of founding a dual industrial-agricultural economy, a "seasonal community" of which the population would work on farms in summer and in factories in the winter.

Soil in Poor Shape

But the farmlands of Canada are not ready, unaided, to support any great agricultural expansion. In the first place, much of the soil is in poor shape, due most recently to the fact that, to meet the wartime food emergency, many farms have been "mined"—crops harvested without proper rotation and fallowing; older causes are erosion and drought. Dr. James estimates that by the end of the war about one-third of all Canadian farm acreage will have deteriorated to the point where it will require three years of "doctoring", at a cost of several millions of dollars, to restore it to productivity.

In the second place, Canada's "farm pattern" never was carefully thought out. Land booms, high immigration and the vagaries of markets and prices resulted in an agricultural distribution which had little connection with the actual overall requirements of the nation's economy.

The correcting of these defects is part of the purpose of the subcommittee on conservation and development of resources. Parts of its plan—the changing of the prairies from a solely wheat-growing region to a mixed farming area—is already underway. Between the Rockies and central Manitoba, 3,000 miles of fence now enclose 1,250,000 acres in 67 community pastures. Another 1,500,000 acres will be changed from wheat to grass.

In addition, 50 separate water development projects are ready to be put into effect on the prairies. These will irrigate 2,234,000 acres, giving this area a total of more than 3,000,000 irrigated acres.

Forest Conservation

The conservation and development report also deals with forestry, mining and power. The forest conservation program calls for the formation, immediately after the war, or even sooner if possible, of a corps of 10,000 young, well-trained silviculturists, who themselves would train an even larger force for distribution across Canada. Their activities would include cleaning up forest "floors", marking trees which should be cut to maintain a healthy pattern of growth, building roads deep into forests so that they can be "harvested" to the best long-range advantage, damming rivers for transport of logs and for hydro power.

Dr. R. C. Wallace, principal of Queen's University and head of the subcommittee, maintains that the well-being of Canada's forests depends less on re-planting than on the proper care of young growth in areas which have been cut over or burned. A growth of only 14 cubic feet of wood per acre per year would be capable of replacing all depletions.

A more difficult task is that involved in "bringing back" mining, the subcommittee recognizes in its program. Gold has been a casualty of war. It has no priority, and little money has been devoted to prospecting and development. Many gold areas have "run down". Base metals such as copper, nickel and zinc, on the contrary, are being overworked to meet war's demands, and existing mines will be close to exhaustion by the time peace comes. The future of the strategic minerals, tungsten, molybdenite, magnesium and chromium in Canada, will remain in doubt until the trends of world markets are resolved after the war.

Meanwhile, in the case of all types of mining, gold base metals and strategic minerals, no new ground is being broken, no new discoveries made because of the manpower shortage in prospectors. Dr. Wallace holds the present system of royalty taxation responsible for a great part of the problem. He proposes that royalty taxation as high as $1 a ton on ore will have to be reduced if a large body of Canadian rock is not to be abandoned. At present this ore can-

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*Based on documents in our files
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not be worked profitably, and the closing of such mines means that their potential output will probably be lost forever, since the technique of mining makes it difficult to recover that kind of rock afterwards.

The report advises governments to consider tax revenue from mines as a long-term source of income, and spread taxes over a number of years to permit lower-grade ore to be worked. It might even be advisable to bonus mines until they became established producers.

Hundreds of new prospectors would be trained as soon as they are available, in the new and more scientific techniques of locating ore deep under clay. Almost all of Canada's mineral wealth which lies under rock, and therefore more easily located by traditional prospecting methods has long since been thoroughly gone over. To lend incentive to the new prospectors, discoveries would be bonused by the government.

Distribution Problem

The post-war problem of electric power is not the need to expand, but to distribute the product of an already over-expanded system. When war plants shut down, some 3,000,000 horsepower, or one-third of all the electricity now generated in Canada, will be "thrown on the market", and this is probably considerably more than can be absorbed even by industries returning to peacetime production. The answer is seen in rural electrification. It is calculated that on the average throughout Canada, 80 per cent of the farms are potential new customers for electricity.

All the projects of the conservation and development subcommittee add up to a tremendous demand for manpower, and this end of the program is under the jurisdiction of the post-war construction subcommittee. This group, however, has also had to plan for short-range unemployment problems which may result when industry is being "re-tooled" for peacetime production.

It is in this respect that the reconstruction program comes nearest to the old "relief project" of depression days—but with several important differences. There will be no "dirt moving" jobs simply to provide an excuse for paying for "work done". Instead every road to be built leads somewhere, every bridge will be constructed because it fills a need, every school, hospital, library, will be erected, every park and airport laid out as a planned asset to the community and country.

In conjunction with the subcommittee on housing and town planning, the construction experts are also recommending a nation-wide public and government-assisted homebuilding program. This would be administered by a peacetime counterpart of Wartime Housing Limited, the government-owned company which has erected thousands of prefabricated homes for war workers in congested areas.

The housing program as proposed would not mean merely the erection of houses on vacant lots, or replacing old, demolished buildings, or even in new residential areas conventionally laid out. It envisages an entirely new conception of town planning, with prefabricated homes grouped in communities of predetermined and limited size. These communities would be "insulated" from the down-town and industrial areas of cities by "green-belts" of park, and the houses themselves would face, not the streets, but parks and gardens.

The homes would be designed for persons who normally cannot afford to pay more than $20 to $35 a month rent, and where necessary the government would in effect "subsidize" the occupants by charging rents no larger than that range. Financing would be jointly undertaken by federal, provincial and municipal governments, and the whole scheme would be introduced to the public by "demonstration communities" built at selected centres across Canada.

Special Agency

All these programs would create hundreds of thousands of jobs, and it was foreseen that a separate agency would be needed to channel the workers into the most suitable employment. This is the subcommittee on post-war employment opportunities. Its report contemplates three aspects: The continuation in enlarged form of the features of National Selective Service, the retraining of demobilized men and war industry workers for new jobs, and the eventual reformation of Canada's education system to key it to the country's industrial expansion.

Just how women will participate in the return to a peacetime economy is still being evolved. The subcommittee on the post-war problems of women has not yet been able to make its report—it is waiting, as it were, for the women of Canada to make up their collective minds, or at any rate to express their verdict. One thing is sure: Women and their influence will be as definitely "among those present" in the years following the war as they were when it was being fought.

irst troops ashore on enemy-occu- ied coasts are the men of the Royal avy who comprise what is known Naval Beach Parties. Like this oung officer they wear special aterproof suits and carry the light ms used by crack Commando troops.

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You may never hear the urgent cry, "Action Stations", may never be in a commando raid—but you play a vital part in Canada's march to victory just the same! Your task may seem humdrum and unimportant, but Canadian sailors keeping vigil on the high seas . . . soldiers on far-off battlefields . . . airmen winging over Germany, are depending on you. For their sake, you've got to keep fit . . . you must always feel your best so that you can do your best, no matter what your job.

• • •

Here's a friendly tip for those mornings when you wake up feeling heavy-headed and sluggish due to the need of a laxative—take *speedy* Sal Hepatica!

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Our Booming Foreign Service

BY FRANCIS FLAHERTY

Canada's international relations have grown at a terrific pace since the beginning of the war, says Mr. Flaherty, who is a well known Ottawa press gallery writer.

Diplomatic careers are definitely on the cards for some hundreds of young Canadians, and now is the time for students and teachers to take cognizance of this fact.

Some nations may count on finding rich men to perform these tasks for the glory that accompanies them, but in Canada we shall probably have to pay real salaries if we want really good diplomats.

A HARD-PRESSED External Affairs Department at Ottawa has a difficult time grappling with one of the consequences of Canada's emergence as a world power. The particular concern of that department is to transact the nation's business with other governments and carry on the official and diplomatic conversations and communications which go with a world power status.

In four years of war that work has vastly increased for two reasons: first because the day to day conduct of the war necessitates an immense volume of correspondence between Canada and the principal allied nations with whose war effort the Canadian effort is most closely linked, notably the United Kingdom, the United States, Australia and New Zealand; secondly because by reason of Canada's role in the conduct of the war and prospective post-war status in terms of military and economic power other states have sought to establish diplomatic relations with this country.

Fortunately the External Affairs Department had a nucleus of brilliant and able young men recruited and trained under the late Dr. O. D. Skelton when war broke out. Many of them had experience in one or more of the few pre-war Canadian missions abroad. In the normal course of events in a more securely established diplomatic service, they would have moved up to become ministers or heads of missions. Instead they were called back to Ottawa to man key administrative posts.

It was, however, ill-prepared to cope with the rush of expansion in Canadian offices abroad and missions of other countries settling in Canada which soon developed. A tightening manpower situation which affected the highly qualified type of person required for diplomatic service earlier than it affected others contributed to the difficulty.

When war broke out Canada had some five missions abroad. Now, despite the closing down of the missions to Japan, France, Belgium and Holland, there are 14 including the New York consulate. At the outbreak of war some six countries were represented in Ottawa by ministers and now 19 are so represented. Some have not waited for Canada to agree to reciprocate before sending ministers here. Others are anxious to exchange ministers. It is recognized as desirable that as soon as possible after the war ends, if not before, legations should be opened in the other Latin-American countries in addition to the three now covered, Brazil, Argentine, Chile. Mexico, Peru and Cuba would appear to be especially urgent.

Mainly Career Men

Thus the prospect is for continued expansion after the war for, in time, representation will be needed in Italy, Germany and Japan and direct contact with India, the one important Empire state with which there has been no exchange of high commissioners, will also be needed A legation will again be needed in Paris and probably one in each of the countries whose exiled governments are now reached through Maj.-Gen. Georges Vanier's mission in London, Poland, Greece, Czecho-slovakia, Yugoslavia, Belgium, Holland, Norway.

Diplomatic careers are definitely on the cards for some hundreds of young Canadians and educational institutions with their students are already beginning to take note of the fact. This is evidenced by increasing interest in the study of Spanish and Portuguese.

So far strict civil service principles have not been applied in the appointments to the higher posts in the Canadian diplomatic service. Ministers and high commissioners have usually been chosen from men who have attained to both maturity and distinction in some other sphere of activity, politics, business, law. It is logical to expect, however, that in the future career men will move up to these posts although of necessity for some time yet a number of ministers may be appointed from outside the service and perhaps in recognition of party services. As representation abroad has grown to be of more consequence the United States has tended to allot more and more important posts to career men at the expense of political appointees while the British foreign office adheres fairly strictly to the principle of promotion from within the ranks, rather than bringing in distinguished outsiders at the top.

In Britain and the United States the diplomatic service has tended to attract to it a good number of men of independent means who would if not wealthy seek more remunerative careers. The role of a diplomat in a foreign capital trying to maintain a front in keeping with his position on a small salary is not an enviable one. Canada is not now, and with present trends in income and inheritance taxes is not likely in future to be, blessed with a large number of capable men of wealth willing to serve the country.

The government may be confronted with a choice of paying salaries which will appear to the tax-payers to be out of line with civil service and other salaries in Canada or accepting a second-rate personnel for the foreign service. It may take some salesmanship and courage on the part of governments in the next few years to justify the kind of diplomatic establishment the world will expect this country to maintain before the House of Commons and the electors.

All appointments to secretarial posts in the External Affairs Department since 1940 have been temporary appointments because men had to be secured quickly without regard to pre-war standards of academic qualification and it was felt it would be unfair to potential appointees who are in the armed services to allow the service to become filled up during the war with permanent officials acquiring seniority.

The normal system of appointments which will be restored after the war is on the basis of competitive examinations and the examinations are stiff. Successful applicants are appointed on a temporary basis for one year and, if found satisfactory, are given permanent appointments.

University graduation is required and post-graduate study in political economy, political science, history, or law is preferred. Proficiency in one other modern language besides French or English is desirable and the applicant who knows both English and French with a third language is still more desirable. The mastery of any third language, however, is of less importance than willingness and ability to learn a new language as required. The service can not expect to keep on hand a sufficient number of men competent in all languages so that men with Russian will be always available to fill vacancies in Moscow. As a basis for the acquisition of additional modern languages a knowledge of the classics is useful, and however great a man's linguistic and other academic attainments may be, the diplomatic service is no place for one who hopes to close his books when he leaves college.

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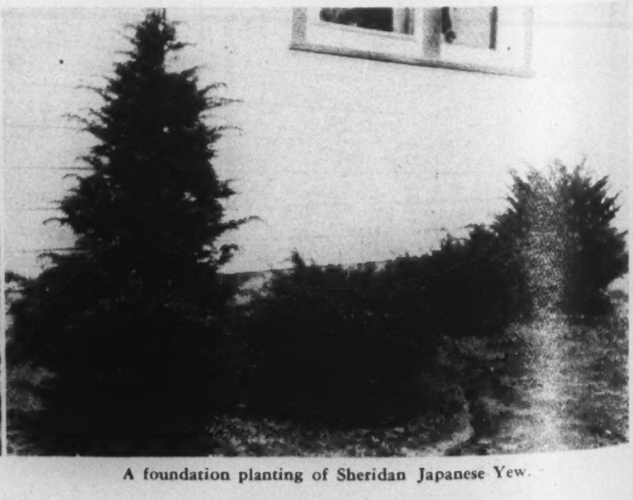
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Locating the Missing on a World-Wide Basis

BY FRITZ MUELLER-SORAU

In this poignant article by a refugee now in Canada is contained a suggestion which if competently carried out on an international scale should greatly alleviate the misery of many hundreds of thousands of the victims of Europe's appalling chaos.

The essence of the proposal is the complete international standardization of all the forms to be employed in carrying on the search for persons who have been lost track of by their relatives.

This article may be reprinted, in whole or in part, by any periodical which desires to assist in the promulgation of the idea.

I DO not know whether someone else has already had the same idea (it is quite likely), but even at the risk of being branded as an ill-informed plagiarist I feel urged to lay before the public the following.

To-day very much is said and written about post-war planning, and that is only right, for how we all hope and pray this war will come to a speedy end, and it is really imperative to face in a cold-blooded way—but nevertheless warm-heartedly—the peace problems. It is an inescapable duty to take care of the temporal necessities (food, shelter, etc.) of the life of the people. But man cannot find in them his only satisfaction. Life, to be sure, is rather the association and connection of one being with another; the mutual help, be it on a larger scale, as in the state, or in its smallest unit—without which the larger one cannot exist in the long run—the family.

But it is just this last mentioned unit, the family, which is torn asunder in many countries, whether the single members have fled or emigrated, been deported, or slaughtered. Hundreds of thousands, even millions, of people will try after the war to find their husbands, their wives, their parents and children, or at least they will try to find out what has happened to them. *And many of those millions will search in vain, for it will be almost impossible for the single individual—both in regard to time and possibilities — to carry out such a quest unaided.*

Let me tell here shortly my own fate as an illustration, for it is a typical example of what will happen after the war. I left Germany shortly before war broke out, and unfortunately was forced to leave behind an old father and aged aunt. My emigration was projected to Shanghai via England. Instead I found hospitality here in Canada. The last news concerning my father, which I received long ago, was a tiny slip of paper from the German Red Cross attached to a few unanswered Red Cross letters of mine, telling me in laconic language that "the whereabouts of the recipient of these letters according to the information of the local police cannot be ascertained." That means in plain terms: deported, thrown into a concentration camp, or dead. After the war, when I shall write to the police of the town where my father lived for a generation, I will hear at best that he died on this and this date, or that he was deported. And that will be all. And if I shall write to acquaintances or former friends in this town, probably they will know still less, or I shall not get any answer at all, for many will have left the place or will no longer be alive.

As with me, so it is with uncounted masses. Husband and wife separated, their children taken away and somewhere and somehow brought up, suffering upon suffering, mental agony and anguish, a vast tragedy which certainly cannot be entirely remedied. But that ought not to blind us to the possibilities which lie within our human power. Organization has been employed so often for negative purposes, why should we not use it for positive ones, too? What can we do? Simply the following:

International Organization

In every town, in every village, a Search Bureau will be called into being. It can be maintained jointly by local organizations (churches, service clubs, refugee committees, etc.) so that no great expenditures will arise. It is essential that in every place, no matter how small or big, *there is one and only one bureau.* Anyone searching for relatives or friends goes to that office, makes there the necessary declarations as completely as they are known to him (names, dates, birth-place, last places of residence, etc.), and with this his task is accomplished. The local S.B. sends now *one* Search Letter to every one of the places in question, and another one to a main office. Is my father, for instance, still alive, his S. L. will come together with the one I have filed, the contact is made, and the mission of the International Search Bureau is completed.

Why ought it to be an international organization? Because sometimes members of a family are scattered over the whole earth, therefore the search-letters—in order to be understood in the bureau of each town or hamlet of the different countries—must be standardized, so excluding errors in so far as possible. For if it were left to every country or every local office to design its own forms, a disastrous jumble would result, and every office would need a host of translators. All this can be prevented, and at the same time the work considerably accelerated, if the forms are the same in every country, and every helper in the smallest village (even if he does not understand the language on the form) knows for instance that column 3 supplies this information, and column 10 that. For the same reason it may be necessary to use symbols to a great extent. But all this is only a matter of organization,. and details will be worked out as soon as this idea is translated into reality!

Only an international organization—supported by the governments of all countries—will be in a position to bring a solution to this question so important to the happiness of the individual, and consequently to the welfare of the whole state. I wonder which country will take the lead in this matter?

Although I am conscious of the fact that many "cases" will never get an answer, that many unsolved "files" will gather dust, that in spite of all organization and the best of intentions many people will be separated from their loved ones for the remainder of this life, yet this should not prevent us from doing what we can. The writer of this article would be very grateful for every suggestion in this line. He may be addressed in care of SATURDAY NIGHT.

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Let's Give Teachers the Respect They Deserve

BY J. W. BRUNT

For years the teaching profession has been a very neglected pillar in our system.

Our teachers have been in the 'hired servant' class. Financially the men have been rewarded somewhere between the street-sweepers and the mechanics, the women have often received less than domestics.

Recently the war and its shortage of manpower have given us some appreciation of the value of our educators and all teachers have been 'frozen'. After the war if our educational system is to prosper the teaching profession must be given proper respect.

THROUGHOUT the ages the social importance of the teacher has never been the subject of controversy; he has always been a lowly being, the butt of the humorist, the man who was supposed to be so unworldly—or simple—that he could be ignored when others grouped together to gather a little more material wealth. From the time when slaves taught Greek to Roman boys, to the present day when they are "frozen" to their job, the teachers have been content with work as almost their sole reward. Some say that this is due to the lack of professional qualifications; certainly this was true in the days when the retired soldier or the broken-down parson could "teach school", with the indispensable aid of a big stick, but to-day it is probably the range of these qualifications—from a ninth year "graduation" to a Ph.D.—that is the bar to professional recognition.

In Great Britain the teacher has been long accepted as a valuable member of society, and he has kept up his social value by means of the powerful National Union of Teachers, with a member of parliament at its head. No doubt the passing of the Education Act of 1870, with its compulsory education, its feared truant officers, and the stake that the government had (fifty per cent of the cost), made of the teacher a sort of civil servant. At any rate, he was a white collar man, in the days when that ensured social prestige. If he taught in a secondary school, the mark of the university was upon him and he became a member of the "middle classes." In Canada no such recognition and power are the lot of the teacher, in spite of efforts to get automatic membership and so raise the standard to that of a profession.

What is a teacher? We have "Professor Jones" who teaches the rudiments of the piano at fifty cents an hour, "Professor Baker," the eminent psychologist and palm reader who gives advice for fifty cents and up, using his psychological knowledge to determine how much is "up"—in fact, the existence of a "bowling academy" makes one suspect that a "professor" is in charge.

One may reply that we have, too, the engineer, who presides over the boiler room, and the superintendent who, if you are nice to him, gives you hot water in your apartment, and the "doctor", who is a member of that vast army of honorary degree holders, but let any unauthorized doctor or engineer stray into the field of the elect, and the majesty of the law is invoked, and not in vain. The power of formidable bodies protects the bona fide professional man, and rightly so, when he has spent of his time and substance to learn his profession. But the teacher ranges in training and efficiency from the girl who hasn't finished high school but still may "learn 'em good" to the learner who feels that he can never know enough about children or his chosen subject-matter field.

The 'Hired Servant'

No wonder, then, that he cannot be rated, and that the public cannot be blamed if he isn't appreciated at his value, for that value varies too much. Even in pre-1940 days his rating was low, somewhere between the street-sweeper and the mechanic—that is, if the rating is measured in terms of money, and in spite of lofty sentiments from speakers at school closings, financial success is generally the criterion. As for *her* rating, the woman teacher was in many places paid less than the domestic servant and often less sure of getting her wages.

Socially the teacher was a "hired servant"—hired and fired—not by one master or mistress, but by a board which was, especially in rural districts, peculiarly susceptible to the complaints of sensitive parents. The woman teacher who furtively smoked a cigarette in her room, or who attended dances outside the school district and its eyes, or who refused to teach in the local Sunday school, did not last long. In urban centres the teacher, it is true, was less subjected to petty persecutions, but any suspicion of immorality (taking a glass of beer, or worse still, supporting an unorthodox political party) resulted in dismissal or loss of promotion.

It is not long since an ex-teacher, now politically prominent, was threatened with the loss of his position when he became an election candidate. On the other hand, another teacher, a superintendent, not only became an M.P. but actually retained his school job. It would be unfair, of course, to draw any conclusions from the fact that the first teacher was actually teaching and also a member of a political party then looked on with suspicion, while the second gentleman was an "administrator" and an active leader of one of the two major political groups.

Times have changed since then and the poor pedagogue now can take his part in civic, nay even in dominion affairs. Teachers' groups, especially in Ontario and the West, have become vocal and insist on being listened to, and since the old law of supply and demand still holds, they are being heeded respectfully. This war, while it has brought destruction and misery, has awakened people to a social consciousness never before known, and as part of this awakening the value of education, and hence of the educator, is being recognized.

What effect has this war had on the status of the teacher? At the beginning of the conflict the R.C.A.F. welcomed teachers, both as instructors in navigation and potential pilots, while the other services have taken a big share of the younger men teachers. (It is a sad commentary on the public's valuation of education that most of these men are earning higher incomes in their new jobs.)

A recent report summarized the actual situation in these words: "Removal of a few hundred key-men, e.g., inspectors, principals of rural high schools, male assistant teachers, etc., has created a vacancy which, under present conditions, it is impossible to fill satisfactorily."

The report goes on to say that the moving of rural teachers to city schools and to higher paid war work has resulted in there being many empty classrooms and many more classes taught by unqualified teachers. As far back as January, 1943, there were more than three thousand unqualified teachers in the schools; today most of the provinces report shortages with little or no prospect of replacements, since the reserve, mostly married women who had returned to the schools, has been exhausted.

Frozen but Draftable

There is no need to dwell on the results of this situation. The increase in juvenile delinquency, the handing over to women of adolescent boys, the increasing strain and difficulty of guiding youths whose minds are on fighting and averse to formal education, all these factors impose a tremendous task on the old guard of teachers. And before long many of these, old and tired, will retire to draw their pensions, if they live long enough.

What of the future? The tragedy of war repeats itself; our best young men, actual and potential teachers, are being used up and the outlook for the schools is indeed dark. The report referred to recommends that "no teacher with as much as twelve years of professional training and experience should be subject to draft," but the horse has already escaped from the stable, many of the finest of the profession have already gone.

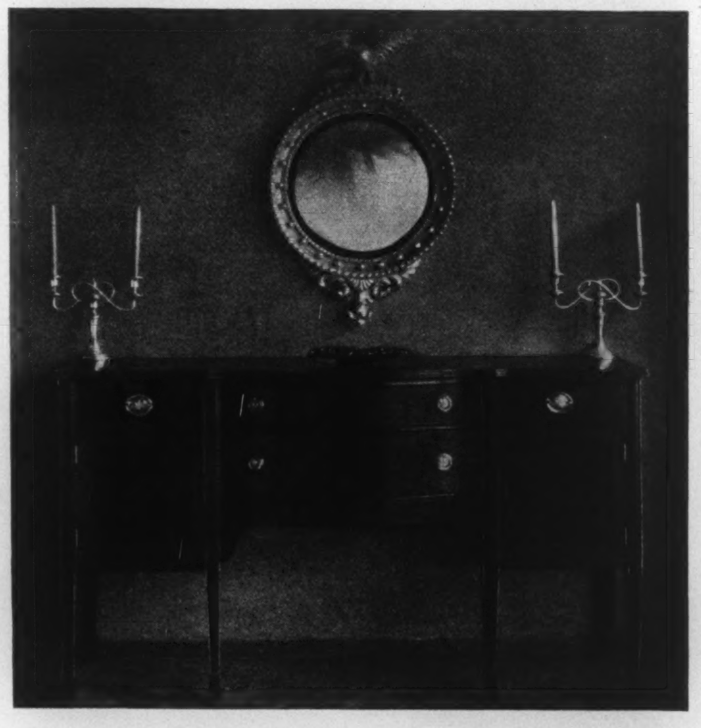
What is the remedy? The government has now "frozen" teachers and thereby put them in the humiliating position of having to ask for deferment. The teacher is now too important to be allowed to leave the classroom and join the ranks of workers in war industries, but he is not important enough to be exempted from the draft. Hundreds of young teachers will scorn to ask for deferment; they will join up with the other "boys" and feel better for it, even though they may realize that their teaching job is a vital one and the government tells them so.

What the government does not realize is that a man—and especially a young man—is an emotional being, patriotic and adventure-loving, valuing the esteem of his fellow men, and that therefore the rather condescending offer of a Divisional Registrar to give him deferment, for which he must apply every so often, is not appreciated.

Certainly the public appreciates his services; parents who not long ago ignored him write anxious letters to the newspapers for they see their children as sheep having no shepherd; the school boards, harassed by the growing shortages and at last compelled to raise salaries almost to the level of those of apprentices in machine shops, appreciate him too: it is strikingly evident that the armed services appreciate him and clamour for him. What will government do?

CHURCH ARMY

While General Montgomery drives the Germans back, his niece, Miss F. Stanley Hobart, drives a Church Army Mobile Canteen. Here she is seen cutting hair in army style.



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The City of Rock Shelters

BY COLIN McDONALD

Chungking symbolizes steadfastness to Chinese almost as Stalingrad does to Russians. The city stands on a rock, into which dugouts 20, 30 and 40 feet deep have been driven; over 500,000 people can now find shelter underground.

Chungking is at once a medieval city fast being converted into a modern capital, and a modern city undergoing long-range siege.

ALTHOUGH founded nearly 2000 years ago, Chungking is in many respects the ideal "blitz" capital of today. The Chinese see no cause for surprise in this, because the two characters which make up the name Chungking, together augur twofold blessing.

Before the outbreak of war in China six years ago today, few readers of auguries could have guessed the part which Chungking was going to play in the life of the nation. Yet the ancient city, slumbering away the centuries by the banks of the swift-flowing Yangtze in the far interior of China, was only awaiting the summons of war to play a part hardly less heroic in Chinese eyes than the defence of Verdun or the siege of Stalingrad.

When the summons came, with the first air attack on Chungking, which I witnessed, the inhabitants "took it" in the same spirit as the people of Nanking, Canton and Hankow, where I also saw many of the raids. The passive attitude of the masses, so often a source of weakness for the nation in time of peace, thus became a source of strength in time of war.

Curiously enough, too, many of the things which were a handicap to Chungking before the war helped it to come through the trials of the blitz when it found itself in the front line.

The first of these, of course, was the weather. Everyone today has heard the Chinese saying, "The dogs bark in Chungking when the sun comes out." For months on end it is difficult, if not impossible, for the Japanese to bomb the city, because they cannot come down through the low hanging clouds without the risk of hitting the high hills on either side of the river.

During the past six years Chungking has suffered many raids, and the inhabitants, mindful of the clear days when they were made, coined a new saying, "A good day is a bad day, a bad day is a good day," which they repeated with the emphasis of bitter experience.

Thanks to the clouds, fogs and rains which obscure the city for the greater part of the year, the Chinese have enjoyed long respites in which to repair the damage done by the bombers. Here again the backwardness of Chungking in time of peace has been an advantage in time of war, for, most of the buildings being constructed of lath and plaster, it has been the easiest thing in the world to run them up again.

With their huge reserves of labor the Chinese have no need to wait until the war is over to start rebuilding Chungking. Besides cutting broad new roads through the areas ravaged by bomb and fire, they are also running up many fine new stone and brick buildings. Most of these buildings are required for Government offices, because the city, already just as crowded as London or Washington, is expanding all the time.

THE smaller shopkeepers, when they are bombed out of their sketchy buildings, spread their wares on the pavements—painted scarves, straw sandals, foreign cigarettes, bamboo hats, patent medicines—and chaffer away while new premises of lath and plaster are going up in a matter of days or weeks.

There is nothing ephemeral, however, about the rock on which the city stands. The founders of Chungking, thinking in terms of bows and arrows selected it for its commanding position between two rivers. But they also unconsciously presented their descendants of today with a ready-made fortress for resisting air attack.

As soon as Chungking became China's wartime capital, the authorities set about building dug-outs 20, 30 and 40 feet deep in the solid rock. Living in Chungking one ceased to notice the clink of hammer and chisel and the dull boom of blasting which has been going on for the past six years. Over 500,000 people can now find shelter underground, and, as I once told the Japanese in Shanghai, they can bomb the place for 100 years without even denting it.

THE biggest difference between London and Chungking is the black-out. German airplanes can reach London in seven minutes from the coast, but it takes Japanese airplanes at least an hour to reach Chungking. The Chinese, with their wonderful system of air raid warnings, worked out in zones, know exactly where they are, almost from the moment they take off, and can plunge the city into darkness at the last moment by simply pulling a switch in the main power-house. Anyone rash enough to flash a torch during a raid is liable to be shot by the police.

The same note of "austerity" has been extended to every phase of life in Chungking. The authorities treat the foreigner in their midst with their usual courtesy, but allow no laxity among their own people. Cabarets, expensive meals, drinking, dancing and all forms of self-indulgence are strictly forbidden.

The old Chinese custom of serving tea, in the home or office as soon as a visitor enters, is being replaced by the war-time custom of giving him a glass of hot water. The foreigner who feels in need of stimulant can resort to synthetic gin or local vodka. I have even been invited to drink "absinthe" made by a Breton sailor who found some roots in the hills around Chungking.

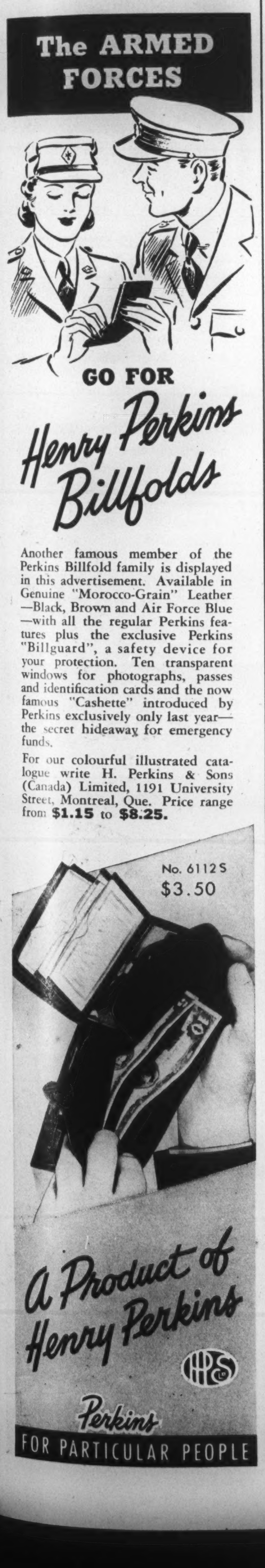
With petrol strictly rationed, only high officials, army officers and diplomats are permitted to run motor-cars. But there are plenty of other forms of transport—wobbly rickshaws which career down the slippery, muddy streets at breakneck speed, sedan chairs swung along by two or more sure-footed bearers; stocky little ponies which trot up and down hundreds of stone steps leading from the water's edge into the hills. If you know someone in the foreign military missions you may even get a lift in a jeep.

THE bulk of the inhabitants, unused to luxuries from abroad, are for the most part neither better nor worse off than before. But the little foreign community, for whom such luxuries are really necessities, is entirely dependent on the single air line to India for its supplies. When forced to resort to the local shops, it is a case of paying fabulous prices in terms of exchange, and such things as medicines, if available, are sold not by the bottle but by the tablet.

Compared with London and most of the other war capitals, life in Chungking is not without its compensations. Although prices are rising with inflation, food is not rationed. The province of Szechwan, in which Chungking is situated, is rich in game, eggs and oranges. No coupons are required for clothes, and while fantastic prices are charged for second-hand garments, especially foreign suits or dresses, it is no disgrace to be shabbily dressed.

Life in Chungking today offers the double contrasts of a medieval city which is fast being converted, under the stress of war, into a modern capital, and of a modern city undergoing long-range siege. The picture is sometimes not a little confusing—rat-infested huts clinging to the cliff side above the swirling yellow waters of the Yangtze, fine new Government buildings, and a parachute tower from which young girls leap with no more concern than the most seasoned paratrooper—yet with all its complexities the outline is plain.

After six years of war Chungking is today more than ever China's city of twofold promise. But there is also another augury by which the Chinese set great store. The war began on the Double Seventh—the seventh day of the seventh month. Double dates like this are esteemed in China because most of the important festivals fall on double dates, including, of course, the Double Tenth, which marks the overthrow of the Manchus and the birth of modern China.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1 cupful of sour milk
1 cupful of bran
1 cupful of flour
½ teaspoonful of soda
½ teaspoonful of salt
1 teaspoonful of baking powder
2 or 3 apples

APPLE MUFFINS

Cream the shortening with the sugar until well blended. Add the beaten egg. Stir in the bran and milk alternately with the flour, which has been sifted, measured and sifted again with the other dry ingredients. Fill greased muffin tins about two-thirds full. Place three slices of apple on top of each muffin. Bake in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—for twenty minutes. Makes twelve medium muffins.

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A Lampman Discovery

AT THE LONG SAULT and Other New Poems, by Archibald Lampman. Edited, with an Introduction by Prof. E. K. Brown and with a foreword by Duncan Campbell Scott. (Ryerson, $2.00.)

AN EVENT of importance is the discovery and publication of this body of beautiful verse. Through the interest of Duncan Campbell Scott, and of the poet's daughter, Mrs. T. Loftus MacInnes of Ottawa, Professor Brown was given access to the manuscripts and his appreciative and discerning introduction is completely worthy. 'The poems in this little volume," he writes, "will, we hope, enrich the treasure and aid, in their degree, to make the best of Lampman's work a living thing in every country where the language he used with such patient and suggestive fidelity is the language men speak."

The title-poem, *At The Long Sault*, re-tells the story of Daulac and the immortal Sixteen who fought and died in 1660 to save Montreal from an Indian massacre. There is a fierce energy that surprises a lover of Lampman in these lines:

"So Daulac turned him anew
With a ringing cry to his men
In the little, raging forest glen,
And his terrible sword whistled and slew,
And all his comrades stood
With their backs to the pales and fought
Till their strength was done."

But the most gracious part of this new collection is a series of love-sonnets glowing with a passion that (one thought) he had reserved for the beauties of inanimate Nature.

"There is no single hour for me, no place
Unhallowed by her presence, nobly sweet;
The slender form, so deftly made for grace,
From the pure forehead to the wingèd feet.
....To her forever, like storm-stainèd ships
To the old havens, all my thoughts return—
Return and lie close moored—to rest a while
By some stored look or some long-treasured smile."

Thanks are due to Professor Brown for a worthy task well done.

Mary Quayle Innes, author of the gay novel of Canadian family life and its troubles, 'Stand on a Rainbow.'

Steel in India

A STEEL MAN IN INDIA by John L. Keenan in collaboration with Leonore Sorsby. (Collins, $3.75.)

HERE'S an Irish-American iron-and-steel man, trained at Gary, Indiana, who helped to organize and finally managed the immense blast furnaces and rolling mills at Jamshedpur in India; the Tata mills. Strangely enough he has no criticism of the British Government or the British people in their attitude towards India, though he complains with force of obscurantist British business men who had the notion that the manufacture of steel was a cut above Indian capacity, and of some minor Englishmen of the Civil Service whose snobbery was an affliction. But the dominant men of the service won his admiration.

Jamshedjee Tata, a wealthy Indian of Parsee family, long dreamed of all-Indian steel but he found little or no favor in London, despite the fact that he had located rich iron ore and coal in close neighborhood, little more than a hundred miles from Calcutta. So he went to the United States in 1902 and interested George Westinghouse and Mark Hanna. Through them he got into touch with the biggest steel engineers and designers in the country, and his personality as well as his dream brought their ardent co-operation.

In 1907, his son, having failed to interest investors in London, offered to the Indian people the chance to finance the proposed plant. In eight days nine thousand people subscribed for the entire capital stock, and later when £400,000 was needed to provide working capital the Maharaja of Gwalior took over the whole bond-issue. By 1916 the plant was turning out 150,000 tons of steel a year and contributing mightily to the war-effort of that time. In peace time it employs 70,000 men. Now it is the greatest asset of the Allies in the far east.

The story is news to ninety per cent. of the people in this country and should have the widest circulation, not alone for the facts it presents but for the vigor and intensity of the writing.

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF OLIVER GOLDSMITH, Edited by Rev. Wilfrid E. Myatt, with a foreword by Dr. Lorne Pierce. (Ryerson, $2.50.)

THE first Canadian-born poet was a grand-nephew and namesake of the famous author of *The Deserted Village*. His poem of 582 lines entitled *The Rising Village* was printed in London in 1825 and reprinted in *The Canadian Review and Magazine* in February, 1826. This autobiography in manuscript is the property of Mrs. Elizabeth Goldsmith Tufts, of West Arlington, N.S.

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Concerning Three Ladies

BY W. S. MILNE

STAR IN A MIST, by Arthur Stringer. (McClelland and Stewart, $3.00).

KATHRINE, by Hans Habe. (Macmillan, $3.25.)

KITTY, by Rosamond Marshall. (Collins, $3.00.)

OF THESE three novels, Stringer's "Star in a Mist" may be quickly disposed of. Part of it has already appeared in "The Saturday Evening Post" under another name, "The Call." It is the tale of a small-town girl who struggles to success as an actress, only to desert the stage in favor of a husband. No book about the theatre can be wholly dull, and when the book happens to be written by as slick and experienced a fictioneer as Arthur Stringer, it may prove most readable. But all through it, we have an uneasy feeling that we read the whole thing before somewhere, only the characters had different names. Booth Tarkington and Sinclair Lewis have both done the same thing very much better already. The minor characters are vivid enough, but the heroine never succeeds in convincing the reader that she really is an actress.

"Kathrine," translated from the German by Harry Hansen, is an involved psychological study of a woman who, in order to give her fatherless daughter a name and position, becomes the mistress of a wealthy French automobile manufacturer. The book moves slowly, unfolding its story in maddeningly deliberate fashion. Yet, by the time we lay it down, we have been made to see the heroine as a three-dimensional character, and enter into her somewhat involved mental and emotional reactions. The later stages of the story occur in Paris on the eve of the German invasion of Poland, and present a vivid and depressing picture of the collapse of French society from within. This is not a pleasant book, but it has the merit of artistic integrity; it is sincerely written by someone who has something to say. Its author was born in Budapest, and had to flee to France for his anti-Nazi writings. He fought in the French army before the collapse, and is at present in the American forces overseas. Habe succeeds in making us understand more clearly what happened to France, while apparently engaged in showing us what happened to certain individuals. He makes us believe completely in both. If one can like a book for its style and sincerity, while disliking most of the characters in it, then one can like "Kathrine." It is well done, but I shall not read it again.

"Kitty" belongs to the same profession as Kathrine, but her psychological processes are less involved. This is an historical romance of the eighteenth century in England, when Gainsborough was painting his duchesses. Kitty is a waif from the kennels of Houndsditch, who is befriended and painted by Gainsborough, and falls in love with the famous "Blue Boy." Later, she becomes the protegée of a somewhat down-at-heels nobleman, who becomes a seedy Pygmalion to a dazzling Galatea. Red-haired Kitty becomes wife and widow successively of a wealthy ironfounder. Then she marries an elderly Duke, and her wealth and position now give her opportunity to pioneer in slum clearance and free education. The duke's death leaves her free to meet the original of the "Blue Boy." From nameless guttersnipe to Duchess of Malminster, with other conquests in store, Kitty's career is colorful and uninhibited. Not even Defoe at his frankest—the Defoe of "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana"—can outdo 'Kitty," but unlike Defoe, the book is free from hypocritical moralizing, and if Kitty repents, as is finally hinted, it is unlikely to last long. The book is written with zest and a matter-of-factness in matters physical that leaves us a little breathless. Miss Marshall, its author, has hitherto been known as one of the world's best mountain-climbers and the author of a prize-winning story for children. She is evidently determined not to be "typed," for "Kitty" is not for the immature, physically, mentally or morally.

A Generation Indicted

JOURNEY IN THE DARK, a novel, by Martin Flavin. (Musson, $3.00)

SAM BRADEN, of Wyattville, Iowa, the son of a shiftless, lazy father and a fine mother, knew the cruel bite of poverty in his earliest years, and resolved to be rich. From his mother he had inherited character and diligence, also a shy sensitiveness that goaded and shamed him. From clerking in a store he turned to telegraphy, thence to selling wallpaper for a Chicago house, thence to a partnership in manufacturing, and on to millionairedom.

But his older brother was a race-track bum, his favorite sister a tenth-grade actress. His first wife never loved him. His second died while still comparatively young, and he was estranged from his son. He had everything—and nothing. At the last his son was shot down in flames and he had less than nothing. It's a theme as old as the truth, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

In the development of the theme the author indicts a generation. His picture of the United States in the mad 'twenties is savagely true. The era of depression and doubt is no less accurately drawn; a whole nation stumbling about like a blind man who has lost his white cane. The old gods are dead, and the old, endearing gospel that money answereth all things is a lie.

But the author is not writing with the sense of mockery. He is rather laying down the elements of tragedy, not of one man alone but of a people, perhaps of a world. The spirit evoked is that of high pity, such as makes *Hamlet* and *Lear* memorable.

The construction of the tale is unusual but amazingly effective. A dramatic scene is presented and the meaning of it is pressed home by "flashbacks", and then by still earlier scenes returning to the early childhood of the characters. Then follow another conflict and a similar carry-back. The psychology of each figure in the action is carried back to its beginning; a *tour de force* of characterization.

The only weakness discernible is in making a timid "introvert" successful in so definitely an "extrovert" vocation as salesmanship. The answer to that criticism may be that in the 20's anybody could sell anything.

The writing is vivid but never lush or "precious." The approach is always objective. Altogether, a fine piece of craftsmanship, so good that you never think of the author and his cleverness. It is broad and warm in sympathy and continually moving. *Journey in the Dark* is the Harpers prize novel for 1943.

Wallace Stegner, author of "The Big Rock Candy Mountain," one of the most notable of the recent novels.

IT'S 'ARD TO STAY CLEAN IN THE COUNTRY, by Kay Grant. (McClelland & Stewart, $1.35.)

ANOTHER collection of rowdy rhymes for the troops by an Australian newspaper woman with a naughty little twinkle in her eye.

DUNKIRK, a Memorial, by Arthur Bryant. (Macmillans, 10c.)

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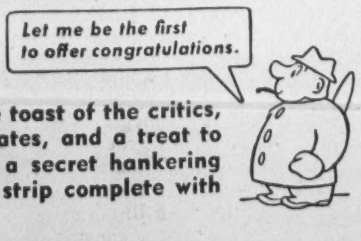
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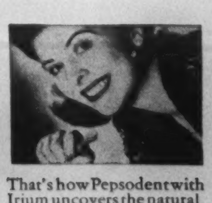

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WORLD OF WOMEN

A Miniature Indoor Garden

BY C. F. GREEVES-CARPENTER

MINIATURE gardens include many types, such as the much overdone pseudo-Japanese dish garden, the cactus dish garden with its interesting display of unique desert plants and succulents, the window-shelf garden or real indoor garden, the terrarium and aquarium gardens. Each has its exponents, but for sheer decorative effect and ease of culture the last two types take first place.

The terrarium garden is, in reality, a miniature garden in an almost air-tight glass container. One sees many examples of these novel gardens in florists' windows ranging from the well-designed miniature garden artistically arranged in a glass bottle to one carefully planned and planted in a fish bowl or glass globe. For the amateur, the latter type of container is the better for there is more room in which to work and that would be true, too, of an aquarium. Any terrarium container must have a tight-fitting glass cover.

Clean and polish the container inside and out before starting to make the garden as, even though a second cleaning will be necessary when the garden is completed, it is easier to do a thorough job when there are no plants in the receptacle. A shallow layer of small pebbles, is, naturally a prerequisite as it will provide necessary drainage. Over this place a thin layer of good sharp sand and then add topsoil to a depth just sufficient to support the roots of the selected plants. Choose only shallow rooted varieties so that the line of earth showing through the glass will be as inconspicuous as possible.

Anything in a glass container, especially a bowl, whether rocks or plants, appears larger than normal, so care should be taken not to have either predominate. Instead, they should blend in so that they are unobtrusive.. Neither should the plants be crowded together for that tends to detract from the real beauty of the garden. Preferably native plant material should be used exclusively and there is a wealth of small plants from which to make a selection.

When the terrarium is finally planted, clean and polish the glass so that it sparkles, first sprinkling the plants with a little water from an atomizer or bulb sprayer. Cover the container with a sheet of glass cut slightly oversize and, in a few hours, drops of water will have condensed on the cover and sides. Partially remove the glass cover when that condition occurs and place the terrarium in the sun, covering it again at dusk. It need never be watered so long as moisture condenses on the cover, and the plants will only have to be replaced if one neglects to prune them and they grow too large for the container.

The Aquarium Garden

The aquarium or sub-marine garden, with or without tropical fish, is becoming increasingly popular. The same types of containers as used for the terrarium can be utilized for the sub-marine garden. There are many types of aquatic and oxy-genating plants obtainable at any tropical fish store from which a selection may be made. If one is skillful, a very artistic garden may be planned and planted at nominal expense, though, of course, the cost will vary in proportion to the plant material as some of it is quite rare and consequently expensive. Colorful rocks may be interspersed with the plants or a miniature wrecked hull of a Spanish galleon, for instance, could occupy an off-centre position.

Monday Lunch

BY GWENYTH GRUBE

"MOTHER said to give you the ten cents I would have spent on my lunch at the Fish and Chips."

She was a pale little thing with that muddy complexion that comes from poor diet. She wore a green velvet dress (obviously last year's "best") with a white collar which was halfway between clean and dirty. Helen looked at her and then with a pang at her own sturdy little pigtailed eight year old, clear-skinned and bouncing.

"Oh no dear, of course not! Why Jane has been wanting to have you as her visitor for days. I'm so glad we were able to fix it up at last." Helen pattered on, hoping she was saying the right thing, trying to make the little girl feel at home, and uneasily conscious that it was Monday, washing day, and she had only prepared scrambled eggs and applesauce. Would Mary think that adequate for an outlay of ten cents or was the Fish and Chips really better value?

Two Nickels

Mary was still holding out her hot little hand with two new nickels in it, so Helen took them and put them on the table saying: "Well, suppose you and Jane each have a nickel to spend after school? How would that be?" She had certainly said the right thing this time, for both little girls beamed at her and Jane bounced a couple of times.

After the hand-washing which Jane always insisted on for any visitor of hers (it seemed to get forgotten on visitorless days), the three of them sat down to eat. Helen's fears were soon dispelled — Mary liked scrambled eggs very much, she liked radishes if they weren't too hot, she even took a plentiful serving of the cabbage salad at which Jane was wrinkling up her little snub nose. Food, even a washing day lunch, is a great breaker of ice and soon Mary's face began to get animated and her eyes sparkled.

Helen tried to get her to talk about herself and after a few well placed questions learned a lot. Father and little brother, aged six, were in rooms in a small town but there wasn't room for Mary and her mother. They had to wait until Father got a house for them and all the houses were for sale there, they couldn't get one for rent. It would be fun when they got there, there were fields to play in right next to the school. Mother and she lived on Beck Ave., they could only get one room and it was so hard to get to sleep at night with the light on. When they got a house she wouldn't have to do that. Mother worked downtown in a big store and every Saturday evening Mary went down to meet her and they had supper out. It was nice that the downtown stores didn't open until 9.30 so Mother could see her off in the morning.

No, she couldn't get her dinner at the school like some of the other children did because Mother wasn't a war worker. Sometimes she bought it at the Fish and Chips, sometimes at a restaurant but then she had to pay more. "It's kind of lonely at a restaurant," she confided. "I like being asked out."

She prattled on and Jane, the chatterbox, listened absorbed in hearing of this way of life, so different from her own.

Lunch over, they started to get ready for school again, Jane anxious as usual to get there half an hour early. "Bye," they called as the door slammed. "Well I don't suppose Jane ever remembers to say thank you either, when she goes out to lunch," ruminated Helen. "Oh, here they are again. What is it, dears?" "Our two nickels, we forgot them. Bye."

WORLD OF WOMEN

England's Storied Inn Signs

BY AILEEN BARR BROWN

ONE sometimes marvels at the signs displayed upon the fronts of some of the Public Houses that dot the British Isles. For instance it is almost impossible to conjure up "Three Jolly Gardeners" on the pavement in front of an inn of that name in Hammersmith, London. All one usually can see is some particularly seedy looking individual standing on the dusty pavement looking into space. So with The Holly Bush Inn which naturally suggests old-fashioned Christmas trees about the doorway above which hangs this sign. As often as not the holly bushes are no more. But I like the names all the same. They stir one's imagination. We can see the jolly gardeners tending rose trees where now is only grey pavement. The holly bushes with their glossy leaves and bright red berries seem to rise before the little inn of that name. So it is with others. A thought came to me that it might be interesting to search for the origin of some of these odd names. In doing so, much of course may be sheer guess work.

The George and Dragon explains itself and is the most popular sign in England.

"The King's Head" is found outside many an inn. In Chester it is the portrait (and quite a good likeness too) of James I that adorns the old inn of that name near the Bridgegate. Oftimes it is the face of the Merrie Monarch which one sees.

Just outside Edenbridge, Kent, on the way to Hever Castle, the country seat of Viscount Astor and "Lady Nancy" one passes an inn with a huge picture of Henry VIII over its doorway. It was here that Bluff King Hal was wont to stop when he was wooing ill-fated Anne Boleyn. Hever Castle belonged in those days to Sir Thomas Bullen—or Boleyn.

The Feathers Inn is a very popular name in Wales for a very obvious reason. The emblem of course is The Prince of Wales' Three Feathers. In Ludlow, Shropshire is a very famous inn of that name.

Caroline's Park

"The Three Crowns" sign was said to have originated in a sarcastic reply of Sir Robert Walpole to Queen Caroline. On being asked by Her Majesty what it would cost to turn St. James' Park into a private garden for the use of the Royal Family, the minister replied, "The price, your Majesty, would be three crowns," meaning thereby those of her husband, son, and grandson, all three living.

"The Crown and Mitre"—The Mitre, and The Cross Keys all suggest some ecclesiastical influence. The latter at Chester one finds had been situated within the precincts of the Abbey of St. Werbrugh. The present Cathedral occupies the site of the Abbey which was dis-established in time of Henry VIII. "The Wool Sack" naturally suggests the favorite meeting place of members of the legal profession.

Many inns took their signs from the Arms of some noble family, thus "The Legs of Man," formerly an inn in Northgate Street, Chester, made use of the emblem of the Stanleys (House of Derby) who were Lords of the Isle of Man. "The Eagle and Child" also came from this family. The story is told that Sir Thomas Lathom lacking a male heir had his illegitimate baby son placed under a tree within his park which was frequented by an eagle. The old gentleman took his wife for a walk this way when they, of course, found the child. Sir Thomas' naive spouse, considering it a gift sent from Heaven miraculously brought hither by the bird of prey, consented to adopt the boy. However as the old Knight approached the grave his conscience smote him and he bequeathed the principal part of his fortune to his daughter, Isabel, who married Sir John Stanley. The son became the founder of the Family of Lathom of Astbury.

"The Elephant and Castle" is said to be a corruption of "The Infanta of Castile" after the Spanish wife of Henry VIII. The most famous inn of this name, of course, is the one in London.

Stirrup Cup

It is interesting to find many signs suggestive of the hunt—as well as the hunted. "The Bull and Stirrup" is a corruption of "Bell and Stirrup" or "Bowl and Stirrup". To take the first, bells were frequently found upon equestrian trappings of the Middle Ages. For the second, the stirrup bowl or cup, was so called from its being the parting glass taken upon horseback before leaving the inn for the chase.

The Crusaders in time of Richard Coeur de Lion had a strong influence upon the people of his country in the naming of their taverns. We find such names as The Saracen's Head, The Golden Lion, The White Lion, The Black Lion, The Red Lion. The people of those days apparently were not close students of nature. From The King of Beasts, old inn signs descend to the lowly pig this being a sign as old as Rome itself. In the days of the Empire a sign outside a a house in the seven hilled city denoted that human hogs might be accommodated within. A hardly less polite, though perhaps not quite so obvious, explanation is culled from Anglo-Saxon times. Pegs were inserted at proper intervals inside the bowl, beyond which no man in possession might go.

An amusing sign is "The Loggerhead's Tavern"—a large signboard on which is depicted two stupid looking clowns with underneath the motto: "We three loggerheads be" —the spectator of course making the third.

Lost Her Head

"The Old Nag's Head" and "The Little Nag's Head" standing opposite each other in the Foregate, Chester, have beautifully painted heads of bay horses. They don't look a bit like old nags I may add. "The Waggon and Horses" is probably a modern version of the older Coach and Horses. One may still find many inns called by the latter name.

"The Last House in England" is just outside Chester before one leaves Cheshire for Wales. "The Half Way House" is at Shotten in Wales. I suppose it must be half way to somewhere, but nobody seems to know where "Somewhere" is.

Another sign I was unable to trace the origin of I came upon near Monk's Heath. "The Headless Woman" can hardly be called a sign. The figure of a woman minus a head stands before a vine-covered old inn. The figure is made of wood and painted. It looks as if it had come from a ship as the form slants forward from feet to shoulders as these figure-heads do. I do not suspect "dirty work at the cross-roads". Possibly the lady may have lost her head in some quite natural way, as we all do at times. But it hardly seems the sort of place one could enjoy tea—or anything else.

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WORLD OF WOMEN

From Baskets to Ballrooms

BY DORA SANDERS CARNEY

THE fruit-picking girls are home again. They have left their summer camps on the Peninsula and come back to their comfortable city houses, and you'll see them almost any evening, dancing wherever the young folk gather. If you belong to the generation that likes to sit and watch occasionally, you will have time to notice how exquisite they are, these dainty well-groomed girls, in their simple but so-perfect war-time dresses. They weren't so exquisite you know, a very few weeks ago, when they belonged to the Land Army. No, sir, or madam, or messieurs if that's you, they weren't so exquisite.

They wore large straw hats atop their casually tended hair, faded shirts, faded shorts, and running shoes. Besides being faded the shirts and shorts were tattered, by accident and by design, into the tatteriest tatters decency allowed, and their running shoes were stained with the color of the soil they walked upon. They were toasted by the sun, and bitten by mosquitoes and their hands were dyed according to the fruit in season.—Hands, did I say? Sometimes more than hands, too. Ask them about the time they had the fight with Stinky in the cherry orchard. They came back to camp looking like an amateur's first attempt at Batik.

Now they are back in town, bleached and brushed and smooth again. No longer do they roll out of bed, swoop through the shower, snatch a piece of toast and lope to the orchard in the space of three minutes. Some of them don't remember much about that part of it—they were still half asleep. Their true alarm-clock sounded some time later, with a burst of birdsong from a nearby tree, or the cawing of a crow across the early morning fields. Or perhaps Stinky's rude shout from down the row somewhere. That was Stinky's worst trait. He was quiet and rather shy most of the time, but exasperatingly exuberant in the early morning. Stinky was the sixteen-year-old who came from the nearby town. Somehow the girls at the farm camp adopted him, or he them.

Orange Crate Boudoirs

There was some joking—and a lot of plain hard work, at the fruit-picking camps. Look at the girls now, as they swirl, laughing to the music—how their backs and arms and heads ached last summer! They were so tired when the day's work was ended they seldom had energy for anything but dinner and their two-tier bunks. There were no frills about the bunks, either. They were bare and plain, and each girl had an orange crate nailed to the wall to hold her personal possessions. One or two managed to keep things fairly tidy—the rest didn't. Still, they always found what they wanted, as witness the day Stinky caught his pants on a tree limb, and ripped them from hem to belt. All the girls came racing into camp, ransacking orange crates and town clothes and suitcases for safety pins to pin Stinky together. The Camp Mother said the place looked, and she felt, as if a hurricane had passed through.

The Camp Mother was infinitely patient—almost. Her hours were long, her equipment primitive and limited. The "Camp" was a garage made over. She baked her puddings and scalloped potatoes in dishpans, and never had left-overs.

The girls in the camp were all well reared, but very different from each other. May was an English girl, hoping soon to be "back in the thick of it." Helen had travelled a great deal, and lived in fascinating countries. Bernice was always finding things—birds' nests, or somebody's mislaid shoe, and once a nest of wild baby rabbits in the strawberry patch. Kate was the tallest and most serene. The girls explained her serenity by saying that everything was so easy for her. Her long reach had access to branches far beyond most of them. She slept in an upper bunk, and got there simply by swinging into it. Moreover when she stood on the floor her bunk was still below eye level for her and she could use it as a dressing table.

In a Barrel

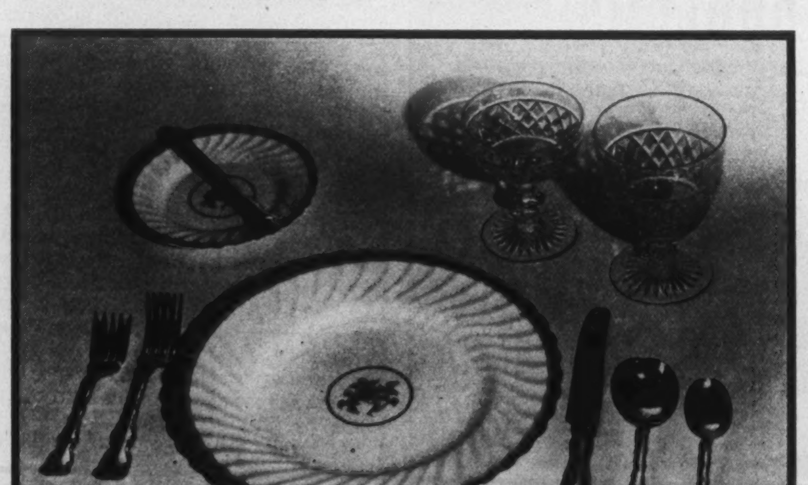
Ruth was the littlest. You can pick her easily from among the dancers by her petite charm, dark vivacity and complete poise. Yes, but she had no poise that day that Stinky popped her into the soft water barrel. Everybody thought that Stinky was "smitten" with Ruth. She teased him mercilessly and he took it so quietly—until the day they happened to be standing near the kitchen door, and he turned suddenly, gathered her up, and plumped her into the rain water barrel. How the others laughed!

They always laughed when self assurance carried one of their number too far. They laughed when the restaurant keeper seemed about to clap Sylvia in jail. Sylvia had always had money to spend, and one day when a letter from home had bulged her wallet to capacity, she invited every girl in camp to a bang-up dinner in Niagara Falls. They scrubbed themselves and dressed their prettiest, and went off in high spirits. "Order up!" said Sylvia." "The bill's on me." They were very happy, and so was the Chinese restaurant keeper until he came to present his bill. Then the girls, excepting Sylvia, were happier still, for Sylvia found that she had left her wallet at the camp.

The Chinese proprietor stubbornly refused to accept her cheque. He stubbornly refused to be impressed when she tried to explain who she was. If she had said her father's name was Tojo Hirohito he could only have been a little less pleasant. The other girls laughed till their well-stuffed sides ached. Of course they had not enough money to help out old Sylvia. It really looked as though the Chinese was going to call the police to arrest her, but she finally persuaded him to accept her cheque with her lovely little wrist watch as security. She would call for it next evening, she said. The Chinese looked as if he felt much put-upon, and glumly ushered the hilarious crew out-of-doors.

Out of Pawn

It is probably the same watch Sylvia wears as she dances. The sight of it sends any of her camp mates into gales of reminiscent laughter. They have many things to remember together, — and some things to forget, like the aches, and the blisters and the sun-skinned noses. They look very sweet now, but they looked sort of funny then, with their peeling noses under their old straw hats. Sort of funny, but brave and courageous, too. If you like them now, in their city clothes, you would have liked them even better, then.



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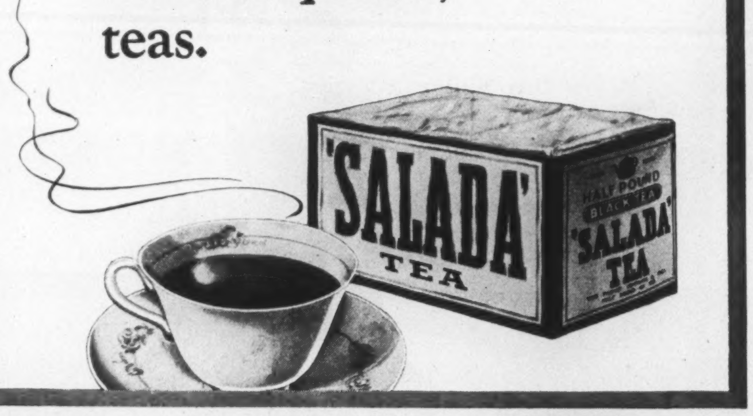

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WORLD OF WOMEN

Grimmer -- Although Not Better -- Golf

BY BABS WARNER BROWN

GOLF, announces my dictionary, is a game in which a ball is driven into a series of small holes in the ground—with weapons, it might add, ill-adapted to the purpose.

In spite of the hazards suggested by the definition, the game used to be a most enjoyable affair. Happy the day when you had the spare time and cash to indulge in the luxury of lessons, when caddies stood in line waiting for the privilege of carrying your clubs and all that lay between you and a gleaming new ball was a fifty-cent piece!

Golf, today, is but a hollow mockery of itself.

To begin with, most of us have to polish off at least an hour's housework before we even get started for the club. This takes the bloom off the thing. Having left the car leering in all its degassed glory from the garage, one now carries on one's own back all the paraphernalia hitherto tossed so blithely into the back seat. Shoes, socks, leather gloves, a box of band-aids; rubber cups and sponges for cleaning balls (nobody fills the tee boxes any more); boxes of old balls (with padlocks on them); a flask (strictly medicinal) . . . such little odds and ends tend to give the golfer a remarkable resemblance to a pack mule.

By the way, it is as well to include in all this impedimenta a bunch of lollypops. They are essential as added inducements to any urchins passed en route to the club house who might be pressed into service as pseudo caddies.

Eventually, pooped but determined, the golfer arrives at the first tee and disillusionment sets in at once. Efforts to summon up recollections of all the advice given in the good old lesson-a-week days leaves one in a gaggle of conflicting endeavor. The head, however remains bloody but unbowed and the only thing wrong with your game in general is that you are much too close to the ball after hitting it.

Unsympathetic Caddie

At this point your caddie—if you are lucky enough to have found one —invariably develops hiccups, will undoubtedly be suffering from hay-fever and in any event evinces a far more lively interest in the adjacent wild life than your golf game. His lack of concern, progressing in direct ratio to your number of strokes per hole, becomes increasingly shattering. Only the most hardened golfer can withstand his grubby, leaky-nosed callousness. With a superb indifference he eyes your most annoyingly simple putt and says, through the piece of grass in his mouth, "Yer missed it again!"

The smaller country courses have by now acquired a very down-at-heel, forlorn appearance, rather like sad little French Casino towns in the off season. The ground staffs mostly consist of one High-School-aged youth and one octogenarian. The former has a hilarious time after school riding the tractor up and down the fairways with a Hi, Ho, Silver Technique. The octogenarian, in an exhausted sort of way, weeds out three dandelion roots an hour on whichever green is the nearest teetering-distance from his lunch box. The petunias round the front verandas seem to depend entirely for their welfare on the overworked president of the club who rushes out after office hours with a watering can and a harassed expression. I am certain that it is this dignitary (no less) who twice a week bon ami's the ladies' locker room basin.

Not for the Timid

As a result of this pathetic understaffing, the greens are slightly piebald, the fairways look as if they should all be out of bounds and the term "rough" is a masterpiece of understatement re the heavier kind of undergrowth hitherto associated with the Australian bush. Since golf balls are now more precious than diamonds one looks for them in this formidable jungle until they are found or night falls. The next task is to re-locate one's bag of clubs. These, by this time, will have completely disappeared, on the back of your diminutive caddie, up the higher vegetation in search of birds' eggs, or under the lower, in quest of snakes.

New hazards appear on every side. Dinosauric footprints remain unraked in bunkers—the only weapon capable of ejecting the ball from these cavities is a soup ladle. Casual water from forgotten sprinklers makes the chip shot a soggy affair and Victory Gardens flourish up to the very apron of all greens near the clubhouse. Having skillfully avoided the traps and the puddles it is a trifle hard to find your only hope of a par lies via a tricky mashie-niblick over the tomatoes.

However, these annoyances are nothing compared to those on various links in Britain where a ball driven two hundred yards down the fairway is more than likely to bounce a hundred yards back off a cement block planted for enemy-plane-upsetting purposes. Over there, I am told, the craters and shell holes make the worst of our sand traps mere child's play. But I was happy to learn that during the blitz one was allowed to lift the ball and drop it—*without penalty,* mind you!—at least one club's length from an unexploded bomb.

All these difficulties taken into consideration, it is amazing that the urge to swat a little white (or not so white) ball with a slim club continues strong in so many of us. However, if the Royal and Ancient Game becomes much grimmer, we will either have to evolve a whole new set of by-laws, clubs and most certainly balls—or else give up altogether and turn the whole golf course over to the milder, but no doubt more rewarding project of growing cabbages.

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Many Interesting Concerts

BY HECTOR CHARLESWORTH

LAST week in Toronto was the most fertile in events of musical interest since the Spring. It was not only marked by the opening of the regular season of the Toronto Symphony Orchestra but by several recitals of unusual importance. Considering the difficulties involved in maintaining a continuously efficient personnel under present conditions, Sir Ernest Macmillan has done wonders with the organization. In fact on no occasion that one recollects has TSO revealed a finer edge of technical efficiency and the tone was large and magnificent throughout.

The conductor's dynamic fervor, which has been growing more and more noteworthy in recent seasons, was chiefly in evidence in the Paris version of the overture and Venusburg music from Wagner's Tannhauser. Though this amazing and revolutionary work cannot have the same startling effect on a modern audience as it did in the mid-nineteenth century, the stupendous difficulties involved make it a constant temptation to conductors. The sustained brilliance of the rendering from first to last was in itself a revelation of what has been accomplished in orchestral playing in Toronto during the past decade. As most people are aware, the string passages abound in wild emotional cries and to execute them without producing a messy effect is in itself an achievement. The work also makes great demands on the wind sections and these were equally well met by the organization. Taken all in all it was a wonderful triumph for the dynamic enthusiasm of Sir Ernest.

Another sensational episode was the performance with Mishel Piastro as soloist of Brahms' violin concerto in D major opus 77. Structurally one of the faultiest of the composer's work, it is nevertheless one of the grandest. So little was Brahms inclined to sacrifice the orchestra to the soloist that Hans von Bulow once described the concerto as one "against" the violin instead of "for".

Despite this handicap Mr. Piastro, who has a beautiful tone and impeccable mastery of all the resources of his instrument, played his part of the work in a broad, free, Gothic style that stirred the emotions, but it is not dispraise to say that Sir Ernest and the orchestra divided honors with him.

At the conclusion a touch of lightness was given the program by Soirees Musicales, a little suite based on airs by Rossini by the brilliant young English composer Benjamin Britten.

Roland Hayes

I HAVE little doubt that if a canvass was made among critical music lovers of days gone by as to who was the most finished vocal interpreter to rise to fame in the period between two great wars the verdict would be pretty unanimously Roland Hayes. The immense vogue he enjoyed in every musical centre of America and Europe fifteen years ago was not due to the fact that he was a negro, but that his race had given him unique and unapproachable qualities to his tone and that no white singer could surpass him in the rendering of all the finer phases of art-song. Moreover he was the man who raised the spiritual to a place in the musical realm that it had never previously possessed. In singing the songs of his own race he has had many imitators of both sexes, but none has equalled him. Mr. Hayes became a world figure in so brief a time that his decision to retire and devote himself to the education of his own people was universally regretted. Having left a niche that has not been filled, he came back last Friday night with undiminished art and undiminished beauty of voice. Very few white recitalists have as extended a repertoire and he gave ample proof of his facility in every field of song. His ability to create the atmosphere of the lyric he sings was demonstrated at the outset in Bach's "O Lord I am Prepared" and Arne's "O Peace". His Schubert singing has always been a delight and he was again happy in his rendering of the swift motifs of "The Trout". In contrasted style was his singing of the frolicking Venetian ditty "Eviva Rosa-Bella" by Galuppi. One of his happiest contributions was Koechlin's setting of Theodore de Banville's famous little conceit "Le The". As it has been said Mr. Hayes stands alone in the rendering of negro spirituals as the first man who taught concert-goers to take them seriously. His selections were all interesting but the Crucifixion hymn "Were You There" overshadowed everything.

Fritz Kreisler, world-famous violinist, to be heard in recital at Massey Hall, Toronto, Wednesday, Nov. 17.

Templeton the Artist

ALEC TEMPLETON has become such a public institution as a piano entertainer that a concert management need merely briefly announce his coming and the public will do the rest. That fact was again demonstrated on his appearance at Eaton Auditorium last week. No doubt ninety per cent of those present had come to watch him being funny, but inasmuch as he started life as a serious artist he insists on doing a little educational work in advance by playing music he thinks they ought to hear.

While not a profound interpreter his easy technical mastery and grace of expression give vividness to anything he attempts. Last week his Bach playing sounded no emotional depths but was delightfully facile. There was a different story to tell of his rendering of Beethoven's Sonata in C minor which a publisher for business reasons dubbed "The Pathetique". There was moving poetry and deep intuition in his rendering of this work. A most fascinating number was his own arrangement of a saraband and minuet by Purcell. In Mozart, Ravel, and Debussy the elegance of his style was apparent. When he throws off formality and starts to make music to brighten up anybody, he brings to his aid the arts of a first-class jazz pianist. It is unnecessary to go into details, but time and again he gave just the right twist to a musical phrase to produce mirth though one would have to go into very elaborate analysis to explain the reason why.

A Noble Program

THE Hart House Quartet's subscription concert at Eaton Auditorium last Saturday afternoon was again a masterpiece of program building pervaded by distinction and charm. Schubert's melodious Quartet in A minor, which radiates melody and brilliance in development, was given a most elegant interpretation. Jan Cherniavsky cooperated with the organization in a presentation of Cesar Franck's great Quintet in F minor. In the impassioned last movement all participants especially distinguished themselves. A modern feature was a captivating little Quartet by Quincy Porter of the New England Conservatory of Music. There is piquancy and skill in everything Mr. Porter writes which makes his name a welcome one on all chamber programs.

Charles Kullman, tenor, of the Metropolitan Opera Company, at Eaton Auditorium in recital, November 18.

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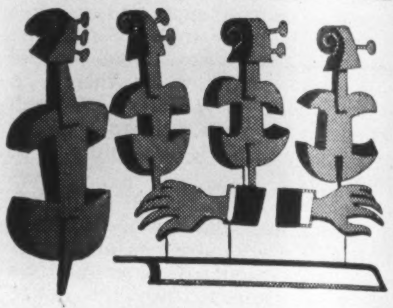

budapest

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THE FILM PARADE

The Virile Medium

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

HOLLYWOOD is strongly addicted to the "Lost Patrol" or "One little, two little, three little Indians" formula in film plots. That is, it likes to set up a number of characters serially, put them in a highly hazardous predicament and then knock them off systematically in reverse. A lot of the entertainment in these pictures consists in figuring out the order in which the characters will be disposed of and who, if any, will survive.

Comic characters usually last the longest because they are necessary to brighten up an essentially grim plot. Since it is dramatically necessary however, to make a comic character face the majesty of death they can't hope to survive till the final sequence. Quiet saintly characters for obvious reasons haven't the chance of a snowball in hell, and are usually the first to go. The life-expectancy of disagreeable types varies with the slight variations of the plot. Sometimes they are retained for their nuisance value, along with the malaria, the snipers and the sand ticks. If they are particularly odious however, they are likely to be disposed of early and violently, audience satisfaction being the ruling consideration.

The hero's chances of survival are usually about fifty-fifty, and this is where you are most likely to go wrong. I was right about Robert Taylor in "Bataan" but that was an easy triumph, the facts being so inexorable that even Robert Taylor couldn't survive them. On the other hand I was wrong about Humphrey Bogart in "Sahara". Mr. Bogart's mortality-rating in the grimmer type of film is pretty high, and in "Sahara" there were signs along the way that the hero, a tough and rather fatal type had very little to live for if he did survive. Well, as it turned out, I was mistaken. Mr. Bogart came through as chipper as could be in a fantastically cheerful conclusion which suggested the script writers had finished up their chore over a crock of whiskey at four o'clock in the morning.

Another characteristic of "Lost Patrol" films is their sternly monastic set-up. Women are rigidly excluded from the cast. The characters frequently talk about their girls and even pass their pictures round, cupping them carefully in their hands so that the audience can't catch a glimpse of them. The girls themselves rarely get even a walk-on part. Apparently Hollywood producers are finally getting round to the realization that all feminine characters are good for in action-drama is to hold up the action.

As one of the ignored feminine clientele I have to admit I had a fine time at "Sahara". It's about a tank manned by three Americans, which gets cut off on three sides during a German advance in Africa and has to trundle off in the only direction left to it. During its wanderings it picks up the usual group of assorted characters, including a British doctor, a Free French soldier, an Italian prisoner, and a grounded Nazi flyer who is naturally as unappetizing an example of German Jugend as the authors could think up. The water supply runs out before long and as though that weren't bad enough a desert storm blows up—the kind that will leave sand in your teeth for at least a week.

Eventually they reach a ruined mosque surrounding a spring but they have hardly settled comfortably there when another doomed battalion arrives. They are an enemy group this time outnumbering the original dozen by about sixty to one. Our side wins naturally, killing the Germans off like flies. The two surviving characters are finally rescued by a special dispensation of the plot which even they frankly admit to be a miracle. The cast, though unfamiliar for the most part, is exceptionally competent and the story, apart from its final sequences, is lively and fairly plausible. And of course there is Humphrey Bogart whose strict authority as an actor can make even the wildest script seem valid and reasonable.

WALT DISNEY, whose specialty is animated mice and ducks, undoubtedly possesses the most violent talent in Hollywood, if not in America. His latest feature-length film "Victory Through Air Power" leaves one with a stunned respect for the Disney technique and for the effectiveness with which colored cartoons thrown on a screen can suggest the mechanical demolition of a world. This is the film that Walt Disney made in collaboration with Major A. P. de Seversky, who appears on the screen, following an animated screen version of the history of aviation, to explain, with maps, the thesis of his book. The Major, who is calm, cheerful and soigné, makes an excellent appearance before the camera and a convincing case for the long-distance bombing of Tokyo. It is a grim subject but Disney has lightened it in the early sequences with a certain amount of comic invention. The transitions in technique and treatment aren't invariably smooth; but only Disney could have combined playfulness, nightmare violence and calm exposition in a single film and achieved any consistency at all.

Sibor Belarsky, Russian Bass-Baritone, guest soloist with the Toronto Symphony Orchestra at the concert, Tuesday, November 16, Massey Hall.

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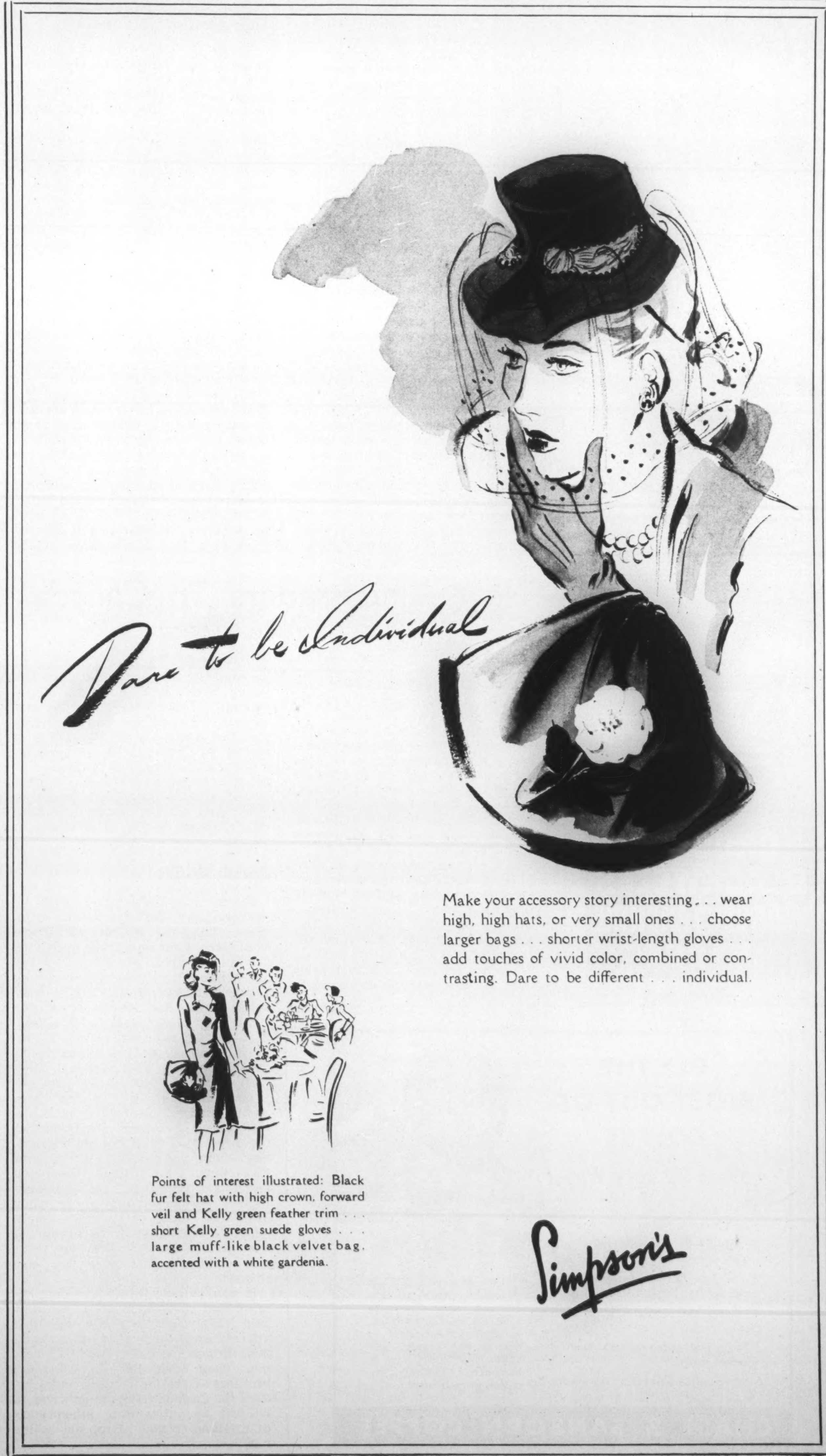
THE THEATRE

"Poor Mr. Schubert!"

BY J. E. MIDDLETON

BY THIS time the number of people who have felt sorry because Franz Schubert was disappointed in love must be well into the millions. "Blossom Time" was a raging hit twenty years ago and has been a hit all the world around since that time. Thirteen times it has played a week in Toronto, and probably can play thirteen more engagements without wearing out its welcome. It has opulence of scenery and costume and a sugary story but above all it has music. The familiar and evergreen melodies which Schubert gave to the world were wrought by Sigmund Romberg into a rich fabric of derived melody and highly colored orchestration which gave proof of the Romberg genius. It is as captivating as ever.

Barbara Scully, a young and petite soprano with a voice of good range and quality, has the part of Mitzi. She acted it on Monday evening with uncommon charm but seemed inclined to "go all-out" in climaxes and rather overpowered her associates. This very intensity, however satisfying dramatically, took some of the velvet off her upper register. Roy Cropper as Baron Schober revealed an admirable baritone voice under perfect control and was continually "in character." Roy Barnes was the Schubert, and an excellent one. Victor Morley, the Count Scharntoff, had distinction of pose and utterance and Helene Arthur played and sang to admiration the role of the prima donna, La Bellabruna. The chorus was excellent in fervor and intonation. Pierre de Reeder conducted the most excellent small orchestra.



Make your accessory story interesting . . . wear high, high hats, or very small ones . . . choose larger bags . . . shorter wrist-length gloves . . . add touches of vivid color, combined or contrasting. Dare to be different . . . individual.

Points of interest illustrated: Black fur felt hat with high crown, forward veil and Kelly green feather trim . . . short Kelly green suede gloves . . . large muff-like black velvet bag, accented with a white gardenia.

Simpson's

CONCERNING FOOD

Now We View With Pride

BY JANET MARCH

FOR some strange reason when you want to can food and know nothing about it you write to the government, and they initiate you into the mysteries of pressure cookers, cold pack, etc. Maybe if you were stuck about how to fry eggs or shell peas they would help you out too, but I've never tried to see if they have an omnipotent cooking seer. Canning has definitely been allotted to them as their preserve, and a good many cook books knowing this skip lightly and delicately over the horrid facts of cracked jars, burned fingers, mould and fermentation, and paint cooking as a beautiful vista of elegant iced cakes and perfectly flavored sauces.

Most of us still have a few scars on us from this season's canning, and I for one thanked heaven when the frost came and I didn't have, in duty bound, to boil up a daily batch of tomato juice, grape jelly or canned pears. We are now at the stage of viewing our shelves with pride. Everything still looks lovely, even the string beans, which will no doubt taste a little like rubber. All self-respecting housewives are refusing to open anything yet. We just look happily at our vitamin stores. The right forefinger is begining to look less as if it had been dabbled in soot, and the burn where the jar burst and spattered the forearm is fading slowly. In fact with canning over for the year we can paint our spectacles with a little pink paint and regard the process with pleasure.

Earth's Fruits

Before another season of battling with the fruits of the earth descends on us with all its bounty, better buy yourself a copy of *"Canning and Drying Vegetables and Fruits" by Ann Roe Robbins, Oxford University Press,* $1.00. This is a more human work than the government guides in that it frankly acknowledges the difficulties, the necessity of care and the ways to dodge spoilage. Ann Roe Robbins has obviously faced the fruits of the earth on tree, bush and plant, and done all the work including picking, washing, preparing and cooking, and she writes about the *modus operandi* with all the authority of one who has done it successfully many times.

Like all advisors of home preserving she favors the pressure cooker. It's the best way to kill bacteria, retain vitamins and do the job fast. If you haven't got one, well, don't be discouraged, there are still other ways, and you can't come by one now. On the whole she approves the hot water bath method. Oven preserving is more difficult to control and less dependable.

Dehydration Wonders

There is a nice definite chapter about drying vegetables and fruits. We have all heard and read a lot about the wonders of dehydration. The theory, in case you didn't know, is this—"Germs are responsible for food spoilage and cannot live without water, so if vegetables are thoroughly dried they will then keep almost indefinitely when stored in a moisture free atmosphere."

I have never dried vegetables or fruits myself and I imagine from reading considerably on the methods that the trick is to know when things are really dried. Then too it sounds as if you must be careful about storing. A damp cellar would certainly not be the place. A good many vegetables do better when blanched first which in plain words means cooked for a short time before you start to dry them.

All the experts I have read say that steaming is better than cooking in boiling water. This is hard to do unless you own a pressure cooker or a regular steamer. Right after the steaming the vegetables or fruit, which have of course been carefully prepared first, should be dried either in the sun or in the oven. They have to be put in shallow trays and the oven kept at a temperature of 150 to 175, as if it is allowed to get hotter you may burn but not dry your food. You leave the oven door a little open so that the moisture can escape, and stir the vegetables ever so often. This goes on for several hours, and then when you think they are thoroughly dry you take them out and leave them piled in the dark in a dry place for a week, stirring the piles occasionally. After a week you pop them back into the oven for a short time and then put them in airtight containers. It sounds as if the real question is when is a vegetable dry. If you are good at judging this then you will be successful. If not I expect that old enemy, mould, will crop up.

Wartime Cooking

Ann Roe Robbins has also written recently another book for wartime cooking, "100 *Summer and Winter Soups," by Ann Roe Robbins, Oxford University Press* $1.50. This is a grand cook book. These days you can't always get the varieties of canned soups which you like best, and often your dealer can't spare you the quantity you want when the soups are on the shelves. If your family are real soup lovers you will already have turned your hand to home-made soup making on a far greater scale than before the war. Ann Robbins points out that the use of a substantial soup as the main dish of a meal is a fine economy. A small amount of meat can be made to go further, and the advantages to the cook of serving one dish instead of perhaps a thin soup, meat and vegetables are obvious.

Soup — Hot or Cold

Not all the soups in this cook book are sufficiently substantial to take the main place in a meal, but a good many of them are. Chicken Gumbo will make one perhaps rather indifferent smallish chicken feed six to eight persons pretty adequately. Kidney Soup would give your family a good meal with unrationed meat for it is made with two veal kidneys, an onion, 3 carrots, ½ pound of mushrooms, 3 tablespoons of fat, the same quantity of flour, 4 cups of boiling water, salt, pepper, celery salt, ½ teaspoon of beef extract, and ¼ cup of sherry—if you have the sherry. Sounds good doesn't it? I have always found too that if you want to step up the nourishing quality of your soup and water is called for you can put in half milk and half water and please the nutritionists. Milk goes very well in meat soups, though some people only add it to vegetable soups.

This book has a fine collection of summer cold soups too, and even in winter a cold soup at the beginning of a meal makes a nice change. You will want to try Portuguese Egg Soup, Brussels Sprouts Soup and Mock Bouillabaisse which are only three amongst 100 succulent sounding names.

New Ambassadors To Canada

BY REV. OWEN G. BARROW

England

"GOOD-WILL ambassadors," they call them, those straight-backed, clear-eyed, friendly lads from Canada. Many of them have been here for three years and more. Some of them have married. A good number are now fathers. In a couple of years the second-generation-Canadians-by-marriage will be going to school here where ancient forms and venerable traditions widely govern life and thought.

What will all this mean to Canada, the Country that has never seen these grandchildren of hers? Well, maybe, not much through them—nothing tangible anyway. But through the parents, what may she not expect!

When her son and his British bride return, the one to home, the other to a strange land, I hope Canada will be kind to them, especially to the young wife. It is a fearful step—leaving the nearness of father and mother to go and live with other people, far away. It is not solely a matter of loving your husband so much that you must be with him. It is not as simple as that. It is a problem of adjustment, adjustment to another sort of life, another philosophy, another people so different in so many ways.

British Brides

These daughters-in-law will be nervous, shy, perhaps a bit suspicious. They are unlikely to become Canadians after one bridge-party, or a week-end up at the Lake. On the other hand they may appear to be "converted" immediately. They may act as if they had never been outside Whitby or Medicine Hat. But, take it easy. Do not rush them. Definitely do not cluck and murmur. "I guess you miss your home." They will!

You can help by accepting them as qualified interpreters of these historic Isles. Ask them questions. Let them feel that they are not foreigners whom you have to carve into Canadians. Show them that you recognize them to be charming British women from whom your guild, or club, or even yourself, hopes to learn about the many admirable Old-Country ways. Let them get to like you because you love Britain.

If you will do this with commonsense and ready sympathy, you will find that their shyness will disappear, and their fear of Canada melt into respect for Canadian people. Their husbands—your sons and brothers—have been grand ambassadors for Canada. Help their wives to be just as outstanding interpreters of England to you. Drop her a line now!

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MADE IN CANADA

Not All Tamales

BY EUNICE GRAHAM

TOO often we think of Mexican menus in terms of biting-hot chili, tortillas, and tamales; but the fine-flavored foods that grace the tables of the upper-class "Mexicanos" should be better known and appreciated by all of us. There's no better way to make their acquaintance than to sample the following novel and authentic dishes which are directly translated from the Spanish—without the intrusion of a single suggestion from a "norteamericano."

Besides, these taste-tempters are well worth the trouble.

Quick cookery will never gain the upper hand in Old Mexico—not while the cook prides herself on

Loma Veracruzano

2 pounds loin of pork
½ cup olive oil (or substitute)
3 small onions, sliced
5 red chili peppers
Vinegar
5 garlic buds, mashed
1 tablespoon minced parsley
1 teaspoon salt
⅛ teaspoon pepper
⅛ teaspoon tarragon
¼ teaspoon thyme
¼ teaspoon sage
Juice of three oranges

Wipe pork with a damp cloth, then place in a shallow baking pan. Cover with oil and fasten onion slices to roast with toothpicks. Remove stems and seeds of peppers and let stand in vinegar for 20 minutes. Chop fine and combine with remaining ingredients. Pour over pork. Bake in a moderate oven (350°F.) 2 hours or until roast is done. Baste every 20 minutes with the pan drippings.

The Mexicans say that we do not know how to stuff green peppers. For this is the way they do it:

Chiles Rellenos de Calabacitas

3 green peppers
2 cups mashed, cooked yellow squash
1 teaspoon onion, chopped fine
2 tablespoons grated cheese
¼ clove garlic, mashed
1 teaspoon vinegar
1 teaspoon salt
¼ teaspoon marjoram
⅛ teaspoon pepper
2 tablespoons cooking oil

Pierce through stem end of peppers with fork and hold over flame until blistered on all sides. Remove outside skin, stem end and seeds. Combine squash and seasoning and stuff peppers. Heat oil in skillet and sauté peppers slowly until browned, about 15 minutes. Cut in half and serve. Yield: 6 servings.

Have you ever tried anything that could compare with

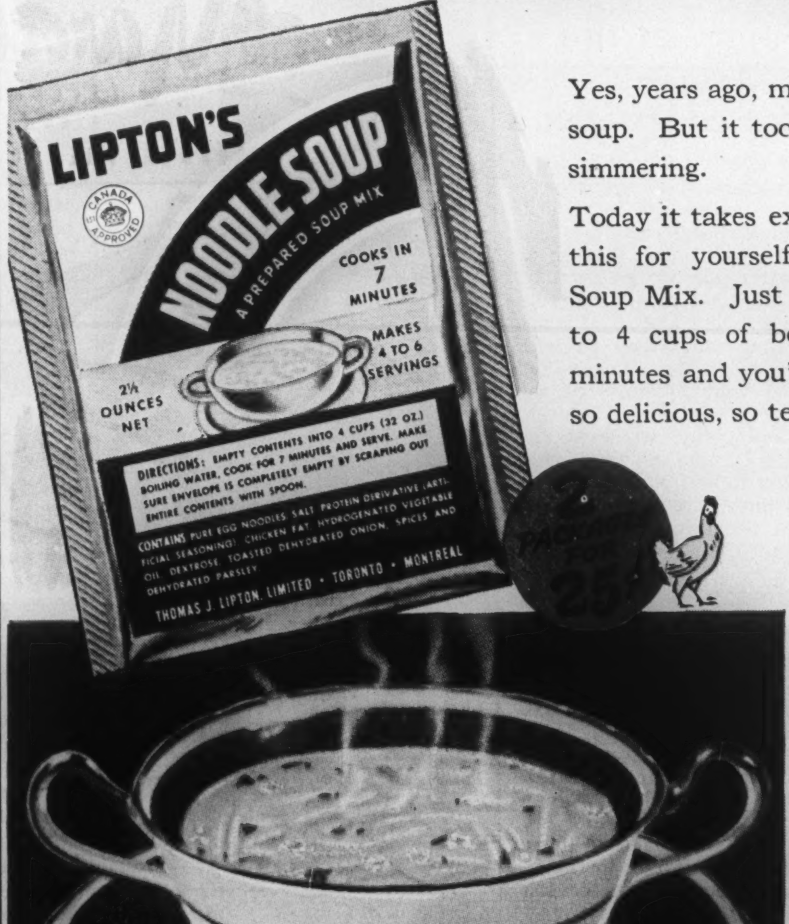
Dulce De Ciruellas

1 pound prunes
juice and grated rind of lemon
2 cups milk
¼ teaspoon baking soda
¼ cup sugar
4 egg yolks, beaten lightly

Steam prunes with lemon in water until tender. Cool, remove pits and purée pulp. Scald milk in top of double boiler with baking soda. Stir in sugar. Pour a little of the milk over the egg yolks and then return to double boiler. Stir constantly until mixture thickens. Remove from heat and stir in prune pulp. Cool and serve in sherbet glasses. Or use as a cake filling. Yield: cups.

"MARY, THIS SOUP'S A *MASTERPIECE!* IT MIGHT HAVE COME FROM MOTHER'S RECIPE BOOK"

"And to think I made it in 7 Quick Minutes"


LIPTON'S
NOODLE SOUP
A PREPARED SOUP MIX
CANADA APPROVED
COOKS IN 7 MINUTES
MAKES 4 TO 6 SERVINGS
2¼ OUNCES NET
DIRECTIONS: EMPTY CONTENTS INTO 4 CUPS (32 OZ.) BOILING WATER, COOK FOR 7 MINUTES AND SERVE. MAKE SURE ENVELOPE IS COMPLETELY EMPTY BY SCRAPING OUT ENTIRE CONTENTS WITH SPOON.
CONTAINS PURE EGG NOODLES, SALT, PROTEIN DERIVATIVE (ARTIFICIAL SEASONING), CHICKEN FAT, HYDROGENATED VEGETABLE OIL, DEXTROSE, TOASTED DEHYDRATED ONION, SPICES AND DEHYDRATED PARSLEY.
THOMAS J. LIPTON, LIMITED · TORONTO · MONTREAL
25¢

Yes, years ago, mother made a marvellous soup. But it took hours of slow, patient simmering.

Today it takes exactly 7 minutes. Prove this for yourself. Try Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix. Just add contents of package to 4 cups of boiling water, cook for 7 minutes and you're all set to serve a soup so delicious, so tempting, that your family will think it took hours instead of minutes to prepare.

Try Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix . . . taste what a triumph of soup flavour and goodness is achieved by this fine blend of egg noodles—oodles of them—toasted onions, delicate seasoning and tasty chicken fat. You'll quickly agree that it's "the soup sensation of the nation".

Treat the boys overseas. Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix comes in flavour-sealed packages. Send some regularly to your boy overseas.

Cooks in seven minutes. Just add package of Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix to four cups of boiling water. Cook for seven minutes and serve.

Saves you Money. Every package of Lipton's Noodle Soup Mix makes four generous helpings of soup . . . a third more than the average canned soup.

LIPTON'S NOODLE SOUP *Mix*

"THE NEW-FASHIONED SOUP WITH THE OLD-FASHIONED FLAVOUR!"

DRESSING TABLE

Very Well, Thank You

BY ISABEL MORGAN

AWAY back when Winston Churchill still was just a man who made a nuisance of himself in the British Parliament, and most of the world was at peace—albeit uneasily—the debutante came into her exotic flowering at this season of the year. She came out at a large party which was the block-buster letting loose a flood of more parties, teas, dances, supper and theatre parties, fashion teas at which she modelled clothes for charity, balls, week-ends and more parties. Indicators of her success were an engagement book in which there were no white spaces, the number of evening shoes she danced through, the number of escorts that squired her hither and yon. The last was important for no one man could be expected to have sufficient stamina to carry him along to all the affairs at which a debutante and her escort were expected to appear.

No wonder most of the girls ended the season with a malady known as "debutante fatigue".

Now the girls who in the normal course of events would have been debutantes this and previous years are engaged in more serious matters. Many are in the uniform of the armed services. Others are driving the large khaki-colored trucks bearing the Red Cross insignia. More are engaged in vital war work. Some are students. Nearly all are doing something of value to the war effort. And sandwiched in among their principle activities are many others such as canteen work, nurses' aids courses—the variety is endless, the hours in some cases as long as they were when a girl "came out".

Relaxation, rest and proper diet are more important now for these young women than they were in the days when a deb could afford the dubious luxury of a "break-down" at the end of the season. Today doctors are over-worked, hospitals are filled. Health is something to be cherished and guarded not only because it is precious in itself, but because illness that could have been prevented by proper precautions can be counted as an unnecessary drag on the common effort. Regular and sufficient rest, careful attention to nutrition and enough relaxation are safeguards for the young as well as those of mature years.

Cats and Sequins

The soft, dressmaker types of sweaters suitable for evening wear are pretty much of a missing element in the shops at the present time but, as one fashion-minded individual delicately puts it, there is always more than one way to skin a cat.

Her suggestion is that you take any pair of twin sweaters and do your own designs delicately around the neck of the pull-over, and more boldly on the cardigan. Beads in gold, silver and pearl, gold and silver thread embroidery, or sequins are wonderfully decorative for the purpose. Jet is very smart on black, and ball fringe in black and colors is also easily worked and attractive.

Clear, sharp colors, pastels and black are best of all for evening sweater sets and there is no reason why the earnest amateur cannot work out a tissue paper design, sew it fast on sweater and cardigan, and work over it.

Such sweaters will dine at home, in restaurants, go dancing, to the theatre, and will look well with dinner slacks.

New-Old France

The story of Dorel perfumes and colognes is a true little Tale of Two Cities . . . Paris and Montreal. These perfumes are in fact a refugee gift from pre-invasion France. Just before Paris was cut off from Canada and the rest of the New World, a celebrated Parisian "parfumeur" escaped to Canada with his formulae, secrets and supplies. By the greatest good luck, his precious basic oils, rare essences and other necessary and treasured ingredients gathered from France, Bulgaria, Italy, Spain and other now inaccessible lands, all arrived safely with him.

Now, concocted in the traditional French manner from the original French materials, these perfumes are blended expressly to please the tastes of Canadian women. It is appropriate that this distilled fragrance of olden France should be created right in old Montreal, in the heart of French Canada.

There are three of these lovely fragrances—Comete, warm, distinguished; Audace, sparkling and suggesting the outdoors; Horizon, soft and languorous, extremely sophisticated. All are in attractive bottles and boxes with a festive look that will endear them to those foresighted individuals now searching for the ultra in Christmas gifts. Or the trio may be had in a gift box containing one dram bottles of each.

• •

Revenge at the Movies

BY FREDERIC MANNING

THE other evening I went to see a moving picture. This is really an event, as my goings are infrequent and then usually because some of my friends have decided that that is the way we shall relax for an evening. Relax! I seldom get to see a picture I think I might like and my friends assure me that when they go with me even the best-sellers curdle and they see the worst picture of the month.

However, as I say, we went the other evening. I had no idea what we were going to see, but my friends had. It was the Andrews Sisters and right in the beginning I made the mistake of my life.

We had only been seated a few minutes when a large couple or, if you prefer, a couple of large people sat down in front of me. Man and woman, husband and wife, I hope. They were large in all directions and the wife (I hope) had on a large hat. They settled themselves and, as I am short, the screen was completely blotted out for me. I waited for a few minutes in the hope that the woman would remove her head-gear. My hopes were vain. She made no move in that direction so I moved in theirs.

With my most winning smile (lost in the dark, I am afraid) and engaging voice, I leaned over and asked her if she would be good enough, etc. She turned on me with an icy glare (not lost in the dark) and suggested I could lean to one side and peek between them at the picture. I replied that I was sorry, but as I was short, and they were not, I really couldn't see.

The man turned on me then and in a savage tone said I needn't be so damned sorry and told his companion to leave her hat on as no other women had taken theirs off.

I couldn't refute this as I couldn't see all the other women in the theatre, in fact I couldn't see anything.

My winning smile had long since vanished (in the dark) and my engaging voice was edged with sarcasm as I remarked that, of course, if that's the kind of people they were—.

The effect was immediate. The woman whipped off her hat and the man tried to climb over the back of his seat to get at me. Fortunately for me the woman succeeded in quieting him and my friends shushed me, so after some minutes comparative quiet reigned.

I say comparative quiet, and as I said in the beginning, that request was my big mistake. I not only saw, but I also heard the Andrews Sisters.

Live, Lady, Live!

..and look as if you loved to be alive

Eager, alert, real . . working, playing, planning . . with a head and a heart that respond to the excitement of living by offering loveliness to a world unlovely for the moment.

The days bulge with things to do but are so sparing of hours to do them in. Yet there's time — budgeted time — to keep yourself lovely.

So . . down to essentials! For your skin, *one all-in-all cream!* Versatile Vita-Ray Cream.

Vita-Ray Cream was formulated to do the work of several *special* creams. It's a cleanser, it's a night cream, it's a conditioner for make-up *all-in-one!*

Compare it with the special creams you've used for each purpose. See how expertly it cleanses, how it softens and supples up your skin, how beautifully it blends your make-up in.

And you'll soon discover something more —that the daily gentle working-in of Vita-Ray is dynamic in the way it seems to wake your skin up, make it *look and feel alive!*

Remember, skin is a *living* thing. Make yours *look* alive. See what Vita-Ray Cream can do.

ALL - IN - ONE!

— MADE IN CANADA —

Vita-Ray
SUN RAY
VITAMIN
CREAM

1. a creamy cleanser
2. a softening night cream
3. a make-up conditioner

VITA-RAY CREAM

BY APPOINTMENT
Make-up-minutes mean Morale,
Yardley English Lavender—95¢ to $5.25
YARDLEY
Old English LAVENDER SOAP
LAVENDER

Yardley English Lavender Soap – 35¢ a large cake – 3 for $1.00

So little time! So many things to do! But moments suffice to capture the gay, informal freshness brought by the Yardley Lavender, and to minister to confident morale-building attractiveness with Yardley Beauty Preparations.

KEEP YOUR BEST FACE FORWARD WITH Yardley LAVENDER AND BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Accent ON THE Figure
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This Fall, suits and frocks are slim-lined. The figure beneath should be smooth and sleek. You *must* choose your Foundation with care. Gossard have just the garment you need to give you a graceful, admired figure, at the same time assuring your comfort and essential support. Be fitted Today!

The GOSSARD Line of Beauty

THE CANADIAN H. W. GOSSARD CO. LIMITED
Chicago Toronto 2, Canada New York
San Francisco Dallas Atlanta Melbourne Sydney Buenos Aires

Marie Antoinette Has Butter On Her Cake

BY WILLIAM WESTON

THE long queue moved forward towards the wicket. Our progress was slow. The small local branch had only one teller. We stood in line, some hatless, some in overcoats, others in white smocks. One whistled, another smoked, another shuffled restlessly from foot to foot. One or two just leaned one arm on the counter and waited, their bank books clung by fingers hung from limp wrists. Tolerance, impatience and resignation regimented themselves before the sweating teller.

He looked at his wrist watch. It was just habit; he knew without looking that it must be near closing time. It was the regular 3 o'clock rush.

And then she swept in through the swinging doors. It was the grand entrance of a woman of forty-five accustomed to attention. Her black seal coat was cut on the best lines. Her greying upswept coiffure had been done by a French *specialiste*—there was the slightest suggestion of a hat among the curls. Her face wore the expression of tight-lipped complacency. She surveyed the situation at a glance.

"I'd like to see the manager," she said.

The accountant looked up, recognized her, and hurried into the manager's office. The office door opened and she was unctuously ushered in. The manager soon emerged from a door behind the counter. Walking along to the teller's cage, he opened it and gave the teller a cheque.

"Tom, let me have the cash for this immediately," he said.

"Yes, sir," said Tom. Turning to me at the wicket, he said, "You'll excuse me won't you?"

I was just about to leave the bank when the manager's door opened again. "Not at all!", the manager was saying. "No trouble!" And the black seal swept out. His hand was on the handle of the door, ready to shut it when he caught sight of me.

"Hello! there. I hope you'll excuse me pushing that cheque through ahead of yours."

"Of course. Must have been important," I replied.

"Our Wealthy Depositor"

"Oh no!", smiled the manager, "but she is one of our wealthiest depositors."

"Really wealthy?"

"Yes. I don't think she has ever wanted for anything money could buy. Lives up on the hill. But she just can't tolerate the inconvenience of queues. She only wanted some cash to shop at the groceteria near here."

For some inexplicable reason the woman had aroused my curiosity. I followed her into the groceteria. She picked up a basket from the rack and moved deeper into the store.

From the shelves with their price tags swinging on hooks above the merchandise she lifted down the more expensive commodities and put them into the basket. She went the length of the store and finally came back to stop in front of the butter case.

I could hardly believe my eyes! She opened the case, removed a half pound of butter and slipped it into the pocket of her seal coat.

In a flutter of excitement I rushed up to my friend the manager, in his cubby-hole office which overlooked the store. He was a philosopher in a white smock. The shopping world passed before him daily and he had come to know human nature very well.

"I know it's quite possible," he said calmly. "But since I didn't see it done myself I can do nothing. Even if I could I doubt if I would."

"But the crime is punishable by law—or doesn't that apply to the privileged class?"

"Of course it does. But I'm too busy with short help and rationing regulations to take time out to prosecute. If I did I'd be at the police court half the time. In the past six weeks I've lost $300 worth of merchandise, mostly in half pounds of butter and quarter pounds of tea."

"Rationed goods!"

"Yes. Since the war pilfering has increased because of rationing. People have the money but not the coupons."

"Can you make that a general rule?"

"No, it has qualifications. The percentage of loss is greater in our better district stores which cater to people who have been in the habit of having more than their neighbors."

"Rationing, then, is demoralizing."

"On the contrary. In our poorer district stores the loss is about the same as before rationing, or even less. Rationing must be introduced if morale is to persist in times of war. It maintains and improves public morale through insuring orderliness and equity of distribution."

"But what about my woman with the seal coat?"

"I'll grant you in some groups the very equity of rationing is demoralizing. I've heard some monied people say, 'Bohunks don't need beefsteaks'. Other members of the privileged classes even go so far as to think that rationing is socialistic and they're against anything that might jeopardize their position. You see, rationing is the superimposing of permit over price. People accustomed to getting everything in any quantity are slow to reorient their opinions and attitudes. Temptation sorely tries their principles—and they break the law."

"And so they get their butter."

"Sure. What's that line from the King's Breakfast. . . .

'Nobody, my darling, would call me
a fussy man,
But I do like a little bit of butter for
my bread'."

"But," I said, "have you forgotten the other line. . . .

'Speaking of butter . . . .
Many people think marmalade is
nicer.
Would you like to try a little marmalade instead?' "

"True, too true, my friend, only marmalade is also rationed. But it's a bit too bulky to slip into the pocket of a seal coat!"

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à bientôt
LENTHÉRIC
à bientôt
LENTHÉRIC
nouveau parfum
de Lenthéric

Fragrances by LENTHERIC also include Tweed • MIRACLE • pink party
Due to existing circumstances our Lentheric distributors may not have in stock as complete a range as formerly.

THE OTHER PAGE

Hara Kiri --- Modern Style

BY KATHLEEN STRANGE

AS THE Transcontinental train from the west drew to a stop in our mid-western town, the rain, which had been falling intermittently all the morning, increased to a steady downpour.

From the sleeper steps — just opposite the sheltered platform seat upon which I was sitting with my daughter, who was leaving for the east—emerged on old Japanese man. He was unusually small in stature and had a brown and wrinkled face. His hair, moustache and beard were silvery white; his eyes dark and sparkling behind gold-rimmed spectacles.

With old-fashioned deliberate courtesy he handed down from the steps a pretty, black-haired, brown-eyed Japanese girl of about nineteen years of age. She was dressed in a conventional grey suit, light brown shoes and becoming feathered hat.

The couple stood for a moment in the pouring rain, seemingly bewildered, and then walked slowly towards the form on which my daughter and I were sitting.

Timidly the old man asked if they could sit down.

"Yes," I answered, "of course."

The old man carried a suitcase which he set beside the seat. The girl, I noticed, had tears in her eyes; her hands were clenched tightly and she was obviously trying to control some deep emotion.

As soon as they were seated the old man took the girl's hands in his own and began gently to caress them. The two then began a conversation in low tones, speaking in English.

Suddenly the girl started violently, placed her hands on the old man's shoulders, and exclaimed, loud enough for me to hear:

"Oh, no, you mustn't do that! Oh, please, do not do that!"

The old man, however, seemed to be quite unmoved by the girl's outburst. He continued to fondle her and to talk to her in the same quiet voice.

Just then a Mountie, his red jacket covered by a long black mackintosh, stepped from the train and walked over to the bench on which we were all sitting. He touched the old man on the shoulder and said abruptly:

"Time to board the train."

THE girl was still crying bitterly as she walked through the pouring rain to the train with the old man. At the foot of the car steps she threw her arms around the thin figure and burst into loud sobs. The old Japanese gently disengaged her clinging arms and stepped back a few feet. He drew himself up to his utmost height and, with arms pressed closely against his sides, he slowly bowed low three times to the girl in the old-fashioned dignified Japanese ceremonial salute of greeting and farewell. Then he paused, turned half round so that he was facing the station and the town, and again bowed three times. I thought to myself that I had never seen so sad a face on any man before. Finally, without another word, or even a glance at the weeping girl, he climbed aboard the train and disappeared inside the car.

THE girl stood in the now torrential downpour, obviously transfixed with grief, her tear-filled eyes gazing anguishedly at the train as it rapidly vanished from view in the distance.

Suddenly she seemed to become aware of her situation and started to walk along the platform towards the station exit.

It was then that I noticed the suitcase, still standing beside the seat. Grabbing it up I ran after her, calling out:

"Excuse me, but you have forgotten your bag!"

"Oh, thank you," the girl said, as I handed it to her. "It was very kind of you to trouble. But now I must hurry to the streetcar."

"Look here," I exclaimed impulsively, touched by her abject condition, "it's a long walk from the station to the street car. Let me take you home in my taxi."

"I have no home," she sadly replied. "I know no one here. You see, I have come from the coast to seek work."

"But where will you live until you find it?" I asked her.

"Oh, I thought of going to the Y.W.C.A.," she answered.

She was by this time soaking wet, her feathered hat hanging at an absurd angle, water dripping from the hem of her short skirt.

"Goodness!" I said, "you can't go anywhere in that state. You'd better come home with me. I will have your clothes dried and then you can go any place you please."

HALF dazedly the girl permitted herself to be led to a taxi and we were soon on the way to my home. I drew a hot bath for her and prepared some tea and toast. I gave her a dressing-gown belonging to my daughter and told her to put it on when she had had her bath and while her wet things were drying.

Later, seated in front of an open fire drinking her tea, the girl became more composed.

"You have been very kind to me", she said shyly. "It is a long time since I have received any kindness from anyone. I am so sorry to have caused you so much trouble. But I was so upset."

"Try not to worry," I advised her. "I am sure that one of these days you will be reunited with your father."

"Oh, but that wasn't my father," she answered quickly. "That was my uncle." She hesitated for a moment and then went on: "I would like to tell you my story if I may."

"Go ahead," I told her warmly, thinking that it might relieve the girl to unburden herself of her troubles.

"I am a Japanese girl born in Canada," she began, "so I am a Canadian citizen and very proud of it. My uncle, the old gentleman you saw at the station, was born in Japan. He and his brother, my father, came to this country thirty-five years ago. My father later married my mother, who was also born in Japan. But my uncle never married. My father and mother both died when I was a little girl and my uncle has brought me up ever since. We were so proud to be living in Canada. We have been very happy here and we both love this country very much indeed. My uncle is a fine scholar. He received his diploma from Tokio University. He studied English there with a celebrated English professor. It was that man who induced my uncle and my father to decide to come to Canada. Soon after arriving in this country my uncle opened a book store in Vancouver, selling both English and Japanese books. But his hobby has always been to try to promote better understanding and goodwill between the Canadian and Japanese peoples.

"During the last war, when Japan was Canada's ally, my uncle addressed many public meetings in both English and Japanese and helped to sell many Canadian war bonds. My uncle became, as we all did, very sad and unhappy as the tension between Canada and Japan increased in recent years.

"Then came Pearl Harbor. My uncle was intensely shocked at that. He thought it was a terrible and treacherous action for Japan to take. Being Japanese-born, he was, of course, immediately placed in an internment camp as an enemy alien. He did not complain, though, for he realized that there were many spies of the Japanese Government among the Japanese people in this land. You know, of course, that even we who have been born in Canada, and who are Canadian citizens but of Japanese ancestry, like myself, were removed suddenly from the Pacific coast to inland places. I found a position as maid in a town near the internment camp where my uncle was confined, so we have seen something of each other in recent months.

"One day my uncle told me that word had come to the camp that volunteers were wanted to be repatriated to Japan, to be exchanged for Canadian prisoners there. Canadians would be released in accordance with the number of Japanese who were returned.

"My uncle did not at all want to

A Fine Good-Morning Treat!

ALL-BRAN ORANGE MUFFINS

2 tablespoons shortening
½ cup corn syrup
1 egg
1 cup Kellogg's All-Bran
⅓ cup milk
1 cup flour
½ teaspoon salt
2½ teaspoons baking powder
2 tablespoons grated orange rind

Cream shortening and corn syrup thoroughly; add egg and beat well. Stir in All-Bran and milk; let soak until most of moisture is taken up. Sift flour with salt and baking powder; add grated orange rind; add to first mixture and stir only until flour disappears. Fill greased muffin pans two-thirds full and bake in moderately hot oven (400° F.) about 30 minutes.

Yield: 8 large muffins (3 inches in diameter) or
12 small muffins (2½ inches in diameter).

When sour milk or buttermilk is used instead of sweet milk, reduce baking powder to one teaspoon and add ½ teaspoon soda.

Delicious? These All-Bran muffins are grand . . . with the fruity tang of orange rind combined with the unbeatable flavor and texture of Kellogg's All-Bran. No ordinary bran could ever produce such a treat! Sugarless, too! And doubly good because when eaten daily All-Bran keeps you regular naturally . . . gets at the cause of constipation due to lack of "bulk" in the diet and corrects it.

Kellogg's
ALL-BRAN
for Constipation

Keeps You Regular... ...NATURALLY

Your grocer has All-Bran in two convenient size packages.
Made by Kellogg's in London, Canada
"Now we must all buy More War Savings Certificates"

TIP FOR TEA-STRETCHERS

1 level teaspoon per person is plenty if you steep sufficiently (3 to 5 minutes.) But to be sure of a completely satisfying cup . . . richer in fragrance and flavor . . . always use the choice YOUNG leaves. To get them, ask . . . *by name* . . . for Tender Leaf Tea.

TENDER LEAF TEA
Superior Quality

At your grocer's in two convenient sizes . . . also in improved FILTER tea balls.

BLENDED AND PACKED IN CANADA

HELP OUT YOUR MEAT RATION

The rich beefy flavour of **BOVRIL** improves all meat dishes, such as shepherds pie, hot pot or meat loaf, using less meat and a little **BOVRIL.**

An excellent addition to macaroni and spaghetti.

Makes delicious and nourishing sandwiches; spread thinly; delightful on hot buttered toast.

Also available handy **BOVRIL** Bouillon CUBES to add pep to soups, gravies, stews and left overs.

Use Bottled **BOVRIL** for sandwiches.

BOVRIL BOUILLON CUBES

43-B

BOVRIL "MEETS" the RATION

go back to Japan. He had quite broken off all ties and associations with the country of his birth. Suddenly, however, the idea came to him that here was a chance for him to repay to Canada some part of the debt he owed her for the many kindnesses he had received. So, much as he loved Canada, and much as he hated the present military government of Japan, he decided he would volunteer to return and so be the means of bringing back a Canadian to his home land.

"MY uncle is the only relative I have in the world, and sad as I would be to lose him, I could not help but commend him for his fine action. Then came the time for him to go.

"As we were sitting on the station seat, where you saw us, my uncle told me of something else he contemplated doing. It was that which caused my distress that you witnessed."

"And what was it that your uncle contemplated doing that upset you so?" I asked curiously.

"He told me," the girl went on "that on his arrival in Japan he would seek the chance of speaking in public. He thought it might be arranged as his family had been well known in the old days. He might even, he said, be permitted to speak over the radio to thousands of Japanese people. He intended, he said, to tell the Japanese people how kind and considerate the Canadians had been to him and to other Japanese people, and how he and many other Japanese had prospered in Canada. Then he said he would *denounce* the Pearl Harbor action, and would say that he believed that the honor of the Emperor had been forever besmirched and that he, a Japanese subject, was heartily ashamed of the Emperor and of his military advisors."

"But, good heavens!" I ejaculated "he mustn't do that. They'll surely punish him if he does."

"THEY'LL do worse than punish him," the girl sobbingly replied. They'll kill him and most probably torture him first. He knows that. But there is nothing that can be done about it. His mind is made up. We have an old Japanese ceremony, you know, that requires that if a man feels deeply that a wrong has been done, he kills himself. We call it hara kiri. His people thus know of his passionate protest.

"My uncle loves Canada dearly and by giving himself up to the present Japanese authorities he will indeed be committing hara kiri."

Twilight of the Commentator

BY MARY LOWREY ROSS

HOW harsh the rule and arbitrary,
How rude the networks' late decision,
To rob the air of Commentary,
The Commentator of his mission.

Now will we see the vision bounded,
The grasp relaxed, the ear ungrounded,
While analysts suppress their views,
And merely read the daily news.
Nor smell a rat, nor note unbidden
The nigger in the wood-pile hidden,
Nor strip the seemly outward gloss
From the International Double-cross.
Oh, will our experts cease to plan,
The Century of the Common Man,
And carefully avert their sight
As Roosevelt moves from Left to Right,
Leaving the problem and the fuss
To world-illiterates, like us?

Come every valiant freedom-mapper,
Come R. G. Swing and Raymond Clapper,
There's room on the air for the Global View
And plenty of work for you to do.
The sheep's in the meadow, the cow in the corn,
Up R. G. Swing! Up, Kaltenborn!
Bring on your Views. All will be well yet,
John Vandercook and Major Eliot.

Scared of the Sponsor? Oh fie, fie Sir,
Are you a Mouse or an Analyser?
Shall any sponsor call the tune
Of you, or Fulton Lewis Jun.?
Shall any network make a ninny
Of John B. Hughes and good Cal Tinney?
Oh say, will fiery Gabriel Heatter
Ignore the quisling and the cheater,
Let politicians go their way
And naught condemn by tooth-decay?
And while the nations totter, see a
Threat alone in Pyorrhea?
The world is waiting to be re-born,
Come, Gabriel, come blow your horn!
Spread your opinions, Dorothy Thompson,
Don't let them tell you nobody wants 'em.
Come and explain, deduce, discuss,
For we need you, and you need us.
Survey events both great and small
And don't forget the Crystal Ball.

Now let no network interfere
With the task of the Woman of the Year.
For oh what torture, what a Hades
For this most prescient of ladies,
To see the future's awful face
And merely read communiqués,
Relay the unembellished fact
And never urge the Will-to-Act.

And we who study history's pages
By listening to the radio sages,
Must we go Gunther-less and Shirer-less
While comics dominate the wireless?
Come every dauntless tyrant-baiter
And rally round the Commentator,
Lest ignorance and folly reign,
In the Circumambient Inane.

A Saga of the North

BY R. C. WOOD

FOR A political speaker, campaigning in Northern Ontario is full of interesting incidents. My territory was usually where the French-speaking Canadians predominated. Cache Bay was my stop during this particular campaign. On arrival there, as was my custom, I called upon the parish priest to pay my respects. As a result, I spent two delightful hours with the curé, a man of inestimable charm, with learning and culture stamped upon his clever, kindly face. He was in his thirties, stockily built and quite robust.

During that visit I learned much about the work of a parish priest in Northern Ontario, where the whole social, economic, business, educational, as well as spiritual life seemed to revolve around this gifted cleric. On winter evenings he would give illustrated lectures on dairy farming and other agricultural subjects for the benefit of the farmers in his parish. He at times would market their cattle for them collectively and disburse the proceeds without question. He was the Ontario Government Agent and Registrar, C.P.R. agent, and also held half-a-dozen other important appointments.

Father Lionel Seguin was the life of the community. It was easy to see why he was so highly respected. His kindly manner and rich qualities impressed me deeply.

Four years or more had passed. another political campaign was in progress. I was in the leading hotel at North Bay at dinner. At my table were three other speakers, all unknown to each other until that moment. We were reminiscing, living again some of our political experiences of the past. My contribution was my delightful visit with the parish priest at Cache Bay of four years previous.

"That priest is my brother, honored sir," said the short thick-set man, with a merry twinkle in his eye, who was sitting opposite me. So started a friendship that still exists. For six weeks my newly found friend and I toured the north country together, he as the Frīench speaker and I as the English. We were called "The Heavy Artillery".

DURING that time I frequently referred to his brother, the priest, and one evening before retiring he told me the following incident in his brother's career:

"I was living in a village where my brother was the priest," he commenced. "Winter had settled in and everything was frozen up tight. One night in January it was 40 below and a blizzard was raging.

"I had locked up for the night," he continued, "and had remarked to my wife that I would not go out again for anyone. About ten o'clock there was a loud knocking at my door. It was my brother, the priest, clad in furs, with a lantern, an axe and a small case containing the requisites for the last sacrament. A message had reached him that alone in a shack an old man lay dying. He could not live through the night. Not a wealthy lumber king was he, but just a poor lonely old man. Would the Father come and stay to the end?

"The shack was ten miles away and for only five miles was there a road. My brother asked me to drive him to the end of the road and he would walk through the bush the rest of the way, using his axe to blaze a trail for safety's sake. So I blanketed the team and harnessed them to the cutter and we drove to the end of the road. The courageous Man of God then went on his perilous five-mile journey alone through the bush that might easily have meant his death, so terrible and fierce was the storm.

"A divine Providence must have guided him, as he reached the forlorn shack in time to give his aged parishioner the comfort of his church. He passed the night alone with the still form of the aged man, to await the morn and the abatement of the great storm."

I call this story a Saga of the North. I have wondered, too, how many "men of the cloth" of any denomination would have done what Father Lionel Seguin, now of Hanmer, Ont. did on that dreadful night.

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No 5

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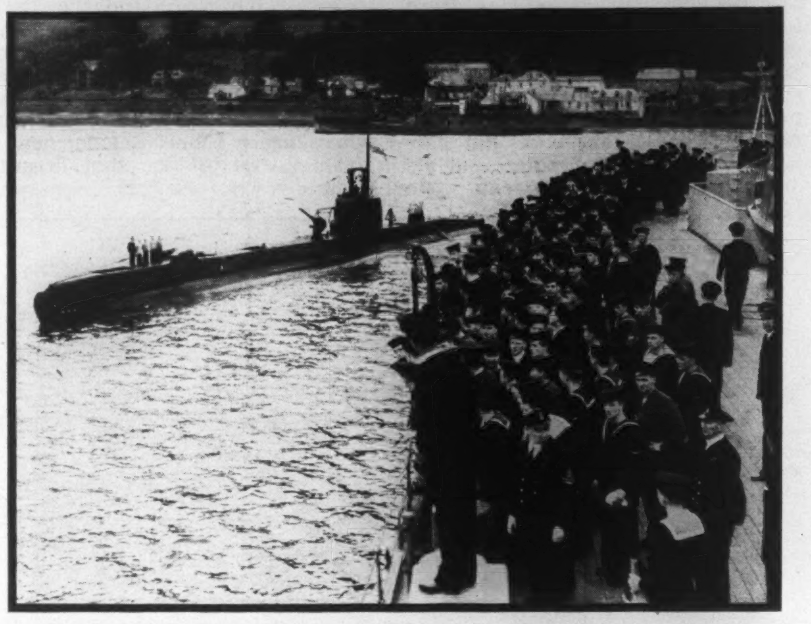
SATURDAY NIGHT, TORONTO, CANADA, NOVEMBER 13, 1943

P. M. Richards, Financial Editor

Confidence Schemes Used by Phony Promoters



From the standpoint at least of press notices, Nazi U-boats are the prima donnas of the sea lanes. But the fact is, activities of British submarines are not widely publicized, largely because success of their operations against enemy shipping is contingent upon their secrecy. "Destination unknown" is the general rule, at least until a submarine has slipped quietly out of its base and headed toward its "beat", whether in the North Sea, the Channel, Bay of Biscay, or the Eastern Mediterranean. It may not be heard from again until like this one, H.M. "Safari", it slides unannounced into its berth beside the mother ship. The crew of this depot ship lined its deck and cheered as the "Safari" arrived home recently. Forty enemy vessels, totalling 50,000 tons, were its "bag."

Above: the crew proudly displays the Jolly Roger, on which is kept the record of the ships they have sunk. Submarine crews are mostly young.

Amidships of the submarine is the operating section, a place of many dials, wheels and levers for the control of certain functions such as ballast tanks, elevators, etc. The commander is seen at the periscope.

BY A. L. FLETCHER

Swindling share-pushers are making a lucrative racket out of prospectors' development syndicates. Here's how they operate. And here's something about the many forms of "confidence game" used by the racketeers—past-masters in disguising their phony offerings to simulate legitimate securities.

WE CANADIANS believe wholeheartedly in Democracy and in this belief it has been our natural desire to allow a man to go as far as possible on his own initiative and ability. Thus a few years back when the Securities Law of Ontario was so drastic and when mine development was being hampered by making it practically impossible for a prospector to raise money for preliminary work, clear-headed men brought into being the prospecting development syndicate. This allowed a bona fide prospector to organize a syndicate up to twenty-five thousand dollars in capital, take so many units for his property and sell the remainder to raise capital for proving his claims. A commission of 25 per cent was allowed for selling expenses.

In the main it was an excellent idea but this relaxation of the law or privilege has brought about one of the most tragic developments in the history of our mining industry. Hundreds of these syndicates have been brought into being. Many are perfectly legitimate, but some have become the bread-and-butter racket of the worst types of share-pushers—men who cannot get a salesman's license, men with criminal records. You can go into almost any beer parlor and you will find them sitting there, each with a syndicate "deal" in his pocket. Many of them stay sober just long enough to sell a few units, take the proceeds and get drunk again. This goes on for months on end.

Then again it has become "Big Business". One office in the heart of the financial district had eight syndicates operating from the same address at one time. Eight syndicates with a capitalization of $25,000 each, a total of $200,000. The commission allowable by law was $50,000. And we also venture to say that many of the units sold were bonus units received from vendors whereby the "Brains" took all. A large percentage of the properties were worthless — few have had enough money spent on them to prove anything.

Another purpose for which these syndicates are used is to build up a sucker list for an operator. A syndicate is formed with a very low price put on the units that are to be offered for sale. The syndicate is written up in many ways—a tipster sheet—a market letter—or even in the press. Then an advertisement is placed in newspapers throughout the country, with a coupon attached. The story written around the syndicate is made most attractive and as a great number of people are willing to take a gamble for a small amount, a large number of coupons are sent in. Some people send the money along with the coupon; others ask for further information. In any event they become clients of the house and soon are ready to be taken for a real ride.

It would seem that the records of past disasters would deter the average man from being so easy. But man never learns from experience; he still persists in trying again. It must be realized that many of these phony stock operators are exceedingly clever, and many forms of the "confidence game" are used.

In the instance of "tipster sheets" they are labelled with apparent honesty; they will warn you of the

THE BUSINESS ANGLE

The Decline in Competition

BY P. M. RICHARDS

LONG before the advocates of state socialism were as vocal or had as large and sympathetic an audience as they have now, the defenders of the "private enterprise" system were worrying about the declining trend of competition between the various units of that system. Some of those units were growing bigger and bigger, and as they did so were tending to eliminate competition by the direct absorption of small competitors, by controlling markets or by employing the advantages conferred by bigness in respect of research, ability to finance, lower costs of production and transportation, etc. The friends of private enterprise, which is supposed to be based on the maintenance of free competition, have more reason for worry now, as the competitive position of small business has been further reduced by the war. In wartime a very large proportion of the total industrial output is bought by the government, and government contracts naturally tend to go to the bigger producers.

An editorial in *Fortune* suggests that while the unhappy position of small independent businessmen has been accentuated by the war, the problem should not be treated as having to do with the present emergency only, but rather as a matter of such importance that more far-reaching measures are called for. "We are convinced," says the editorial, "that certain forces which have long been at work in our economy are pushing us, now with accelerated speed, into something fundamentally different from the kind of democratic society that has been distinctively our own."

After outlining the story of the development of "big business", *Fortune* says that much legislation has been enacted for the express purpose of coping with monopolistic practices, but that, even so, the monopoly problem today appears to be further from solution than ever. Concentration of business control seems to have increased.

Other Concentration

Meanwhile, apart from the war, another aspect of concentration stares us in the face, it says. As our economic society has become more complex, some kind of collective control of larger and larger sectors of it has become—or has seemed to become—unavoidable. Where great corporations are not predominant there is likely to be something else equally big and unwieldy. Labor unions, farm groups, cooperatives, trade associations, and so on: almost everybody seems to find it necessary to form, or at any rate to affiliate with, an organization. Instead of a society made up of self-reliant individuals, we are confronted with the disturbing vision of one composed of a number of huge blocs, each so powerful that no ordinary person could possibly hope to deal with it on equal terms. Not being able to lick it, the individual would have to join it.

No doubt to the believer in collectivism, this sort of economic society would be desirable. But, *Fortune* asserts, it is utterly opposed to the basic principle of American democracy, which is to limit not only the power of the state over the citizen but also the power of any other individual or the power of any organized group.

Nobody knows, it continues, whether any such bad dream as the foregoing is in store for us or not. "We do know that the number and size of the business giants have been increasing. We know that business bureaucracy is beginning to approach the character of government bureaucracy in its threat to initiative and the venturesome spirit. Other kinds of organization, particularly of labor and of the farmers, are going in for super-organization."

One Definite Conclusion

But little precise information is available as to what has been happening in this respect. Though the very foundations of our institutions are involved, we must make up our minds as to what to do on the basis of vague and often conflicting general impressions rather than established fact. Particularly exasperating is the fact that we do not know what *can* be done. We are unable to determine, even approximately, how much of the economy must be controlled or dominated by great corporations because of the requirements of modern technology and mass production and how much can remain free and independent.

One definite conclusion does appear to be warranted by the meagre information at hand. It is that the problem of independent business is essentially but the converse of the problem of monopoly. Fairly numerous enterprises, in as many fields of economic activity as possible, will be an indispensable requirement for maintaining the conditions of a free market —and for preventing the concentration of virtually all economic power into large organizations.

Heretofore our attack on the problem has taken the form of attempts to curb monopolistic practices by large concerns or groups. And nobody would pretend that we have had any appreciable success. *Fortune* asks: has not the time come to shift the point of attack—to shift from defence to offence? Should we not try to devise measures to encourage and enable the smaller independent concerns to compete effectively with the giants? One of the most important of these, it says, would be the provision of means of capital financing, a field in which the little concerns are now at a tremendous disadvantage. It also advocates the setting up at once of a joint public and private committee for study and research on independent business and the changing structure of the economy.

While there are many people who desire in the economic sphere nothing more than security, there are many others, says *Fortune*, who crave economic adventure, who have the divine urge that drives them into great creative effort. And these, if not the salt of the earth, are at any rate the yeast of the economy.

perils of the market; they will recommend good stocks on which money can be made; then they will slip in one of their pet promotions promising greater opportunities and when you are taken in your money quickly vanishes. Even when you are offered a "trial subscription" for, say, a dollar, be on your guard and watch for some "pet stock" sandwiched in among legitimate financial news. Don't forget that any legitimate broker will welcome your account, small or large as the case may be. Don't forget that telephones can be used for legitimate soliciting but always be sure you know to whom you are talking.

The more phony the stock the more carefully disguised are the confidence angles the operators use. Obviously in order to exist, the more closely they must simulate legitimate offerings.

The Disappearing Cheque

It might be an opportune moment to draw your attention to, and perhaps put you on your guard against, the "Disappearing Cheque" act. The promoters have been operating a "switch". That is, they have acquired control of an issue offered some years before, which, owing to difficulties, the company had ceased operating. A new company has been formed to acquire a new mining property and are offering the shareholders of the older company an opportunity to exchange their now worthless shares for ones in the new company, on a basis of say ten of the old for one of the new. This "deal" is readily acceptable to the majority of the old shareholders. It gives them a new lease on life. Usually these new shares are pooled so as not to interfere in the future operation of the share-pushers. (This method is sometimes used by legitimate operators where it has been found necessary to raise more capital to put a property into production and must not be confused with this story). In due course of time the shareholders are offered *free* stock in the new company and in many instances they buy. But in the process of "switching" the operators find one shareholder who refuses to have any part of the new arrangements. He is usually a fairly prosperous man holding perhaps 10,000 shares of the old stock. He is in all probability through, for the time at least, with all speculations. The operators check up thoroughly on his financial standing. Here is real opportunity presenting itself as soon as they have secured all the old stock. This man will receive some extra attention.

The job is completed. Every share of stock except this one block is accounted for. Then a rumor is started . . . the old stock is actually worth money . . . big interests are going to acquire the old property. How foolish all the shareholders have been. In due course of time this rumor reaches the ears of the lone stockholder. He wasn't such a fool after all.

One bright day our lone shareholder is approached by a very smooth artist, perhaps masquerading as an insurance broker. Perhaps they do business together. They become friends. As time goes on, the salesman drops a hint that he has struck it rich. He has a block of 90,000 shares of such and such a stock which up until a short time ago was worthless but now he could easily get fifteen cents a share for it, but he is going to hold out for thirty cents. The seed is sown . . . the salesman moves out of the picture for a while. Time goes on . . . again our lone shareholder is approached to switch his stock. Nothing doing, they're not fooling him any. One day, two very important men approach him. They understand Mr. Lone Man has a block of stock in such-and-such a company. They, the operators, need a block of 100,000 shares of stock to consummate their deal and will pay one dollar a share for it. To show they mean business they have brought with them a marked cheque for the full amount. (This cheque is a forgery, and a very clever one).

At last Mr. Lone Man is going to make a killing. He tells the operators he will have to think it over. The operators want quick action. They will give him two days. In the meantime the cheque will be handed over to Mr. Lone Man's lawyer, to be surrendered on the delivery of the stock. Away the operators go and Mr. Lone Man can hardly wait to get in touch with his salesman friend. Imagine, a dollar a share for his own stock and didn't the salesman tell him he would take 30c a share for his? Why he, Mr. Lone Man, would be independent for life. Finally they get together. Mr. Lone Man has become interested in the story our salesman friend was telling him about the 90,000 shares of stock he held. Would he, the salesman, like to let him in on it? They had done business together. They were friends. He had the cash with him. Mr. Salesman was reluctant. He had heard more rumors about the property. He wouldn't think of selling for 30c a share. In fact he had been able to double his holdings himself. All the bad qualities that seem to crop into a man's make-up now appeared in Mr. Lone Man . . . avarice, envy and jealousness. He promised Mr. Salesman he'd buy another big policy from him a little later on. He would introduce him to some of his friends. Finally Mr. Salesman relents. He will let Mr. Lone Man have ninety thousand shares at 50c a share. (He knows just about the amount Mr. Lone Man can raise).

The Killing

The deal is consummated. Mr. Salesman has his cash. Mr. Lone Man now rushes to his lawyer's office. What a killing has been made . . . but the whole thing is well timed. The operators had just been in and withdrawn their offer. They had looked for Mr. Lone Man and had decided he wasn't interested and had picked up their cheque, but would be back later on. They had mentioned they would probably pay a higher price for the stock on their next visit. Mr. Lone Man first thought they were in all probability looking up his salesman friend. He certainly would be annoyed at having let Mr. Lone Man have his stock for fifty cents a share. However, business is business. He certainly was lucky to be able to close the contract before the operators had reached him.

A few days later Mr. Salesman dropped in to see Mr. Lone Man. He was very smooth. He was sorry now he had let Mr. Lone Man have the stock, but knew that Mr. Lone Man being a good friend of his would sell him back say 10,000 shares at 60c. Mr. Lone Man refused. He now was sure Mr. Salesman had had a higher offer than he had received. Hadn't the operators told him that there had to be an exact block of 100,000 shares? Why should he lose this opportunity? They parted under rather strained relations. No doubt Mr. Lone Man is still waiting. He was beaten at his own game and no charges could be laid. What proof had he? The cheque had been there. Hadn't he, as he thought, put it over Mr. Salesman? The operators had changed their minds, the *Deal had fallen through*. Just how many times this has been done, we'll never know. We do know of several instances. It's just the old "Hidden Treasure" idea with new embellishments. This is a case of "Let the *Seller* beware".

This article and the preceding ones have been written to prevent, if possible, this stock market boom from getting out of control, to prevent, if possible, a collapse that will result in bitterness against our mining industry and the heartbreak of many who have faith in our future. With the attractive future that lies ahead for Canadian mining there is an opportunity for the legitimate operator who has a decent code of morals to help prevent a repetition of the tragic mistakes of the past. If the present situation is not cleaned up from within, then public opinion will force upon all operators legislative means of control. We will await with interest the findings of the new Mining Commission.

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Now the Nazis are Receivers
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GOLD & DROSS

It is recommended that answers to inquiries in this department be read in conjunction with the Business and Market Forecast.

J.M.P., Toronto, Ont.—Yes, all the gold stocks you inquire about have possibilities for appreciation particularly if purchased for the long-term. With O'BRIEN GOLD MINES planning to open four new levels and carrying out exploration believed to have interesting possibilities; financing a group of claims adjoining Chesterville in the Larder Lake area; as well as being interested in other outside ventures, the shares offer speculative appeal. Recent developments at HARD ROCK GOLD MINES have disclosed excellent new ore at the fifth level, some spectacular visible gold having been encountered, which improves the outlook for this mine. Shortage of manpower here is seriously handicapping development work.

E.T.W., Niagara Falls, Ont. — I doubt that it would be wise to buy more shares of ROLLAND PAPER common to even up the price of your holding, as it appears that operating activity and earnings have passed their peak for the present. Due to manpower shortages in woods operations, the company has had increasing difficulty in getting pulpwood. There seems little hope of much easement of this problem for the duration of the war, and production may decline during the next year. Unfilled orders are still substantial; the trouble is shortage of raw materials. Earnings last year amounted to $1.24 a share, a decline from the $1.42 on the common reported for 1941. This year the new tax rates have been in effect and costs have increased. This company is one of the four major fine paper producers in Canada, and, unlike the newsprint producers who have obtained an $8 a ton price increase this year, the fine paper producers have not had such an increase and selling prices are being held at ceiling levels fixed by the government. You may be able to buy more shares at better prices later on.

S.E.G., Westport, Ont.—I would be disinclined to dispose of TECK-HUGHES at present. The original mine yet appears to have considerable life ahead of it and a large factor in maintaining dividends at the present level is its 75%-owned subsidiary, Lamaque Gold Mines. Of net profits of 18 cents a share in the first eight months of the current year around 11½ cents was derived from dividends from Lamaque. While the labor shortage has affected production and earnings of the latter, its ore reserves are at an all-time high. Tech-Hughes' ore reserves are only down 4,800 tons from the figure reported at the end of 1942, despite the fact little new ore was developed. The company's financial position is strong, net working capital exceeding $3,360,000 at the beginning of the year.

T.L.C., Montreal, Que.—Yes, I have heard of discussions of a possible split in the common shares of CANADA IRON FOUNDRIES LTD., on the basis of 10 new shares for 1 old, but I know nothing definite. The company has continued to operate at capacity this year, but it appears

BUSINESS AND MARKET FORECAST

BY HARUSPEX

ONE TO TWO-YEAR TREND: New York stocks, which give market leadership to Canadian stocks, following their sustained advance from the April 1942 lows, are regarded by us as having registered a zone of distribution over the early half of the year, from which eventual cyclical decline should be witnessed. A reversal in the SEVERAL MONTH TREND to a downward direction was recently (August 2) indicated. For further discussion of the near term outlook, see below.

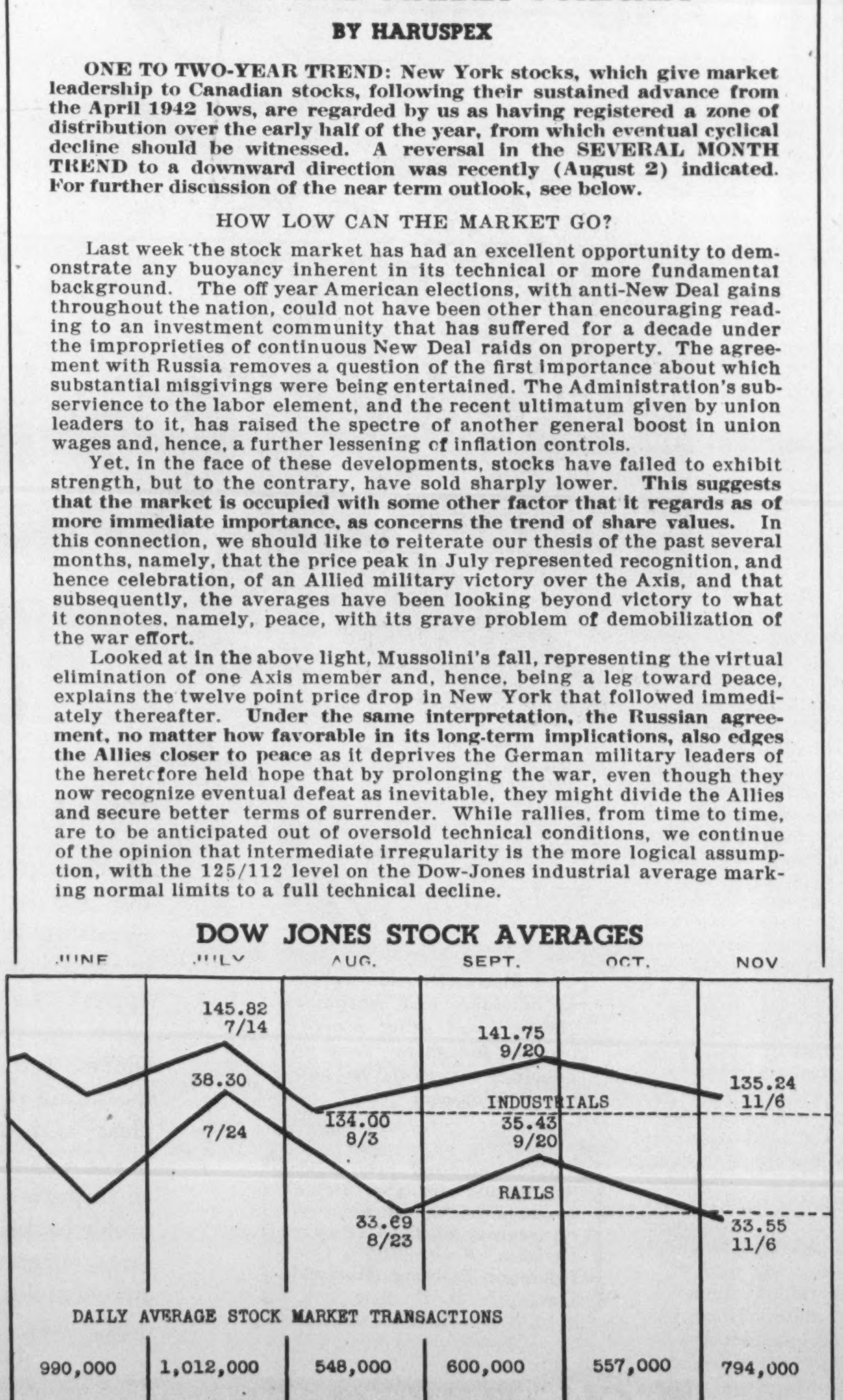
HOW LOW CAN THE MARKET GO?

Last week the stock market has had an excellent opportunity to demonstrate any buoyancy inherent in its technical or more fundamental background. The off year American elections, with anti-New Deal gains throughout the nation, could not have been other than encouraging reading to an investment community that has suffered for a decade under the improprieties of continuous New Deal raids on property. The agreement with Russia removes a question of the first importance about which substantial misgivings were being entertained. The Administration's subservience to the labor element, and the recent ultimatum given by union leaders to it, has raised the spectre of another general boost in union wages and, hence, a further lessening of inflation controls.

Yet, in the face of these developments, stocks have failed to exhibit strength, but to the contrary, have sold sharply lower. **This suggests that the market is occupied with some other factor that it regards as of more immediate importance, as concerns the trend of share values.** In this connection, we should like to reiterate our thesis of the past several months, namely, that the price peak in July represented recognition, and hence celebration, of an Allied military victory over the Axis, and that subsequently, the averages have been looking beyond victory to what it connotes, namely, peace, with its grave problem of demobilization of the war effort.

Looked at in the above light, Mussolini's fall, representing the virtual elimination of one Axis member and, hence, being a leg toward peace, explains the twelve point price drop in New York that followed immediately thereafter. **Under the same interpretation, the Russian agreement, no matter how favorable in its long-term implications, also edges the Allies closer to peace** as it deprives the German military leaders of the heretofore held hope that by prolonging the war, even though they now recognize eventual defeat as inevitable, they might divide the Allies and secure better terms of surrender. While rallies, from time to time, are to be anticipated out of oversold technical conditions, we continue of the opinion that intermediate irregularity is the more logical assumption, with the 125/112 level on the Dow-Jones industrial average marking normal limits to a full technical decline.

DOW JONES STOCK AVERAGES



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Assets Exceed $62,000,000

BANK OF MONTREAL
ESTABLISHED 1817
DIVIDEND NO. 322

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND of ONE DOLLAR AND FIFTY CENTS per share upon the paid up Capital Stock of this Institution has been declared for the current quarter, payable on and after WEDNESDAY, the FIRST day of DECEMBER next, to Shareholders of record at close of business on 30th October, 1943.

The Annual General Meeting of the Shareholders will be held at the Banking House of the Institution on MONDAY, the SIXTH day of DECEMBER next.

The Chair to be taken at noon.

By Order of the Board.
B. C. GARDNER,
General Manager.

Montreal, 19th October, 1943.

The Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto

NOTICE
of
ANNUAL MEETING

The ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING OF THE SHAREHOLDERS of The Consumers' Gas Company of Toronto, to receive the report of the Directors, for the Election of Directors for the ensuing year and for the transaction of such other business as may properly be transacted at the meeting, will be held in the Company's Auditorium, 55 Adelaide St. East, Toronto, on MONDAY, the **15th DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1943,** at 12 o'clock noon.

By Order of the Board.
EDWARD J. TUCKER,
General Manager.

Toronto, October 7th, 1943.

PICKLE CROW
GOLD MINES LIMITED
(No Personal Liability)

NOTICE OF DIVIDEND NO. 29

Notice is hereby given that a dividend of Five Cents (5c) per share in Canadian funds has been declared, payable on Friday, December 31st, 1943 to shareholders of the company of record at the close of business on Tuesday, November 30th, 1943.

By Order of the Board
G. M. HUYCKE,
Secretary-Treasurer

Toronto, Ont., November 1, 1943.

CANADA WIRE & CABLE COMPANY

DIVIDEND NOTICES

PREFERRED DIVIDEND NO. 59.

TAKE NOTICE that the regular quarterly Dividend of $1.625 per share, on the outstanding Preferred Stock of the Company for the three months period ended November 30th, 1943, has been declared as Dividend No. 59, payable December 15th, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1943.

CLASS "A" DIVIDEND NO. 33.

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that a Dividend of $1.00 per share on the outstanding Class "A" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 33, payable December 15th, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1943.

CLASS "B" DIVIDEND NO. 23.

ALSO TAKE NOTICE that an Interim Dividend of 25 cents per share on the outstanding Class "B" Common Shares of the Company has been declared as Dividend No. 23, payable December 15th, 1943, to Shareholders of record at the close of business November 30th, 1943

By Order of the Board.

A. I. SIMMONS,
Secretary.

Toronto, November 5th, 1943

IMPERIAL BANK OF CANADA APPOINTMENT AT MONTREAL

JOHN S. PROCTOR

becomes Manager of Montreal Branch succeeding Mr. A. R. B. Hearn, who is retiring on pension.

Mr. Proctor, who comes from a banking family, entered the Bank's service at Victoria, B.C. in 1922 and after serving at various branches was appointed to the Bank's main Toronto Branch as Assistant Manager in 1936. Mr. Proctor, who is well-known in mining and other business circles, will take up residence in Montreal shortly.

NORANDA MINES, LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

Notice is hereby given that an interim dividend of One Dollar ($1.00) per share, payable in Canadian funds, has been declared by the Directors of Noranda Mines, Limited, payable December 15th, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business November 15th, 1943.

By order of the Board.

J. R. BRADFIELD,
Secretary.

Toronto, November 4th, 1943.

CANADIAN BREWERIES LIMITED

DIVIDEND NOTICE

NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN that a dividend of eighty-five cents (85c) per share on the Cumulative Sinking Fund Convertible Preference Shares without nominal or par value in the Capital Stock of the company has been declared payable on the 1st day of January, 1944, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on the 15th day of November, 1943.

By order of the Board.

W. C. BUTLER,
Secretary.

Toronto, Ontario,
November 2nd, 1943.

Lake Shore Mines Limited

(No Personal Liability)

DIVIDEND NO. 95

NOTICE is hereby given that a dividend of Twenty Cents per share, on the issued capital stock of the Company, will be paid on the fifteenth day of December, 1943, to shareholders of record at the close of business on the fifteenth day of November, 1943.

By order of the Board.

KIRKLAND SECURITIES LIMITED
Secretary.

Dated at Kirkland Lake, Ontario,
November 1st, 1943.

Imperial Oil Limited

IMPERIAL OIL LIMITED, as the Dominion's largest refiner and distributor of petroleum products, is in position to take advantage of the increasing and broadening markets for oil. Demand for petroleum products after the war promises to be greater than ever. Scientists have developed many new uses for oil and derivatives, such as synthetic rubber, plastics, chemicals etc., to add to the importance of the commodity as an essential to our present mode of living. The demand for oil for these varied purposes in the future gives evidence of being substantial. Coupled with this is the anticipated increased consumption of oil for fuel and automotive power for expanding transportation and broadening air travel, and other industrial uses. Important improvements have been made in refining and cracking processes for the manufacture of a better product and Imperial is assured of the best processes known to the industry.

Today Imperial is supplying the United Nations with large quantities of oil. The Dominion Government synthetic rubber plant has been built adjacent to the company's refinery at Sarnia, and will furnish ingredients for the manufacture of this rubber. The government plant has been constructed at a cost of over $40,000,000 and in peacetime, as well as for the duration, will provide a large market for petroleum products. That part of Imperial's facilities now occupied in the manufacture of lubricating oils, gasolines, etc., for the war can be turned over to the manufacture of similar products for general consumption without loss of time and with small, if any, capital expenditures.

The company through subsidiaries, notably International Petroleum Company, Ltd., has large reserves of crude oil. International Petroleum has a number of producing wells in Colombia and Peru and a substantial interest in production of the Mene Grande Oil Company in Venezuela. Production from these sources in 1942 approximated 26,000,000 barrels, down from 42,000,000 barrels for 1941. The decrease in production was due largely to shipping conditions, which have since shown a material improvement. Development and exploration is continuing in Peru, with satisfactory results, and active exploration is being carried out in Ecuador by a company in which International Petroleum holds a 60% interest. Imperial Oil, through subsidiaries, has also a large potential production in the oilfields of Alberta and has a refinery at Fort Norman and producing wells in this area. The Fort Norman wells have been connected by pipeline with White Horse and the Canadian and United States governments have interested themselves in an exhaustive search for additional sources of oil in the area.

In recent years net earnings of Imperial Oil Limited have been reduced, due to increased taxation and reduction in dividends and extras received from International Petroleum. The subsidiary for some years made special disbursements, part of which were paid out of accumulated surplus. With Imperial owning over 60% of outstanding shares of "Pete" and a large accumulated surplus of its own, the parent company passed these special disbursements along to its own shareholders in the form of extras. In view of Foreign Exchange Control Board regulations, and in late years shipping conditions, these special disbursements were discontinued. However, payment of these extras by the subsidiary in the base period established a standard base of profit for Imperial Oil which, under the 100% excess profits tax, would permit the company to retain annual income well above the current dividend of 50c per share. Net earnings for 1942 were equal to 54.38c per share and for 1941 to 59.87c a share. Earned surplus has increased from $34,672,153 at December 31, 1939, to $38,757,016 at December 31, 1942.

The company has always maintained an excellent liquid position, with net working capital at December 31, 1942, $60,583,509. Current assets at the same date of $87,519,593 had a rato of 3.25 to 1 to current liabilities of $26,936,084. Cash amounted to $13,173,147, investments (market value) $5,276,896 and the company has no funded debt, was free of bank indebtedness with the sole capital liability the outstanding 26,965,078 shares of no par value.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS FOLLOW:

Year Ends Dec. 31.	1942	1941	1940	1939	1938	1937
Net Profit	$14,663,097	$16,144,069	$17,638,717	$19,250,071	$25,959,580	$26,452,157
Net Profit Per Share	54.38c	59.87c	65.41c	71.38c	96.27c	98.10c
Dividends Share	$0.50	$0.50	$0.62½	$1.00	$1.25	$1.25
Earned Surplus	$38,757,016	$38,119,226	$35,457,696	$34,672,153	$45,938,548	$58,614,831
Price Range Shares						
High	12	10¼	15⅝	18¾	19⅝	24⅜
Low	7¾	8⅝	8⅛	12¾	14¼	14½
Net Working Capital	$60,583,509	$56,767,380	$45,061,925	$43,959,297	$60,013,497	$64,239,391
Current Assets	$87,519,593	$79,968,813	$64,381,180	$57,334,098	$68,765,866	$72,852,226
Current Liabilities	$26,936,084	$23,201,433	$19,319,255	$13,374,801	$ 8,752,369	$ 8,612,835
Cash	$13,173,147	$18,252,716	$ 6,063,481	$ 5,340,081	$14,140,048	$ 6,698,950
Investments (a)	$ 5,276,869	$ 5,646,279	$ 9,665,077	$10,278,964	$17,274,271	$24,642,922

(a)—At Market.

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likely that, owing to higher costs and taxes, per share earnings will be down somewhat from the $9.52 a share reported for 1942.

R.F.D., Noranda, Que.—ASTORIA QUEBEC MINES is exploring an extensive carbonate zone on its property south of Stadacona Rouyn, and I understand the last three holes encountered shattered rock conditions with the result cementing was necessary. Drilling earlier this year gave interesting values. Some years ago the property was tested underground about 1,000 feet to the west of recent drilling and while this work yielded some gold values continuity was lacking. A substantial investment portfolio is held by the company including shares of Senator Rouyn, Temiskaming Mining, Bagamac, etc., as well as ground in Louvicourt township.

C.M.B.,—Sydney, N.S.—I can't tell you the per-share earnings of HAYES STEEL PRODUCTS LTD. for the fiscal year ended July 31, 1943, as the annual report is not yet out. However it is due to appear shortly. The company has made substantial progress in recent years. Since its capital reorganization in 1936 working capital and earned surplus have both increased steadily, and bonded indebtedness and preferred stock have both been retired. As at July 31, 1942, working capital stood at $1,080,422. That earnings for the year recently ended, and in the months since then, have been satisfactory is indicated by the payment of an initial dividend of 50 cents a share on November 12.

O.L.M., Midland, Ont. — UPPER CANADA is said to be in the best physical condition in its history with ore reserves sufficient for several years' milling. The No. 2 shaft area promises to be important. The company controls the Queenston property, which is believed likely to become a profitable producer after the war. CHESTERVILLE LARDER LAKE has ore reserves sufficient for about two years' milling but new development has been seriously curtailed by manpower difficulties. While hopes of encountering the extension of the No. 21 ore-body from the adjoining Kerr-Addison has not yet been realized, the diamond drilling from the crosscut north of the shaft at the 1,635-foot level has given indications of other ore and the intention now is to extend the crosscut to explore these.

A.J.C., Outremont, Que. — The earnings outlook for BATHURST POWER & PAPER being somewhat uncertain, the "A" stock must be regarded as speculative. The "B" stock is still more of a gamble. The company has been troubled by the pulpwood shortage and the upward trend of costs. It is in good shape financially, with current assets totalling $5,340,881 (including $1,767,134 in cash and marketable securities) against current liabilities of only $764,906.

D.A., Rosedale, Alta.—A voluntary winding-up of AZTEC MINING CO. has been approved by shareholders and the assets—comprising 1,250,000 shares in B.R.X. (1935) Consolidated Mines Ltd.—are to be distributed on the basis of one B.R.X. for each two Aztec outstanding. B.R.X. holds a large property adjoining Bralorne in Bridge River upon which development was interrupted by the war. The 150-ton mill operated for a short time in 1938 but shut down the following year pending further financing. A large amount of low grade ore has been indicated and exploration of other parts of the property may be carried out if finances can be arranged.

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Certificates of Registry

Notice is hereby given that the Firemens Insurance Company of Newark, N.J. has been granted Certificate of Registry No. C844, authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Water Damage, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the Company, in addition to the classes for which it is already licensed.

R. L. MASSIE,
Chief Agent.

• •

Notice is hereby given that the Girard Fire and Marine Insurance Company has been granted Certificate of Registry No. C845, authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Water Damage, limited to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the Company, in addition to the classes for which it is already licensed.

R. L. MASSIE,
Chief Agent.

• •

Notice is hereby given that the National-Ben Franklin Fire Insurance Company has been granted Certificate of Registry No. C846, authorizing it to transact in Canada the business of Water Damage limited, to the insurance of the same property as is insured under a policy of Fire Insurance of the Company, in addition to the classes for which it is already licensed.

R. L. MASSIE,
Chief Agent.

ABOUT INSURANCE

Insurance on Grid Again in U.S.

BY GEORGE GILBERT

In the efforts of the U.S. Department of Justice to bring insurance under the provisions of the Sherman Act there is seen an attempt by Washington bureaucrats to secure the control and regulation of the whole business, which at present rests in the hands of the individual States.

Bills now before the Senate and the House, affirming the intent of Congress that the regulation of the business of insurance shall remain with the States and that the Sherman Act shall not be construed as applying to insurance, have met with the strong opposition of U.S. Attorney General Francis Biddle.

BECAUSE of the close connection of the insurance business in Canada with the insurance business in the United States, what affects the industry across the line usually has its repercussions sooner or later in this country.

One of the problems now facing the business in the United States is the growing strength of the bureaucrats at Washington whose orders, like the Orders in Council issued at Ottawa, have the force of law and supersede any existing laws opposed to them. These Washington bureaucrats publicize themselves as "progressives," and label as "reactionaries" those who want to see the various States retain their present powers and to resume, as soon as the war is over, those which the bureaucrats have already taken over.

Among the powers possessed by the States is that of the regulation and control of the insurance business, which power is regarded as being threatened by the action of the U.S. Department of Justice in appealing the recent lower court decision that insurance companies are not subject to the Sherman Act. On October 25 the U.S. Supreme Court agreed to review the judgment of the Federal District Court at Atlanta, dismissing charges of violation of the anti-trust provisions of the Sherman Act against 198 fire insurance companies, the Southeastern Underwriters Association and 27 individuals who were officers or members of the executive committee of the Association. This case was dealt with in detail in an article on this page in the August 28th issue.

In order to affirm the intent of Congress that the regulation of the business of insurance remain under the control of the several States, Bills are now being considered by that body which provide that Federal anti-trust laws are not to be construed to apply to the insurance business or to impair in any way the regulation of that business by the individual States.

One of the sponsors of these measures, U.S. Senator Josiah W. Bailey, in referring to the anti-trust case against the insurance companies now to be reviewed by the U.S. Supreme Court, said, among other things: "Manifestly more than the application of the anti-trust laws is involved. Manifestly more than the Georgia District Court is involved. We stand here upon the threshold of a public policy involving not only the whole field of a great financial activity of the utmost value and usefulness to the people, but also at the doors of every legislative hall in every State, proposing to take from them a function under their inherent police powers, which, so far as I know, no one challenges their competence to perform after more than a century of beneficent experience."

Thus the issue has become a much larger one than the question of the application of the anti-trust laws to the insurance business and now involves the vital principle of the preservation of local self-government. Senator Bailey expressed the following opinion: "The Federal Government ought to respect and preserve the States, both those which created it and those which it created, in order to preserve the unity of the people in the American tradition."

Action by States

Already there is evidence that the States will strenuously oppose any such Federal invasion of their jurisdiction. Governors of more than twenty-five States, Insurance Commissioners of many States and other public officials have placed on the record their condemnation of the Federal Government's determined effort to take over control of the insurance business by the "short-cut method of asking a New Deal Supreme Court to knock out the law of the land."

In opposing the enactment of the proposed legislation making the Sherman Act inapplicable to the insurance business, U.S. Attorney General Francis Biddle, speaking before the sub-committee of the Senate Judiciary Committee, said that it was class legislation which "would set a dangerous precedent under which other groups of special interests might apply for and receive immunity from the anti-trust laws; thus by a process of attrition, whittling away the gains towards preserving and strengthening the American system of free enterprise."

He also claimed that the proposed legislation was directed specifically toward "ousting the Supreme Court from jurisdiction to entertain the appeal in the case of the United States v. Southeastern Underwriters Association." With regard to the question whether insurance is commerce or interstate commerce, he said: "The Government does not contend that contracts of insurance, without more, constitute interstate commerce, but that the interstate business of dealing in fire insurance, as conducted by the defendants in the Southeastern Underwriters Association case, is interstate commerce."

Interstate Nature of Insurance

No other branch of commerce, he said, is more fundamentally interstate in its nature than fire insurance. He added: "The very rates upon which it subsists are established not on the experience of one State but on the average of all States. The law of averages and the theory of the diversification and distribution of risk are the basis of the business of fire insurance. The insurance written in their home States by most of the companies which are defendants in the Government's case is small in comparison to their interstate business, which produces the majority of their premium income."

Dealing with the monopoly charges against the insurance companies, he asserted that the principal instruments utilized to compel adherence to private rate-fixing agreements were "reinsurance" and "separation," the former being used to coerce the companies directly, and the latter to coerce their agents and through them the companies themselves.

On the question of States' rights, and in answer to the claim that application of the Federal anti-trust laws to insurance would nullify State regulation and create chaos in the business, he said: "These contentions arise from a misconception of both the law and the facts. I suggest that this misconception is a deliberate creation of the insurance companies to confuse the issues and mask the real effect of this bill, which is to place the private empire of the insurance companies beyond the reach of effective governmental control."

He claimed that the authority of Congress to regulate interstate commerce is plenary and complete, but admitted that until Congress has seen fit to pre-empt the field now occupied by the States, their jurisdiction over insurance will remain. With respect to existing State regulatory laws, he contended that local regulation, while salutary as far as it goes, is powerless to deal effectively with restraints of trade in operations concerning more than one State and in interstate commerce.

He charged that the fire insurance companies, in seeking such legislation, were endeavoring to remove the only public protection against those restraints and practices indulged in by them which cross State lines and thus are beyond the power of any individual State to control.

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Inquiries

Editor, About Insurance:

I have a $5,000 convertible term policy on which the conversion privilege expires next February, and I should appreciate your advice as to the type of policy to convert to. My other policies are: a $3,000 endowment at 65; a $2,000 endowment at 55, and a $1,000 life (premiums payable to age 60). In addition, I have a contract for a Government Annuity of $600 yearly commencing October 25, 1970. I am 33 years of age, married, with one son, aged 16 months. As I am cut off from normal consultation channels here, I will be grateful for your suggestions.

—W. H. H., with Canadian Army Overseas.

As family protection would seem to be the main requirement in your case, I would advise converting your term policy to an ordinary whole life policy which provides the largest amount of permanent protection for the amount of the annual premium outlay. If you took this policy on either the non-participating plan or low rate participating plan with annual dividends, you would be making no mistake. Should the time arrive when family protection is no longer needed, you could utilize the cash value to provide additional income or for any other purpose which would then best meet your requirements. In the meantime, you have permanent whole life protection at a low annual rate.

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Editor, About Insurance:

I have been approached by The Great West Life Insurance Company to act as their agent. As this firm has just recently come to Guelph, I would appreciate it very much if you would advise me as to their standing in respect to other insurance companies.

—P. M. A., Guelph, Ont.

The Great-West Life Assurance Company, with head office at Winnipeg and branch offices throughout the country, is one of the leading Canadian companies and enjoys an excellent standing in the business. It is in a strong financial position, its policy contracts are attractive and up-to-date, and it is safe to do business with. It was organized in 1891 and commenced business in 1892. At the end of 1942 its total assets, according to Government figures, were $189,297,808, while its total liabilities except capital amounted to $185,196,583, showing a surplus as regards policyholders of $4,101,225. As the paid up capital amounted to $1,000,000, there was a net surplus of $3,101,225 over capital, policy and annuity reserves, special reserves, provision for profits to policyholders and all liabilities. Its total income in 1942 was $31,096,538, and its total disbursements were $19,575,891, showing an excess of income over disbursements of $11,520,647.

AGITATORS FOR AXIS SURRENDER
THIS paper stock, here being agitated in "stuff chests" before flowing to the paper machine, may drop from German skies as "bomb-phlets"—our air-borne propaganda aimed at Axis morale. Or it may become the chart which guides the bomber to its target . . . or an instruction manual for the ground crew. Paper from Rolland and other Canadian paper mills finds its way into a thousand war tasks which paper alone can perform. *From production line to front line, paper is in the thick of the fight.*

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News of the Mines

BY JOHN M. GRANT

IS THE recession in Canadian gold production nearing an end? With the slackening in war employment and provided there is no change for the worse in the course of the war, a slow improvement seems possible from now on. The gold mining industry has been hard hit particularly by the manpower shortage, and third quarter production figures failed to show any signs of betterment. However, it is possible the cancellation of large war contracts may have some reflection in the next few months.

S. CASEY WOOD, JR.

S. Casey Wood, Jr., who has been serving as executive assistant of the International Business Machines Co., Limited, has been elected to the office of vice-president of that organization.

Mr. Wood has been associated with the International Business Machines Co., Limited, since 1938, when he became a sales representative for I. B. M.

G. HARRY SHEPPARD

The promotion of G. Harry Sheppard to general sales manager of the International Business Machines Co., Limited, has been announced.

Mr. Sheppard had been serving as the company's eastern district manager until fourteen months ago when he was given a leave of absence to fill an appointment as Director of Organization of the Department of Munitions and Supply.

HUGH A. MACKENZIE,

Vice-president and general manager of John Labatt Ltd., London, who has been made a director of the Gore District Mutual Fire Insurance Co. Mr. Mackenzie in 1942 became chief of the Division of Simplified Practice of the WPTB, Ottawa. He is a son of Prof. Michael A. Mackenzie of the University of Toronto.

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In Ontario where only 42 mills were in operation in September as compared with 57 a year ago they were only operating at 63 per cent of capacity, which is explained in part by the fact that average monthly employment figures at the gold mines dropped from 17,250 for the first eight months' of 1942 to 12,561 for the comparable period in 1943. September gold production established a new low since September 1935.

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The gold mines on the west coast have suffered heavily from the burdens imposed by the war and today only seven producers survive out of 27, and unless some relief is given shortly there may be more casualties. The latest British Columbia mine to shut down due to the failure to secure men for underground work is Gold Belt Mining Co. Ltd. The only way the mill could operate as long as it did was by closing periodically to concentrate all attention on mine development. Bralorne Mines reports that the manpower situation continues to be the governing factor in respect to operations and although little development work has been possible the company has been steadily improving its ore position.

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Hudson Bay Mining and Smelting Co., in Manitoba, although an outstanding producer of copper and zinc, also the Dominion's fourth largest gold producer, has resorted to the use of women in large numbers. This, along with the fact that extensive development had been completed when help was plentiful has assisted them to weather the storm and maintain production this year despite a 10 per cent shortage in labor. The closing down of the Thompson-Lundmark Gold Mines in the Yellowknife area, Northwest Territories, is also attributable to lack of manpower.

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Kerr Addison Gold Mines for the third quarter of the current year reported no improvement in the labor supply, and the mine force continues to diminish, principally through enlistments. The payroll at September 30 totalled 338 as compared with a normal of approximately 630 employees. At McKenzie Red Lake the labor shortage continues to retard development program. In Quebec, Powell Rouyn reports that the quality of work has deteriorated, the supply of men has decreased and absenteeism has reached new proportions. Shortage of labor at Perron Gold Mines has caused a 25% decrease in development work, while at Sladen Malartic the decrease in the tons during the quarter is accounted for by a further drop in the number of men underground, and the same story is general.

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Manpower shortages, however, have also affected other industries than the gold mines. International Nickel Company, vitally important war industry, has been precluded by the shortage of labor from the full utilization of expanded plant facilities. This factor, along with rising costs, in the opinion of R. C. Stanley, chairman of the board, indicates prospects of reduced earnings which may require a cut in the dividend rate for 1944.

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Scarcity of labor so far this year has caused three reductions in the milling rate at San Antonio Gold Mines and further cuts may be necessary unless some relief is secured. Only 400 tons a day are being milled as against a high point of about 550 tons. This is explained by the present payroll of 158 men whereas the normal is close to 300. While little development can be carried out on the lower levels diamond drilling has intersected the excellent No. 50 vein 300 feet below the present bottom level and drilling showed a width of 20 feet.

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The Snow Lake, northern Manitoba, gold discoveries, mentioned in these columns last week, have attracted many of the large mining companies and reported to be the most promising ever made in the Province. F. D. Shephard, geologist of the Dominion Department of Mines and Natural Resources is quoted as stating "with the results indicated to date, the Province would appear to be definitely assured that a major gold producing camp is to be added to the ranks of the metal producers within its boundaries." Snow Lake lies immediately to the north of Herb Lake, scene of some of the earliest gold discoveries in Manitoba.

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Springer Sturgeon Gold Mines, posted for trading on the Toronto Stock Exchange on Nov. 9, holds a 92 per cent interest in Canadian Industrial Minerals owning one of the largest and most accessible deposits of barite on the North American continent, at Walton, N.S. Chief present use of barite is in the drilling of oil wells, some 14,000 tons having been shipped to Trinidad so far this year and a large potential market is believed to exist in South America. Springer holds a large block of Leitch shares and has claim holdings in Ontario, Quebec, Northwest Territories and Newfoundland, but no prospecting or exploration was carried out in 1942 all attention being devoted to the barite property.

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Prospectors and company scouts are again active over a wide area in Northwestern Quebec, which promises to be the scene of unusual activity as soon as economic conditions permit, and mining recorders more rushed than they have been for years. One of the busiest of the areas in the postwar days promises to be that of Siscoe-Lamaque. New finds at Sullivan Consolidated have aroused much interest. Important developments have taken place at depth as well as other discoveries all of which indicates large possibilities for expansion of ore resources. The established producers in the area have kept in close touch with developments and are reported ready for the boom expected after the war. Sullivan has two additional blocks of ground and on the large group east of Lamaque has secured gold values in every one of the widely-spaced drill holes some of them giving interesting intersections.

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Chesterville Larder Lake recovered $5.52 per ton from 14,713 tons milled during September. This leaves a narrow margin of operating profit, but with this pretty well absorbed after taking care of taxes and write-offs. Rumors that the mill might soon be closed unless the manpower situation improves have recently been denied.

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Sigma Mines in Quebec produced $183,833 during September compared with $195,200 during August. This compares with a peak of close to $250,000 monthly reached in 1941.

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MORE OR LESS PERSONAL—Robert J. "Bob" Jowsey, prospector and mine developer for over 35 years and a pioneer in Manitoba, is reported as one of the first discoverers of gold at Snow Lake, about 75 miles east of Flin Flon. "Bob" has always maintained his optimism as to the future of Manitoba and some years ago told the writer... "I still believe Manitoba is going to find just as big gold mines as there are in Ontario"... Dr. Joseph B. Tyrrell, dean of Canadian mining men recently celebrated his 85th birthday and spent the day at his Toronto office. Dr. Tyrrell who has been an explorer, geologist, historian, mining engineer and operator of mines, has devoted well over half a century of his life to the development of Canada's vast mineral resources.

Canadian Workers Speed The Tanks

In this war of machines, Canadian factories are participating with force. Tanks, armoured vehicles, and many other needed war machines are streaming forth to carry the fight to the foes of freedom. Manpower is the greatest factor behind the production of machine power—labour and management, shoulder to shoulder, in a struggle to out-produce the Axis. Throughout Canada in hundreds of branches six thousand men and women of the Bank of Montreal are helping by war-time banking service.

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Modern, Experienced Banking Service ... *the Outcome of 125 Years' Successful Operation*

A 176

FALSE ECONOMY

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A. W. EASTMURE, *Managing Director*

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Time to Ease the Tension?

BY GILBERT C. LAYTON

Saturday Night's Financial Correspondent in London

The war-time strike record of Britain is good but recent events suggest that the situation in 1944 may prove more serious. Mr. Layton credits this to war weariness and suggests that a few war-time restrictions be relaxed.

London.

IT IS no good saying that no one should strike in wartime. So long as people can strike they will, in war or in peace. In certain countries and in certain wars they may, indeed, strike more prolifically in wartime than in peace.

In Britain, where there is a unanimity of opinion about the war, we have been singularly free from strikes during the war. 1940 saw only 940.000 working days lost from this source, and the jump to 1,790,000 days in the following year hardly implied a proportional deterioration in the position since in that year industry was broadened and deepened as never before in so short a time. 1942 was better, with the figure down to 1,527,000.

The story of 1943, however, will tell the tale of a certain weariness of war, of an exasperation, in certain industries, with official policy, and of the inevitable spread of the poisonous belief that the creed of employers has been turning about to face the post-war to the neglect of the war. At the end of the third quarter of the year there are sizable strikes in coal-mining, engineering and shipbuilding, and there seems to be the prospect of more.

There has been a triple failure. The trade union leaders have failed, for they have opposed these strikes without effect. The Government has failed, for it has appealed against them and the appeal has been unheeded. The strikers have failed, for they have missed the urgency of the war, which is an urgency riding high above the petty compulsions of their occupational desires.

There is no doubt that Britain is at full strength. There are virtually no men at all between 16 and 64 for whom the Ministry of Labor or the Armed Forces cannot account. As to the wemon, they are so far employed that Mr. Bevin is busy defending his decision to call up those over 46 for war work. Such conditions of inelasticity in labour would, in normal times, cause a strong predisposition to strike, because of the absence of the "other man" waiting for a job. That they have not done so in this war is a tribute to the reason for the war, a witness to the fact that there is a common identity of view about the justice and necessity of it.

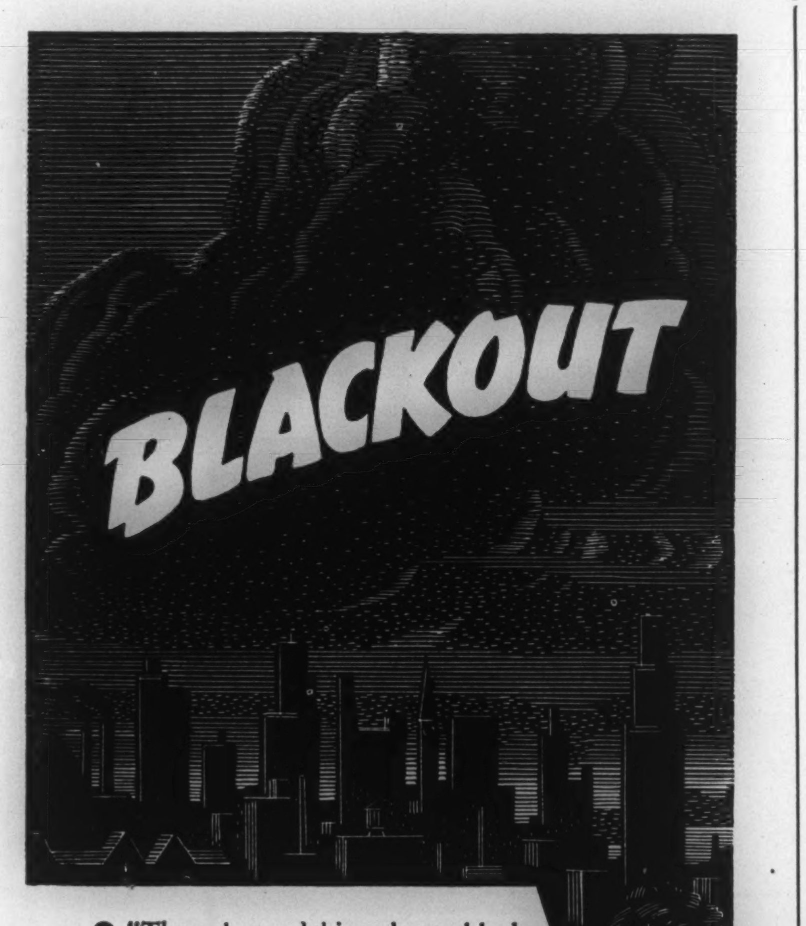
Recent Issues Minor

Total war cannot, however, move into a fifth year without there being an expression of weariness, and it cannot move so far in such promising conditions without there being an increase in the disposition to regard the war as already won, bar the shouting. How else, except in terms of basic psychology, shall we explain the totally unnecessary strike of 6,000-odd miners over a business that did not pertain to their conditions of work? Or of 10,000 engineers over a relatively small matter of money? Or of 4,000 shipwrights on an issue of payment by results that was not until now held worthy of strike?

At a certain time in a woman's life she requires special tolerance and understanding, and even more she needs her own stiffness of character. This is the stage the war has reached now. The earlier excitements, despite greater stimuli, no longer appear, and there is some boredom where there was zest and some restlessness where there was plain determination.

The Government is not the complete psychologist. Four years of hard and bitter war change a nation, and those that govern should reflect the change in their governing. They should lift the pressure a little. They should introduce into the blankness of war effort some new varieties. Perhaps it is too much to say that a relaxation of the blackout would prevent the development of industrial weariness and blanket the inclination to strike. But this and other adjustments of the rigours of wartime existence could do much. The blackout is depressing; travelling facilities constantly remind the workers of the inconveniences that attend war; the illiberality and monotony of the rations are a daily mockery of the brightness of fare that differentiated the days; the rigid abstention from all assistance for workers to achieve a change of scene on their brief holidays says "this is war, this is war" with soulless persistence.

What Mr. Bevin, at the Ministry of Labor, cannot do, what the Trade Union leaders cannot do, what employers cannot do, what Mr. Churchill himself cannot do, could be done by a capable psychologist. His recommendations would not all be acceptable, for they would not all be practicable. But the Government will surely be held by history to have been curiously shortsighted on the small humanities, and at this stage, when certain breaks with the spartan tradition of the war might return such rich rewards to the war effort, there is much to be said for taking away the control of the effort for a day from the court and giving it to the court jester.



● "The only good thing about a blackout," observed a Londoner recently, "is that it is temporary."

But there can be a *permanent* blackout for the family of the man who has insufficient life insurance—a blackout which may condemn widow and children to a twilight life of privation and hardship.

Suppose the unexpected should happen to you? Are your assets and life insurance sufficient to provide your loved ones with at least a few of the comforts of life? Are you sure?

Why not consult your local Imperial Life representative? He will tell you how you can, within your means, make "blackouts" only a hazy memory in post-war years. A half-hour's time—a wise decision—now—may save your family from future want.

See Your Local Representative

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BRANCHES AND AGENTS IN
ALL IMPORTANT CENTRES

First of two fighting frigates to be launched in as many days by Canadian Vickers Limited, "La Hulloise", named for the city of Hull, was the "star" of this colorful christening ceremony which took place October 30. Gracious sponsor of the sleek new frigate was Mrs. Fraser, wife of A. S. Fraser, vice-president of Canadian Vickers Limited. She watches the bottle of champagne as it swings upward to strike the prow of the ship.

GOVERNMENT NOTICE

NATIONAL WAR LABOUR BOARD

General Order

The Dominion Bureau of Statistics has found that the cost of living index number for October 1, 1943, of 119.3 (adjusted index 118.4) has risen by 1.4 points over the index for July 2, 1942, of 117.9 (adjusted index 117.0).

Accordingly, pursuant to the provisions of Section 34 (1) of the Wartime Wages Control Order, P.C. 5963, and subject to the provisions of the Order, the National War Labour Board orders that:

1. **Except as otherwise provided in sections 2, 3 and 5 of this General Order, every employer shall, effective from the first payroll period beginning on or after November 15, 1943, increase:**
   - **(a) the amount of cost of living bonus payable to adult male employees and to other employees employed at weekly wage rates of $25.00 or more by the amount of thirty-five (35c) cents per week;**
   - **(b) the amount of cost of living bonus payable to male employees under 21 years of age employed at weekly wage rates of less than $25.00, and to female employees employed at weekly wage rates of less than $25.00 by 1.4% of their weekly wage rates.**
2. **No employer shall, by reason of this General Order, increase the amount or percentage of any cost of living bonus payable to employees where such amount is more than $4.25 per week but less than $4.60 per week, or if such percentage is more than 17% but less than 18.4% of weekly wage rates, to an amount in excess of $4.60 per week or a percentage in excess of 18.4% of weekly wage rates.**
3. **If payment of cost of living bonus was commenced. not pursuant to Order-in-Council P.C. 8253 and established prior to the effective date of that Order, and is in excess of the amount of $4.60 per week or 18.4% of weekly wage rates, such amount or percentage of cost of living bonus shall remain unchanged.**
4. **The adjustment or payment of a cost of living bonus calculated as ordered shall be to the nearest cent of any fractional figure.**
5. **Nothing in this General Order shall affect the operation of the Direction of the National War Labour Board dated June 14, 1943, applicable to employers in the construction industry.**

C. P. McTAGUE,
Chairman,
National War Labour Board.

DATED AT OTTAWA, NOVEMBER 3, 1943

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